

GREECE AND THE GREEKS



Z. DUCKETT
FERRIMAN



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ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR AND MOUNT NERITON, ITHACA.

GREECE AND THE GREEKS

BY
Z. DUCKETT FERRIMAN

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PREFACE

THE Author takes this opportunity to acknowledge the kind courtesy of the Director of the British School at Athens, who allowed him to use the school library during his stay. For much information concerning Folk-lore he is indebted to Sir Rennell Rodd's *Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, to Dr. Bernhard Schmidt's *Das Volksleben der Neugriechen*, and indirectly to the sidelights thrown on the subject by the collections of Greek Folk-songs of Fauriel, Passow, and G. F. Abbott. The account of Naxos and Santorin was written before he had seen Mr. W. Miller's *Latins of the Levant*, otherwise he would have been able to make a better use of his opportunities. That work, the outcome of laborious research in a rather obscure but fascinating field, has revealed much that he longed to know on a subject that has had a special attraction for him since his first visit to the Cyclades many years ago.

Z. D. F.

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HOME LIFE IN HELLAS

CHAPTER I

THE GREEK MAINLAND

WERE an aeroplanist to take an eagle flight over Greece, the features that would strike him most would be the great preponderance of mountain compared with level ground, and the enormous coast-line. The sea reaches into the heart of the land from east and west and south, and the great fiord, the Gulf of Corinth, nearly cuts it in two, making the Peloponnesus all but an island, so that a country with an area rather smaller than that of Scotland has a coast-line far longer than that of England.¹ The northern half of Greece is bisected by Pindus, an irregular chain throwing off ranges right and left, so that from any lofty point of view the prospect is a confused jumble of mountains and deep blue inlets—a mingling of Switzerland and Norway. The plains are few—alluvial strips on portions of the

¹ Greece has seven times as much coast as England in proportion to its area, and nearly twelve times as much as France.

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coast, alluvial patches round the heads of gulfs, at the mouths of rivers. The broad basin of Thessaly and the Bœotian level are the most considerable in Northern Greece; and in the Peloponnesus, which is for the most part a mountain mass with the elevated hollow of Arcadia in its centre, the undulating plain of Elis opening on the west, the plain of Argos, the valley of Sparta, and the rich lowlands of Messenia on the south, with the narrow strip on the Achaian shore. All these fertile regions are cut off from the rest of the land by mountain barriers, but all, except Arcadia, are easy of access from the sea. Hence it is that in a country where communication by land is difficult and slow, there is considerable coasting traffic and a large maritime population. More than half the land is unproductive mountain, and only 21 per cent under cultivation, so pastoral pursuits largely claim the attention of the rural folk. The man who builds boats and the man who sails them, and the man who rears and tends flocks and herds are important factors in Greece. Nevertheless the husbandmen far outnumber the shepherds owing to the more exacting nature of the work—40 per cent of the nation is agricultural, and 10 per cent pastoral. Only 8 per cent of the land is pasture in the strict sense of the word, though this does not include the domain of the nomad Vlachs who wander with their flocks on the mountains. More than half of the agricultural population is of Albanian

origin.¹ This people forms the backbone of rural Greece, for your true Greek will not till the land if he can earn a living in any other way. He is instinctively a townsman and a trader. The Albanian is a farmer, and considering that 70 per cent of the exports of Greece consists of land produce, it must be allowed that he is a very valuable asset to the kingdom.

By far the largest grain-growing district in Greece is the Thessalian plain, which was a lake until the defile of Tempe was cloven between Ossa and Olympus by a seismic cataclysm which let the water out. The ancient myth attributed the cleft to the trident of Neptune, but it was Vulcan who accomplished the task. Geologists say that it occurred at no distant period, if reckoned in terms of geologic time; but in any case the plain is a lake bottom of exuberant

¹ The Albanian population of Greece is completely Hellenised. It is of Toskh origin. The Toskhs are the Southern Albanians, whose northern limit may be assigned to the neighbourhood of the River Skumbi. They differ materially from the Ghegs or Northern Albanians. The latter are divided into tribes, the Toskhs are not. When the Gheg is a Christian, he is a Roman Catholic, whilst the Toskh is Orthodox. Greek influence has moulded the Toskhs for centuries, and a Toskh, even in Turkish territory, resembles a Greek more than he does his Gheg compatriot, whose chief occupation is fighting. When not thus engaged his condition is that of armed idleness. The difference extends even to the dress; the Albanian costume adopted by the Greeks, whose distinguishing feature is the *fustanella*, the many-pleated white kilt, is Toskh. The *fustanella* is unknown among the Ghegs. It is difficult to draw a line of demarcation between Greeks and Toskhs in North-Western Greece. But the division between Toskhs and Ghegs farther north is as sharp as between two different nations.

fertility, yielding heavy crops of wheat, barley, and maize, a treeless dull expanse whose monotony is accentuated by the distant prospect of the glittering peaks of Olympus. It might be made to yield a hundredfold more than it does at present. Much of it is left fallow, and the cultivated portion is tilled by antiquated and wasteful methods. The Thessalian peasant is the most backward of the Greek agricultural class, and he lives under the most unfavourable conditions. The land consists of large estates, and the owners are absentees. (Some of them are Turks who live at Constantinople, and some are Greeks who live at Athens or elsewhere, but never on their property. It is one of the peculiar features of Greek life that there are no country gentlemen. The life, which we in England prize, has no charms for them. People who possess estates in the midst of the most lovely surroundings tell you that they could not endure to remain a week on them. They care nothing for sport, as a rule, and appear to be insensible to the joy of that intimate contact with nature which is the best part of the life of so many of us. They prefer the asphalt, the gossip of the café and the club, and when they quit Athens in the baking days of summer, they go to their country-houses at Kephisia or at Poros, where other people have country-houses. The Greek is essentially gregarious. Even the tillers of the soil crowd together in big villages, often far from the scene

of their labours; you do not find the solitary homestead. But this is largely due to want of security. In the Peloponnesus, where brigandage has not been heard of since 1847, and where a peaceful population dwells in full assurance of immunity from attack, one does come across isolated households, not infrequently. The urban proclivities of Greek landed proprietors have resulted in the division of estates into small holdings. But this is not yet the case in Thessaly, though the Government is alive to the need of it, and is considering schemes of expropriation, and the creation of homesteads with plots for the cultivation of vegetables and fruit. Both are almost unknown at present, to the prejudice of the public health. (Thessaly can never become so pleasant a habitat as Southern Greece, owing to climatic conditions. The summers are parching and rainless, and there is a scarcity of water. The winters are severe. The tempering influence of the sea breeze is shut out by the girdle of mountains surrounding the plain. Malarial fever is prevalent, and its effects are seen in the sallow complexions, hollow cheeks, and listless movements of the people, whose poor and monotonous dietary does not afford them sufficient vitality to combat the scourge.) (Political and economic conditions, moreover, have contributed to sap their energy. Spoliation and insecurity have been their lot for centuries.) They were under Turkish rule until 1881, ground between the upper and

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nether millstones of Turkish Agha and Christian Klepht. The latter descended from the mountains and helped himself to what the former had left. The frontier is still the haunt of outlaws, and notoriously the most insecure region in the kingdom. It is not surprising, therefore, that a certain air of savagery lingers on the Thessalian plain, nor that the discontent of the population bursts out into occasional acts of violence. The interest of ownership is the most obvious remedy, and the peasant is sensible of this. He contrasts his position with that of his more fortunate compatriot in other portions of the kingdom, although he is incapable of comprehending the difference in the physical conditions which would make the small holding a failure in Thessaly, whilst it is a success in the Morea. Scientific agriculture and the use of perfected machinery are needed in Thessaly in order to develop its potentialities. At present the region which ought to be the greatest source of wealth in Greece is the most melancholy in aspect of any, whilst its people live under the hardest conditions. The tiller of the soil should at least be allowed to lead a more human existence, and this could be accomplished by providing him with a plot on which he could raise garden produce, and a dwelling better fitted for habitation than his mud hovel. Above all, he should have this on a secure tenure.

Differing entirely from the rest of Thessaly, the

Magnesian peninsula is a wooded spur of Pelion, the seaward rampart of the Gulf of Volo, which by an inward curve it turns almost into a lake. Volo is a clean, cheerful, modern town with very ancient associations, for hard by is the site of Iolcos where the *Argo* was built, her timbers coming from the mountain-side, still clothed with oak and fir. A railway leads from Volo to Milœas, past villages embowered in orchards of apple, pear, quince, and apricot. Milœas itself is set in the midst of plantations of mulberry trees, for silk is the staple product. It is a place of bounding rills and springs bubbling from fern-tapestried rocks, of marvellous vignettes of sea and mount, seen through over-arching foliage, of gay gardens roofed with trellised vines—the finest clusters I ever saw were at Milœas. It has troops of rosy-cheeked, sturdy children, well clad and well mannered. Farther west it would become a “beauty spot” and a health resort, with big hotels and a Kursaal and a funicular to the top of Pelion; but its remoteness has saved it from this, and under the giant plane trees by the public fountain the elders inhale the fragrant *tumbaki* in peace.

The deltaic wedge at the mouth of the Spercheios, with Lamia as its centre, separated from the Thessalian plain by the chain of Othrys, is one of the regions in which tobacco is grown, and it contains good cattle pastures. South of it, and cut off by the lofty range of Æta, is

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the Livadian country and Lake Copais, once a hotbed of fever which carried off three out of every four children born in the district. Since Copais has been drained, thanks to English enterprise, the area has become one of the most productive in the country. Cotton and maize are the staple crops of Livadia. The golden heaps of grain and the paler heaps of husks used for stuffing mattresses are conspicuous at harvest time. When the cotton is being gathered the pyramidal mounds look like the white tents of a military camp, and the brightly garbed women and children moving between the rows of plants as they pluck the cotton from the pods and drop it into linen bags suspended from their necks, make a pretty picture.

A low range of hills divides this from the Bœotian plain, a fat land with a mixed population in which the Albanian element is prominent—a land of laborious peasants, much richer than the starved soil of Attica, though the inhabitants of Athens look down on the Bœotians. Their predecessors in the classical age likewise affected to despise the country of Hesiod and Pindar, Plutarch and Epaminondas.

Attica owes its importance to Athens and the Piræus. The commerce and industry of the latter make it the busiest centre in the kingdom. The tall chimneys of its factories recall the aspect of our manufacturing towns, as the blast furnaces of Lavrion on the east coast of the Attic peninsula

remind us of the Black Country.¹ The capital with its port and the lead mines form the chief economic assets of Attica, which is agriculturally insignificant. The ungrateful soil supports only a sparse population almost wholly Albanian.

There is a point in Central Greece where its spine, the steep chain of Pindus, sinks to a low pass. But immediately south of it there is a sudden rise, and a mountain knot sends forth ranges east and west and south, Æta to the Bœotian shores, the tangle of intersecting ridges in Ætolia, and the lofty summits Corax, Parnassus, Helicon, Cithæron, which stand as sentinels over the Corinthian Gulf. South-eastward through lower Attica extend lower ranges to its extreme point, "Sunium's marbled steep." The system does not end with the mainland, but reappears in the Ægean isles, Zea, Kythnos, Seriphos, Siphnos, which are but the tops of submerged mountains of the same formation. This region, unproductive, thinly peopled by wandering shepherds and rare villages of hardy mountaineers, is as rich in natural beauty as in the myth of the world's youth. Cithæron is still gloomy and savage, as it was to the poets of old. Helicon, at

¹ The Lavrion mines were probably discovered and worked by the Phœnicians. It is almost sure that they furnished a revenue to Ægina before they became the property of the Athenians. They are mentioned by Æschylus and Xenophon. The present company exploits the refuse thrown away by the miners of antiquity. It was imperfectly smelted, and yields a good percentage of lead and a certain quantity of silver. The supply seems inexhaustible, and gives an idea of the magnitude of the ancient workings.

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whose foot Hesiod tilled his farm, still laughs with innumerable rills. Parnassus in his mantle of snow rises in austere grandeur above Delphi and the rent whence issues the Castalian spring. The track from Livadia to Delphi by the village of Arachova takes the traveller through scenery of a stupendous character. At one point he has a glimpse of the sea on either hand, mere strips like tarns, buried deep in crumpled mountains. If he cared to climb the 8070 feet of Parnassus—he can do most of it on a mule—Greece lies like a map beneath him. East and west is an expanse of ocean—the Ægean on one hand, the Ionian Sea on the other—his vision extends north to the snows of Olympus, south to those of Taygetus, and ranges over all that lies between.

Greece, west of Parnassus and Pindus, presents a singular contrast to Greece east of the central range. The western half is a wilderness of crests, a land of glen and torrent and forest, a clime of rainy skies, of mist, of vague pearly lights and rolling clouds—a landscape that Salvator Rosa would have loved—black Acheron¹ and the gnarled and twisted oaks of Dodona. Far otherwise is Eastern Greece. There the keynote is one of serene beauty. The contour of the naked mountains is so harmonious that they

¹ Dodona and Acheron are beyond the political frontier, but they are physically a part of Greece. The water of Acheron is not black. Like that of the Acheloüs, it is opaque and light coloured. But the gorge through which it flows is intensely gloomy.

are always noble in form when not imposing in size. There is a happy accord of line and colour which brings with it a sense of contentment like that inspired by the simple perfection of a Doric temple. There is no awe in it, but there is intense gladness—the gladness of a limpid atmosphere, of brilliant colour, ever changing with the changing light—hues of sapphire, of amethyst, of ruby, or of molten gold. But it is idle to attempt to translate those infinite gradations into the coarser tints of gem or metal, as it would be to try to reproduce them through the medium of any pigment yet devised by the art of man. There is no foreground in Attic and Ægean scenery. The elements of rock and water that compose it are rudimentary in their simplicity. There are no details to distract the eye. We gaze afar at the divine loveliness of land and sea and feel that it is good to have been born. Such an aspect of nature has some analogy with Greek art at its best, and it may be that such an environment inspired it.

The contrast is not one of physical features alone. The Greece that gave to Europe the first notions of letters, art, science, and politics—Greece in her glory—was Eastern Greece. The Greece that matters to us finished at Delphi. The rude peoples of Acarnania, Ætolia, and Epirus remained strangers to Hellenic influences. And when at a later stage of history they emerged from obscurity, it was in arms, not in arts, that they shone, from the days of Pyrrhus onwards,

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with intervals of darkness, illumined in our own times by the heroism and the tragedy of Parga, of Suli, of Mesolonghi.

The physical structure of Western Greece forbids social and economic development. The high relief, mountains holding no soil, a coast falling steep to the sea, harbourless, affording no foothold for man save in one or two malarious patches, and the swampy character of the valleys impose on the country a thin population. In the hollow that holds the lakes of Agrinion are grown fruit and tobacco—the latter of the finest quality and the most important product in that region. In the lagoons round Mesolonghi the rice-fields afford employment to one section of the inhabitants and the fishery to another. The fish of the Gulf of Lepanto are larger and of better quality than those of Piræus, and a speciality of Mesolonghi is *botargo*, a preparation of fish-roe and a high-priced luxury. These are the only two centres of any account. Turning to Eastern Greece, we find the fertile plains of Thessaly, Lamia, and Bœotia, the mines of Lavrion and Eubœa, the latter practically a part of the mainland. A swing-bridge spans the narrow Euripos, with its alternating current, which so sorely puzzled Aristotle and still awaits a satisfactory explanation. After crossing it we scarcely realise that we have left the continent or that these land-locked tranquil waters are a part of the sea. They afford a secure anchorage for many a mile, and taken together

with the spacious harbours of Piræus, the round lake-like Gulf of Volo, and the narrow channel between the mainland and Salamis, offer a series of havens perhaps unequalled anywhere within so small an area. Busy Piræus with its varied industries is the point of contact with the outside world. It is in almost daily communication with Western Europe and with Constantinople and the Black Sea by means of mail-steamers under divers flags, and twice or thrice a week with Egypt. Its own steamers serve the islands and the Asiatic ports, and two lines, one Greek, the other Austrian, keep it in constant touch with America. Four miles inland is Athens, the seat of government, and a great centre of education for Greeks from all lands. Here, on this eastern side of the kingdom, are concentrated its activities, political, commercial, social, and intellectual. Greece, as of old, has her face to Asia and her back to Europe.

There are only two ways of reaching Greece. One is by Piræus, which is disappointing, for the traveller arrives in the midst of the din and dust of a somewhat sordid seaport and makes his way to Athens by a dull road, punctuated by factory chimneys, through a shabby suburb. The other is from Brindisi to Corfu and Patras, whence he steams between the castles of Rhion and Anti-Rhion from the Gulf of Lepanto to the Gulf of Corinth, through the heart of Greece, between ramparts of crests and peaks, whose

memory will remain with him throughout his life. That magnificent array of mountains would excite emotion by its grandeur, but every summit is fraught with legends of gods and men. A closer inspection, however, will reveal a marked difference between the two sides of the gulf. The northern coast is one of stern solitude. Beetling crags fall sheer to the water. For mile after mile there is not a sign of habitation. Then, at rare intervals, there comes a hamlet. Galaxidi, a tiny town on a low cliff, lives entirely on the sea, peopled by mariners and those who minister to them, the builders of ships and the makers of masts and rigging. Within an inlet is a narrow strip of cultivated plain, on which stands Itea, backed by the ravine of Delphi and the snows of Parnassus. But it is a coast which repels rather than invites. Men who live on it are thrust out to sea for their livelihood by the sterile spurs which strike their roots deep beneath the waters. Turn to the opposite shore, where the stone pines on the low red cliffs almost dip into the waves. Villages, as far as the eye can reach, gleam on the champaign. For this is the littoral of Achaia, the most densely peopled district in Greece, the home of the currant vine, where land costs twelve times as much as elsewhere. It is the northern fringe of the Peloponnesus, a region separated from the rest of the kingdom in other ways than by the breadth of the gulf. Almost an island—the Corinthian isthmus is barely three miles wide—the Pello-

ponnesus is deeply indented by spacious inlets. Thus open to the tempering influence of the sea, it escapes the baking summers and harsh winters of Northern Greece. When Thessaly is sweltering under a pitiless sun, the Peloponnesus is comparatively cool. When Thessaly is draped with snow, the oranges are ripening in Sparta and Messenia. If we climb to the top of the lofty barrier which rises behind the low coast strip, we behold a country that looks little else than a mountain mass. Fan-like, ranges run south-eastward through Argolis and Laconia to the stormy Cape Malea, south and west through Elis and Messenia to Cape Gallo, and due south, the central chain, the longest and loftiest, rises into the sharp snowy needles of Taygetus, and sinks into the Mediterranean at rugged Matapan. There are lateral ramifications, so that the land looks like a billowy sea of crest and ridge and peak which gives little promise of fertility. But the valleys between are hidden from us; the plain of Argos, the rolling expanse of Elis, the broad green vale of Sparta east of Taygetus, and the rich Messenian level west of it. The garden of Greece this last, for it is open to the winds from Africa and sheltered from the north by mountains. In the heart of the land is a hollow, itself from two thousand to three thousand feet above sea-level, in part an undulating plain, in part wooded valleys. This is Arcadia, where the winters are cold and the summers cool and rainy, a region of

pasture and grain. The summer showers of the Peloponnesus are a feature which make it distinct from the generally rainless summers of Northern Greece. The mountains are high enough to catch and condense the watery vapours from the sea, and also to hold their snows until the dog days, when they descend to the valleys as fertilising streams. Thus there is no dry fallow time as in the north. With such physical environment the produce of the soil is naturally more varied than in the rest of Greece. The fastidious currant vine thrives only in the Peloponnesus and the neighbouring island of Zante. The 3700 acres of Greek soil devoted to the cultivation of the orange are likewise in the Peloponnesus. The connoisseur of the orange may like to know that the Messenian fruit is noted for its luscious and juicy qualities, whilst that of Sparta claims priority for its fragrance and delicious flavour. There are 490 square miles of vineyards in Greece, a large proportion of which are in the islands and the Peloponnesus, but the finest vines the country grows are indisputably those of Achaia, where alone the viticulturists have succeeded in producing a champagne.¹ Greece is pre-eminently the habitat of the olive. The groves cover an area of 675 square miles, much of which is on islands, but the greater portion in the Peloponnesus. The olives of the Messenian plain known as Kalamata

¹ Since writing the above I am informed that Tripolitza also produces a sparkling wine.

olives are incomparably superior to any others. They are easily distinguished by their slender pointed shape and rich brown-purple hue. There is said to be a secret in their preparation, but the fruit itself is no doubt the essence of the secret. They command a good price as a table delicacy, and indeed there are no others in the world to equal them, so far as the experience of the writer goes. The taste for olives, like that for caviare, is said to be an acquired one, and in so far as concerns the green Spanish variety, known in England as *Aceitunas de la Reina*, the statement is admissible; but that harsh and acrid product bears no relation to the delicate texture and suave yet piquant flavour of the fruit of *Kalamata*. The connoisseur who has not tasted the latter does not know what the olive can be. *Messenia*, too, is the only region in Greece where the date ripens, a distinction it shares with only one other spot on European soil, *Elche*, in Southern Spain. Though *Sparta* cannot boast of the date, she is justly proud of her peaches, which are as excellent as they are abundant. The sojourner on the banks of the *Eurotas* can indulge in that delicious fruit to his heart's content without remorse for violence done to his purse. *Messenia*, on the other hand, scores a triumph in figs, which are larger and more luscious than elsewhere, and as they ripen considerably earlier than in other regions and are the first to come on the market, they secure a handsome return to the growers.

Kalamata has an advantage over Sparta in that it is in direct railway communication with Athens, although farther away as the crow flies. The Spartan must send his produce to the little port of Gythion to be carried by sea to Piræus, or to Tripolitza and thence by rail to the capital; but Tripolitza is a long way off, and in both cases the land transport is slow and expensive. A branch line from Tripolitza is sorely needed.

It is not easy to convey in words a notion of what the Peloponnesus looks like. In an area of such unequal relief the aspect naturally varies greatly, though one is never out of sight of mountains. The country west of the great central range is much more wooded than the region east of it, though Sparta is far from being treeless. The barest regions are the high plateaus of Mantinæa and Megalopolis and the tobacco-growing plain of Argos, though the latter is relieved by frequent orange and lemon orchards; and whilst the uplands of Arcadia are generally speaking nude, the heaviest timber grows in the valleys leading to them. (The plane, the oak, and the fir are the chief timber trees.)

(Conspicuous in the Vale of Sparta are the tall poplars rising above the expanse of mulberry trees. The Eurotas, a clear stream, flows between banks fringed with oleanders. The dominant note of colour is rich green, relieved in winter by the gold of the orange groves, and in spring by their silver blossoms and the wax-like scarlet petals of



SPARTA.

[Photograph Co.]

the pomegranate. There is a profusion of wild-flowers, among which narcissi and a delicate pale blue iris hold the chief place.)

One is apt to invest everything Spartan with a stern atmosphere, but, on the contrary, the valley has a smiling, contented aspect. The town is modern. It was planned and built by the Bavarians in 1834. The heavy stone houses and broad streets are more suited to the climate of Germany than to that of Greece. They have plenty of space, however, set in the midst of gardens. A favourite resort of the townsfolk is Platanista, a level plot of ground in the angle formed by the confluence of the Eurotas and the Mangoula. Tradition has it that it was here that the Spartan boys were brought to be whipped. It is the playground of the youth of modern Sparta, frolicsome urchins, unmindful of the discipline to which their predecessors were subjected. And here their elders sip coffee and talk politics beneath the stately poplars, from amid whose trembling leaves comes the soft cooing of doves. Behind rises Taygetus, a mighty mountain-wall with pinnacles of snow clear-cut against the blue. In front the lofty barrier of Parnon shuts in the valley eastward. Parnon is far off, but Taygetus broods over Sparta and sends her his snows in the foaming waters of the Mangoula. He also sends his cold breath, a doubtful benefit, for the valley, exposed only to the south wind, has a very high summer temperature, and the sharp contrast

between day and night is trying. The afternoons are very short, for the sun disappears early from a place which has a wall nearly 8000 feet high immediately west of it. Behind modern Sparta, in the foreground of the Taygetus, is the Sparta of the Middle Ages, perched on a precipitous detached rock over 2000 feet high, the Mistra of the Franks, the Misithra of the Byzantine despots. Built by Guillaume Villehardouin in 1247, it is one of the most remarkable relics of that by-path in the history of Greece, the Frankish domination. The Principality of Achaia lasted wellnigh two centuries, and its many vestiges lend to the Peloponnesus that note of Western feudalism, with its glamour of chivalry and romance, which contrasts so sharply with the spirit of antiquity and with that of Orientalism. The abandoned city, crowned by the ivied ruins of the castle of Villehardouin, is a unique historical museum. Its frescoed churches, its monastery and dwellings, with the escutcheons and devices of the knights, are rich in mediæval French and Greco-Byzantine work, and mingled with these are the baths and fountains of the Turk, ornate with inscriptions in those elegant interlaced letters which make the Arabic characters an unrivalled medium for complex decorative design.

The red-tiled roofs of the villages peeping from orchards on the slopes will strike the traveller from Northern Greece. A distinctive feature of the

Peloponnesus is the prevalence of stone dwellings. This gives the country an air of neatness and comfort as compared with the squalid aspect of the mud walls of Thessaly. From north to south there is a progression of building material from mud through wood to stone. It does not hold true universally, of course, especially in the towns, but in the country generally. At Arakhova, and in the mountains of Central Greece, the houses are usually of wood, favouring the development of that vigorous insect life which all travellers who fare through rustic Greece must be prepared to encounter. But the battalions are likely to be thinner in the Peloponnesian stone-built villages.

It is a pleasant walk from Sparta to Trypi at the mouth of the gorge down which tumbles the Magoula. The small farms are intersected by rills of irrigation, vines are festooned in the orchards, white doves flit among them. At Trypi spreading plane trees are fast anchored by their enormous roots among the boulders of the torrent bed, and the stream is bordered by a hawthorn hedge which, like the piping of the thrush, reminds one of home. So do the fair hair and blue eyes of the women striding after their trotting donkeys laden with vegetables for the town. That is one of the surprises of the Peloponnesus, to which we will return later. Trypi, like the rest of the countryside, is devoted chiefly to agriculture. The silkworm occupies the important posi-

tion of the pig in Ireland, and miles of mulberry trees minister to his voracious appetite, whilst in every household may be heard a sound like that of a gently falling shower. It is the silkworm munching the succulent leaf he loves. Beautiful in situation is red-roofed Trypi looking out from the shadow of the mountain over the verdant expanse down which winds the silver ribbon of Eurotas. The people are proud of their big church on its lofty rock platform, the outcome of their self-denial. But it must not detain us, for we have rather an arduous journey ahead. We are bound for Messenia by the Langada of Magoula, the wildest and loftiest pass of Taygetus. But stay, here comes Aphrodite—not the Paphian goddess, but a Spartan maid who bears her name, a common one in Greece. Sturdy of limb, frank of countenance, the blonde tresses, escaping from the kerchief bound about her head, fall in wavy masses on her shoulders, and she brushes them away from her great blue eyes—the blue of the wild iris of her native hills. She is clad in the sleeveless cloak, white with black-broidered edges, which bears so close a resemblance to the ecclesiastical vestment the dalmatic, so that her greeting, *Kyrie eleison*, associated in the minds of us Westerns with the solemnities of religion, does not sound inappropriate. To her it is a part of familiar human intercourse, and surely never was greeting couched in sweeter, nobler words. She brings us a basket of wild strawberries culled



THE LANGADA OF MANGOULA.

[Underwood & Underwood.]

from the mountain-side—those small, long, deep crimson berries whose fragrance and flavour none of garden growth can approach. Take her gift, but do not offer her money. The Greeks of Sparta are proud, nor must any of the rustic population be measured by the moral standard of the Greeks in Levantine seaports. So we thank Aphrodite, who wishes us a safe journey and rejoins her friend Euphrosyne. Once more she waves her hand, and her last word is *Khairètè*—Farewell. The two graceful figures, with linked arms, are the last we see of Trypi and of Sparta, as we turn to face the pass. The path leads at first between walls of yellowish rock veined with green and red. Like most passes, it follows the course of a stream in the gorge it has hollowed. Alpine scenery is much the same everywhere. Naked rocks, belts of dark pines, and occasional glimpses of snowy crests above—with lateral ravines to be negotiated—they are not bridged in this Langada. It has been improved of late years, and one has not to dismount so frequently. There are creepy bits nevertheless, where the ledge is uncomfortably inclined towards the edge of the precipice—places where the schist is smooth and slippery, others where the path is of loose screes, and passage of man and mule sends the pebbles bounding into the abyss. Altogether it is satisfactory to trust to one's own feet for much of the road, and watch the clever way in which the mules turn awkward corners, carefully measuring

distances, poised sometimes on a rocky point with all four hoofs brought together, more like a chamois than a member of the equine race. The surroundings are of the same titanic character as in similar regions in Switzerland. The Langada of Taygetus differs perhaps in the colossal plane trees which mingle with the firs in the bed of the torrent, which is for the most part invisible beneath a bower of foliage, and in one place disappears altogether into the bowels of the earth, in one of those *katavothroi* not uncommon in Greece. One is glad to reach the summit, where there is a little chapel dedicated to St. Elias. The altitude is given as 4250 feet. North and south there is a vista of stately peaks rising nearly as high again, and westward one looks down on the Messenian plain and the blue gulf with Kalamata at its head. The landscape has a hue of rich velvety green, dotted with white splashes of village. It looks very fat and inviting, as no doubt it did to the Spartans of old. It takes a long time to reach it, however, and the chances are that the traveller has to sleep at Lada, a rough mountain village with none of the amenities of Trypi.

Kalamata is the most important town in the Peloponnesus after Patras, and villadom attests its prosperity. The old part of the town is beneath the citadel, which dates from 1204. Frank, Genoese, Turk, Venetian, and Turk again have held the place in turn, and there are vestiges of

each. The staple products of the neighbourhood are fruit and silk. The forest of Koumbès, which extends from near Navarino to Androutsà, contains oaks of gigantic size. One soon perceives the timbered character of this side of the country, as well as the richness of the vegetation. The gardens in which the houses are embowered have a sub-tropical character which recalls Egypt. The olive trees are in forests rather than in groves, and they are well tended. One sees few of the gnarled old trunks which are picturesque, but do not pay. The orchards of orange and pomegranate are interlaced with vines trained from tree to tree, and enclosed by hedges of aloes or of the giant cactus, which bears the prickly pear, and together with the date palms reminds us that Africa is not far off. This warmest corner of the kingdom might be termed *Græcia Felix*, but the *amari aliquid* exists in the malarial fevers which curse every district left undrained, more particularly the enclosed valleys in the mountains and the low strips on the coast. The valley of the Neda, which runs into the western sea, is studded with trees which attain an enormous girth—planes, evergreen oaks, and sycamore figs. South of the Neda the currant vine flourishes as well as on the Achæan littoral. The slopes are covered with vine, almond, and olive, and higher up the mountains the villages are girt about with orchards of apricot and pear. Such is the general aspect of the South-Western Peloponnesus. Into this

meridional luxuriance is intruded a northern note. Not far from Mavromati, the ancient Messene, where the River Leukasia joins the Mavrozumenos, there is a bridge that recalls the triple bridge near Crowland Abbey. From two piers in the centre, arches lead in three different directions to the three points of land formed by the confluence. Ruined castles, the strongholds of Frankish barons, crown the heights, not only at Coron, at Modon, and at Navarino, but on many an inland crest. Most imposing of these is Karytenia, on a stupendous crag washed on three sides by the Alphæus. Karytenia, which is in a tolerable state of preservation, was built by Hugh de Brienne, one of that famous house which numbered among its scions three Constables of France, a King of Jerusalem, an Emperor of Constantinople, and two Dukes of Athens, the last survivor of which fell at the battle of Poitiers. Karytenia has memories of later times, for it was successfully held by Kolokotrones against Ibrahim Pasha during the War of Independence. It is a fitting eyrie both for the freebooting barons of the Middle Ages and the old Klepht chieftain who is one of the heroes of nineteenth-century Greece. For here we are in Arcadia, the region whose name has become a symbol for rural innocence and peace. These riven peaks, deep gorges, sombre forests, and beetling cliffs hardly make a setting for the sentimental shepherds and shepherdesses of Watteau philandering on smooth-shaven lawns,

and the "royal goatherds in silk and lace" who played at being Arcadians in the seventeenth century. It was a strange caprice of the Renaissance to invest the rudest and remotest portion of the Peloponnesus with an atmosphere of ease and elegance. Theocritus sang of Sicilian shepherds, and they were rustic folk at least. The artificial shepherds of Virgil were not. But neither pretended that they were Arcadians. It was probably the glamour of the unknown that led to the peopling of Arcadia with imaginary inhabitants. For the real Arcadia was cut off from the world by mountain ramparts, a land of lofty plateaus and gloomy valleys where the winter snows lay long, the nurse of a race hardy, but dull of understanding, a consequence of its isolation from the current of humanity. The savage cult of Saturn lingered there for centuries after it had died out elsewhere, and throughout the most brilliant period of Greece we seek in vain for an Arcadian poet, philosopher, or artist. Philopœmen, the statesman and patriot, and Polybius, the historian, were products of Megalopolis, a city within the bounds of Arcadia, but having nothing in common with Arcadian life, and itself the creation of a foreigner, the Theban Epaminondas. But if Arcadia failed to give her children the arts and graces of life, she bred in them the stern virtues of patience, sobriety, truthfulness, and courage. Like the Swiss of the Middle Ages, they were the mercenary soldiers of Greece. From their rough

cradle they brought the qualities which made their services valued, and so they fought the battles of others for the bread which the niggard soil of their country grudged them. Melibœus did not carve the name of his love on the boles of trees, for he could not write. Neither did he carry a ribboned-crook, nor were the pipes ever at his lips; but the quiver was always at his back and the bow in his ready hand.

Pastoral occupations become a necessity where tillage is impossible, and in every land the wildest districts are the domain of the shepherd, who is the most uncultured element in the population, and also the hardiest. The youths of Sparta were not kept in the valley, but sent up into Taygetus to acquire the training which they turned to account against the Messenians of the plain. It was there they used to thrash the statue of Pan when the supply of game was short, as Neapolitans in these times upbraid San Gennaro for permitting Vesuvius to become unruly, and as some of the inhabitants of South America duck the image of their tutelary saint in a well for neglecting to protect them from flood or pestilence or earthquake. And so, to-day, the Arcadian mountaineers are noted for their strength and hardihood, and are perforce shepherds. Every cottage has its flock, tended during the day by children, elusive, faun-like beings, who manifest neither pleasure nor discontent nor surprise at the presence of the stranger, so unlike in this to the

inquisitive, obtrusive Greek child of the towns and villages of the lowlands. At sunset they are relieved of their task by their fathers, who keep watch by night against wolf and robber. At the end of October all the live stock is moved to the plains, marching in solid phalanx, goats in front, sheep in the middle, mules and donkeys behind, the well-armed shepherds and their fierce dogs on either flank. The Arcadian shepherd is not a communicative person, but if occasion arises for colloquy, it is well to be to windward of him, if you do not regard the odour of garlic in the light of an agreeable perfume, and to keep a respectful distance from his dog. The demeanour of the latter, however, generally renders this advice superfluous.

A glance at the map will show how the surface of Arcadia is corrugated by a complex mountain system. There are two plateaus, roughly oval, where husbandry prevails. They are divided by the range of Mœnalos, the plain of Mantinæa to the north-east, and that of Megalopolis to the south-west. Both grow grain, and on that of Mantinæa hemp is cultivated for *hasheesh* which is smuggled into Egypt, where its importation is illicit. The plain is subject to inundations which cause it to be malarious in some districts, especially near the ancient sites of Tegæa and Mantinæa. Tripolitza—Tripolis is its official designation—owes its name, it is said, to its having been built from the débris of three antique cities,

Tegæa, Mantinæa, and Pallantion. It is, however, itself modern, dating from the eighteenth century, when it was chosen by the Turks as the capital of the Morea, probably on account of its central position. The present town was built in 1828, the former one having been destroyed by the Turks during the War of Independence. It is the centre of the iron industry for the Peloponnesus, why it is not easy to say, for the neighbourhood produces no iron, and its situation, remote from any seaport, is unfavourable for the importation of the raw material, as well as for the distribution of the manufactured article. The industry gives it its chief importance, and makes it black and busy. It has also a large trade in sheepskins. It is one of the most unpicturesque places in Greece. The plain is monotonous, and bounded by bare mountains. Its elevated situation, three thousand feet above sea-level, and exposed to the north winds, makes it bleak in winter, when the snow often lies on the ground for a considerable time. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there seems to have been a disposition on the part of the Greeks to follow the lead of the Turks in giving it prominence, for in 1875 a royal palace was begun there, and some progress was made with the walls, which still remain; but the King abandoned the idea, and chose Tatoi, which is still his favourite residence. The plain of Megalopolis is devoted almost entirely to the cultivation of wheat, barley, and maize, whilst

that of Mantinæa is in part vineyards, a trade in wine having its centre at Tripolitza.

The valley of the Alphæus leads from Arcadia into the plain of Elis. The upper portion is thickly wooded with oak and plane, and rapid affluents come down through clefts in the red earth. The steep slopes are covered with masses of rhododendrons, a magnificent spectacle when in bloom. Lower down, the river sprawls over a wide and shallow bed with numerous islets, whence colossal plane trees rise from an undergrowth of laurel and myrtle. This is a characteristic and oft-recurring feature of the country. The planes love to root themselves in torrent beds, feeding on the moisture which filters below, their dense green foliage contrasting sharply with the tattered pines on the heights. Some of the most romantic situations in the Peloponnesus are to be found in the Erymanthus range, the border-line between Achaia and Arcadia. Its summits are seen from the Gulf of Corinth and Patras. Here are some of the most extensive oak forests, overlooked by threatening precipices. The mountains of Achaia abound in fine scenery, and a good idea may be obtained of it with little fatigue by a journey on the mountain railway which connects Kalavryta with Diakophtou, a station on the line between Corinth and Patras. The Kalavryta railway, which is on the Abt system, is a daring piece of engineering, and the diminutive train climbs the gorge in a most wonderful way, dodg-

ing awkward corners through short tunnels, crossing and recrossing the ravine by bridges at a dizzy height above the boiling torrent, affording fleeting visions of terrible grandeur mingled with bits of exquisite beauty. For in spring the ledges of the cliffs are shelves overflowing with flowers. Daisies are especially profuse, blooming in every cranny and fractuosity of the rock. We meet with many of our familiar favourites in the flora of the Peloponnesus—hawthorn and dog-rose, woodbine and the wild convolvulus, whilst the crocus, the cyclamen, and the divine blue of the squill greet us as high as we care to climb. The anemone, too, is with us everywhere, not our pale flowers of the woods, but a variety of rich and brilliant hues, making a gorgeous carpet. Among the flowers strange to us at home, the tall spikes of the asphodel are most abundant.

But it is time to turn from the land to its people. There are many spots to which the author would fain take his readers—the glen in Argolis which leads to Epidauros; majestic Ithomé, most beautiful of Greek mountains; Kyllene and the falls of the Styx; Stromion, where the Neda plunges underground, and where in summer, when its bed is dry, one may walk through its tunnelled course bristling with coloured stalactites; the wonderful rock of Monemvasia, that hoary relic of the Middle Ages which gave its name to the Malmsey wine of our forefathers; Bassæ, where on a lofty spur of Lykaion stands that lonely temple dedi-



THE KALAVRYTA RAILWAY.

[Underwood & Underwood.]



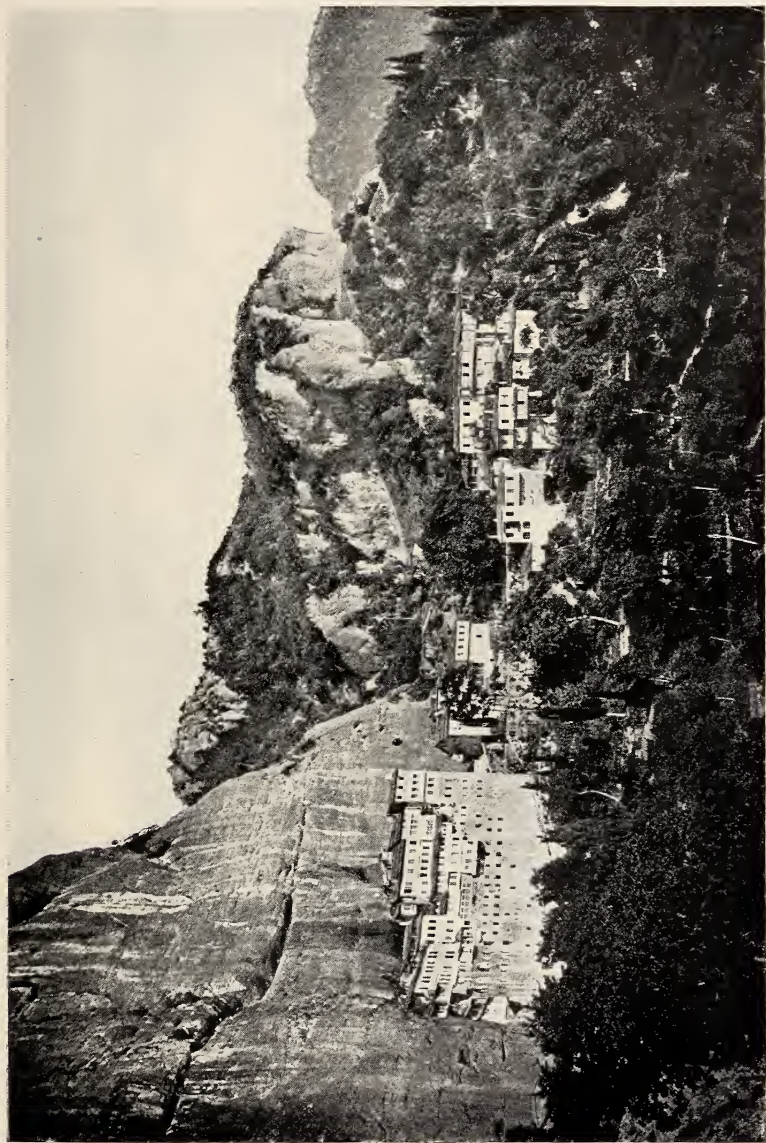
cated to Apollo the Helper, on a site which makes it the most impressive of all Greek ruins. One who has been there cannot look at the Centaurs and Lapiths, the Greeks and Amazons of the frieze in the British Museum which adorned the building of Ictinus, without recalling the splendour of its natural surroundings.

Mention of the remains of antiquity in these pages has been avoided as far as possible. They constitute, of course, the supreme interest of Greece, but adequate descriptions of them are to be found in the guide-books, and for those who seek a fuller knowledge, there are the works of specialists, scholars, archæologists, architects, artists, historians. But in this particular case it is impossible to disconnect the site from the temple which gives it significance. Certainly but for the existence of the temple the site would not have been visited; and in like manner, were it not for ancient Greece, modern Greece would be comparatively unknown. This would be a pity, for, apart from its august associations, the land has many charms, as this very imperfect sketch of it attempts to show.

We were in the train winding up the ravine towards Kalavryta, and as we are going to say something about the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, we could not have chosen a more suitable spot, for the Peloponnesus is the most Greek portion of Greece. It is the citadel of Hellenism. And here in Achaia new Hellas was born. In

February, 1821, there was a little meeting at Vostizza, only a few miles from Diakophtou, the station from which we started. On the 7th April, at Patras, in the church, before the Holy Mysteries, the people took an oath to free Greece or die. The Archbishop of Patras was summoned to Tripolitza, the seat of the Turkish Government. He came here instead, with a few friends, and at the convent of Megaspeleion, which we shall reach presently—it is about three-quarters of the way to Kalavryta—the flag of liberty was first raised in that same month of April, 1821. In 1827 the Greek Government was established at Nauplia, and that Peloponnesian city was the capital until King Otho removed to Athens in 1834.

The raising of the standard of revolt is commemorated annually on the 6th April (25th ~~April~~ *April* of the Greek calendar). But the revolution was general on the 2nd April. The flag is preserved at the monastery of Lavra, situated between Megaspeleion and Kalavryta. It is a white banner without the blue cross, but inscribed with the words—Πρὸς Ἐλευθερίαν—For Liberty. It was there that Archbishop Germanos repaired from Kalavryta after disobeying the summons to Tripolitza. But it was within the convent of Megaspeleion that the plans were first discussed, and the monks collected money for arms for some time ere the first outbreak. When that occurred, it was there that the women and children took



MEGASPELEION : THE BIRTHPLACE OF GREEK FREEDOM.

Photochrom Co.

refuge. A year or two later, when war raged fiercely, the monks successfully defended it against the Egyptian troops of Ibrahim Pasha. Thus the spot is sacred ground for the Hellenic nation, for it was here and at Aigion (Vostizza), on the shore below that a new Achaian League laid the foundations of Free Greece. Megaspelion, as its name implies, is a great cave in the face of a precipice three thousand feet above the sea. The façade of the convent is built across the mouth of the cave, and seen from below looks as though it were plastered on the face of the cliff which overhangs it—a sort of huge martin's nest. More will be said about it in another chapter.

The torch of freedom was kindled in Achaia and Greece was re-established as a nation in Argolis, two facts of which the Peloponnesians are justly proud. The first National Assembly was held at Piade, near Epidaurus, in the December of 1821. At Larissa, the fortress of Argos, the defeat of the Turks in 1822 led to the Proclamation of Independence, and the first seat of Government, as we have seen, was at Nauplia. The Peloponnesus had seen less of Turkish rule than the rest of the Greek mainland. It was the battlefield of Ottoman and Venetian in the seventeenth century, and was ruled by Venice from 1699 to 1715. Its inhabitants are of diverse origin. The Slavs were expelled or absorbed after their final defeat at the battle of Patras in 807 A.D. The Franks, when they invaded the

country in 1205, found isolated Slav communities—the Melings on Taygetus, and the Skortans on the heights between Elis and Arcadia, but the Greek was preponderant. Nor did the Frankish domination materially affect him. He remained the dominant factor. The origin of the Albanians in the Peloponnesus is obscure. The fiscal rapacity of the Byzantine Government led to the depopulation of the country, and Theodore, Despot of Misithra, who died in 1407, introduced Albanian colonists, and there were further intrusions, notably in 1463, after the Turks had conquered Nauplia. But there were probably immigrations previous to these.¹ At present the Albanian element dominates in Argolis, and in Corinthia, in the southern part of Elis, and on the west coast from the mouth of the Alphæus to Navarino. But the Albanian of the Peloponnesus has retained less of his individuality than the Albanian of Attica, who has in a measure preserved his tongue, though that is disappearing. In 1830 the Bavarian officials had to learn Albanian, and there was formerly a tribunal at Athens in which that language was used.

During the Venetian rule in the eighteenth century the population doubled owing to a great influx of Northern Greeks, and in 1821 and the following years, when the Peloponnesus alone was free, thousands of Greeks flocked into it from all

¹ They are mentioned as mercenaries of Nicephorus Vasilaki in 1075.

parts of the Turkish dominions. There are two other elements of the population—the Mainotes and the Tzakones. These have probably more right to claim descent from the Greeks of antiquity than any other section of the Greek-speaking peoples of to-day. They are, in any case, very interesting vestiges of the past, the Tzakones mainly on account of their language and the Mainotes for their distinct individuality and customs. In both respects they have remained isolated and unchanged.

The Mainotes inhabit the central prong of the trident formed by the three great southern promontories of the Peloponnesus. The Tzakones are found on the ~~western~~ ^{eastern} prong, the ancient Laconia, which terminates in Cape Malea, the Cape St. Angelo of the Middle Ages, whose squalls were occasioned by the fanning of the wings of the Archangel Michael. Both are brave. They took the chief share in driving out the Franks in the days of the Emperor Michael VIII. But they differ in other respects. The Tzakones are honest and peaceful, and whilst they traded all over the Ægean, the Mainotes were engaged in piracy and plunder. The Tzakones number at present about fifteen thousand families, one thousand of which are settled at Leonidi, on the western side of the Gulf of Nauplia. They were formerly more numerous. The province of Tzakonia was extensive when the Franks came, and the *Chronicle of the Morea*¹ speaks of it as

¹ Composed about 1300 A.D.

apart from the rest of the Morea. In 1573 Crusius found fourteen Tzakonian villages between Monemvasia and Nauplia. There are now only seven. In Byzantine times there was a Tzakonian colony at Constantinople. The men served in the fleet, and their skill as mariners was highly esteemed. In those days the Tzakones occupied the whole of the country from Argolis to Cape Malea. To this day they speak a tongue which in vocalisation and in distinct grammatical forms is recognised by philologists as a survival of a dialect of Doric. No other idiom of modern Greek is of so ancient a type.¹ The schoolmaster in Greece, as elsewhere, is the arch-enemy of traditional modes of speech, but Tzakonic, though much reduced in area, still lives on the Laconian shore, and it is a warrantable presumption to attribute to the Tzakones a more direct descent from the ancient inhabitants of the country than any other section of the population. Hopf, who combats the theory of Fallmerayer as to the Slav origin of the modern Greeks, upholds it, strange to say, as regards the Tzakones. Bishop Willibald on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the eighth century touched at Monemvasia, to which

¹ The Tzakonian language is treated of in Leake's *Researches in Greece*, p. 196; also in his *Peloponnesiaca*, p. 304. Those seeking fuller information may be referred to Fr. Thiersch: "Ueber die Sprache der Zakonen," published in the *Transactions of the Royal Academy of Science of Munich* in 1832; to G. Deville: *Étude du dialecte Tzaconien* (Paris, 1866); and to the *Γραμματική τῆς Τσακωνικῆς διαλέκτου* (Athens, 1870) of M. Th. Oikonomos, a Tzakonian by birth.

he alludes as being in the Slavonian land. Sir Rennell Rodd points out that a Slav tribe merged in the pre-existing population may have left its name behind in a region where a language had survived, not understood by the rest of the Greeks.

It is a popular belief that the Mainotes have never been conquered. It would be more exact to say that they have never willingly submitted to control, and have been successful in repelling invasions, and they have invariably obtained favourable treatment from the dominant power. Even now they enjoy immunity from the greater portion of the taxes to which the rest of Greece is subjected. They were certainly reduced by Villehardouin, who built his castle of "Grant Maigne," near Cape Matapan in 1468. Their land was ravaged by the Catalans in 1601, and in 1614 they were subdued by the Turks and made to pay tribute, not a heavy one. Legend says that it consisted of as much gold as would lie on the flat of a sword, and another version has it that a purse was presented hanging at the point of a sword. Their period of greatest liberty was during the Venetian rule of the Peloponnesus, when they were practically independent. They have never easily acknowledged any central authority. They rebelled against the Greek Government in 1831, and again in 1834, when the Bavarian regency ordered them to destroy their towers. Yet they rendered noble service to Greece in the War of Independence. Twice they

repulsed Ibrahim Pasha, in 1825 and 1826, when he advanced against them from both sides. But first they made a preliminary raid on the villages for the freedom of whose inhabitants they were fighting. For they preserved one characteristic of the Spartans,¹ from whom they claim descent, in exalting plunder to the rank of a virtue, though they were never mercenary brigands nor vulgar footpads. Maina is not all barren, as is often supposed. The districts east and west of their peninsula export oil, valonea, and red-dye. It is in Mesa-Mainè, the shelf which runs along the mountain-spine, and the wind-swept rocky extremity of Matapan, that grain is a luxury, and barley is sown in the crevices of the rocks. Here the ordinary fare consists of black cakes made from lupins, "the grapes of Maina," and the fruit of the wild cactus replaces the figs of more favoured regions. Flights of quails which are exported to France yield an uncertain revenue to the people. This is the Kakavoulia, "the land of evil designs," for long centuries the nursery of pirates. It was to it that Abbot Benedict of Peterborough referred in the *Itinerary of Richard I* —*gens mala ibi est*. And ill folk they certainly were until comparatively recent times. But injustice has been done the Mainotes by assuming the Kakavouliotes to be representative of the

¹ A Mainote priest told an English traveller who visited Maina in the early nineteenth century that the predatory habits of the people were derived from the laws of Lycurgus.

whole people. However, piracy is extinct. Emigration has replaced it, and education is gradually effacing distinctive peculiarities. Yet Maina is conservative, as it has always been. It remained pagan until nearly the end of the ninth century, and to-day presents aspects of a primitive state of society. Maina is the original home of the blood feud, which it is supposed to have introduced to Corsica as the vendetta. The Mainote colony which settled in that island in 1673 still exists at Cargese. The vendetta survives in spite of the law, though to nothing like the same extent as when, sometimes for twenty years, families were at feud, and reconciliation only came about after many members on both sides had fallen. Some of the loopoled tower dwellings, which were a necessity in those days, still exist. The entrance is reached only by a ladder, which in case of feud was always drawn up. The women only left the dwelling, for according to the law of vendetta they are inviolable, as are the guests. A person whose life is sought goes scatheless if he accompanies a guest. The Mainote scrupulously observes the rules of the game, and holds the common assassin in supreme contempt. Outside the bounds of Maina the feud ceases, and no self-respecting Mainote would attack a foe beyond its borders. For, whatever may be thought of the practice, it has its chivalrous side. Treachery is abhorred, and due notice must be given of intention to attempt the life of a foe. It

belongs to a barbarous social code, but it is law, and far removed from lawless murder. Indeed, its existence militates against the ignoble brawls so frequently attended by fatal results, too frequent in Greece, and from which Maina is comparatively free. Another and pleasanter feature is the duty of hospitality and the sacredness of the guest, as well as the respect entertained for women. The Mainote at home leaves most of the work to the woman, but her person is safe wherever she goes. The Mainote mother carries her child in a sheepskin bag which she hangs on a branch whilst she tills the field, or on a nail whilst she kneads the bread, singing to him war songs the while as a lullaby. When he is ten, his father takes him in hand and teaches him, as a first duty, to handle a gun. Though averse to work at home, the Mainote will work abroad. He finds his way to America, but not frequently. The Greek army depends largely on him for its non-commissioned officers, for he really likes soldiering, and often remains in the service after his compulsory term has expired. He is very clannish, like all mountaineers, and there is great solidarity amongst Mainote communities in other parts of Greece. In common with other Greeks they are keen to avail themselves of education. Many Greek army officers are Mainotes, and there are some holding important civil appointments. It is perhaps as well to say that the traveller in Maina is safer than the

stranger in London or Paris. South of Gythion he will find no inn, but the Mainotes in the capital are only too pleased to furnish a letter of introduction. One will suffice, for it will procure him others, and the Mainotes are exceedingly hospitable. He will see nothing of vendettas, for though Mainotes affirm that vendetta law still holds good, they seem of late to be of opinion that the custom is "one more honoured in the breach than the observance." He will meet with nothing more remarkable in the matter of dress than an occasional survival of the baggy breeches, which are more common on the islands. Oddly enough, Athens, with all its modernity, is the best place in Greece for costume. The Albanians of the Attic plain and the neighbouring island of Salamis still wear it, both men and women, and some of them are constantly in and out of town. In the more remote districts the unpicturesque, but far less costly European clothes, mostly "ready made," have supplanted it, and so it is in Maina. But if the traveller is prepared for simple fare and primitive accommodation, there is no reason why he should not penetrate as far as Tænarum, where he will find the mouth of Tartarus, through which Hercules dragged up "the hound of Hell," a cave of modest dimensions, and not in any way terrible, beneath the hill on which stands the Chapel of the Asomatòn, part of whose walls almost certainly belonged to the Temple of Poseidon, to whom the inhabitants of Maina clung

long after the rest of the world had embraced the Faith first unfolded to Greece on the Athenian Areopagus.

Here on this bleak headland of Matapan, the Ultima Thule of the Peloponnesus, we will take leave of its people. They are, as we have seen, diverse in origin and in environment, but they have been welded into a more homogeneous mass than the denizens of any other part of the kingdom. The force which has moulded them, which has determined the type of nationality, is the Hellenic spirit, whose work was finally accomplished in the War of Independence. The Peloponnesus may be termed, in truth, the heart of Hellas. Its inhabitants taken altogether are more sympathetic than in other regions. This is no doubt in part owing to their social condition. The small farm and individual ownership are the rule, and they conduce to the formation of a sober, frugal, industrious, and worthy people. The manners of the rural population are gentler here than elsewhere, and this is perhaps due to the greater attention paid by parents to the education of their children. The school attendance in Laconia and Argolis is larger in proportion than in any other provinces of mainland Greece. The Cyclades bear the palm in this respect.

The term Peloponnesus has been used in these pages because it is the official designation, as it was up to the Turkish conquest, with the exception of the Frankish and Venetian periods. The



A YOUNG MAINOTE.

Franks used the word *Morea* exclusively, but the Venetians appear to have alternated it with *Peloponnes*. They gave *Morosini* as a mark of honour the title of the *Peloponnesian*. The derivation of *Morea* from the Greek *mōrea* on account of the supposed resemblance of the outline of the peninsula to that of a mulberry leaf is purely fanciful. It has a much closer resemblance to the leaf of the Oriental plane, as Strabo observes. The Slav word *more*, the sea, has been suggested, and rejected as against the principle of Slavonic derivation. Moreover the Slav tongue, if it were ever the dominant one, had practically disappeared before the advent of the name *Morea*. The assumption of Hopf seems to be reasonable, namely, that *Mōraia* arose by metathesis from *Rōmaia*, the country of the *Romaioi*, but he was mistaken in supposing that the word was unknown before the Frankish conquest. The Franks arrived in 1205, and the name has been discovered by Mr. Sathas in a manuscript in the British Museum dated 1111. Personally, the author prefers *Morea*, as being easier to utter and to write, but it has fallen into almost complete desuetude.

There remains to be noticed yet one section of the inhabitants of the Greek mainland—the nomad Vlach shepherds of Pindus. Rightly they should have been placed among the folk of Northern Greece. But they wander periodically beyond its limits, and differ so much from the rest of the

population—although Greek in creed and nationality—that they may be classed apart.

It is not possible to fix with precision the limits of this singular people.¹ They extend far beyond the Greek frontier into Turkey, but within the kingdom they wander along the central range of Pindus, westward to the Agrapha district, eastward along Mount Cæta to the shores of Locris, and southward to the Gulf of Corinth, which is their boundary line. Parnassus, Helicon, and Cithæron are theirs, and they stretch along the Attic hills, Parnès, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, to Cape Sunium. The Peloponnesus knows them not, but they hold the mountains of Eubœa. In winter they descend to the lowlands, and are found on the plain of Attica in the neighbourhood

¹ The origin of the Vlachs is obscure. Some writers claim for them an ancient Thracian parentage which would give them racial priority to the Hellenes. They are, at present, mainly confined to the mountain-rib of Grammos and Pindus, though they are found in Macedonia and Bulgaria. Their centre may be placed at Metzovo, between Trikala and Yanina. They are passionately addicted to wandering. In Turkey they own pack-horses, and are often pedlars on a large scale. They have a common tongue, a Latin dialect which has an affinity with the Roumanian language, though their relation to the Roumanian nation is not precisely known. They emigrate to other lands, where some of them have amassed fortunes as bankers. In spite of their migrating propensities, they are the best builders in Turkey. Their houses are better than any others, and formerly they had a reputation for the construction of cupolas. Their sympathies are Hellenic and their creed Orthodox. It would be grossly unjust to regard the rude shepherds here described as representatives of the Vlach people, a race physically and mentally well-endowed, which has furnished Greece with some of her most distinguished citizens.

of the capital, in Bœotia near Thebes, in Megaris, on the marshy levels about Marathon, and in the country round Livadia and Lamia. When they have sold their lambs for Easter and when their ewes have lost their milk, so that they can travel with safety, they seek the heights again, where they remain until the following winter. These migrations are effected in a leisurely fashion, from the plain to the lower hills and thence to the loftier ranges, and *vice versâ*, so that they attain their greatest altitude in the summer heats and reach their lowest level in mid-winter, when they pitch their goat-hair tents and form their *mandra* or sheepfold. On the mountains they construct rude huts of brushwood and pine branches, where the women and children remain, whilst the men lead the flocks along the high plateaus, sleeping in the open in all weathers, wrapped in their thick grey woollen cloaks. This is their life for months together, alone with their dogs and their charges. Thus one rarely sees their women except when they are on the line of march. These latter are strong, bony, ill-favoured creatures, harsh of voice, leathern-skinned, clad in coarse homespun, and very dirty withal. This last remark applies also to the men, whose kilts and long, tight woollen hose are of any hue but white, their original colour. Garments which are very rarely changed, and are always slept in, as well as the sheepskins which are used as couches in the *mandra*, are strongly suggestive of vermin.

The appearance of the men is not prepossessing. Their long, matted hair, bleached into a dull russet by exposure to the weather, and rough, unkempt beard, frame a long, osseous countenance with a receding forehead and eyes close set on either side of a thin aquiline nose. The expression is cunning, distrustful, and indicative of lurking malevolence. Nor does it belie the character of him who wears it. The Vlach shepherd is in general hostile in his attitude to the settled population, with which he has as few relations as possible. His taciturnity places him in marked contrast to the loquacious Greek, ever eager for a chat with a stranger. He speaks Greek after his manner, but it is hard to comprehend his rough dialect, as he jerks out uncouth words. But among his own people he talks a jargon based on the Latin idiom spoken by the Ruman Vlachs of the north. He is orthodox so far as he has any religion. His orthodoxy consists chiefly in sending for a priest to bless his marriage, but he does not wait until a priest is within hail, and the religious ceremony usually comes after the marriage. The *chelingas* or head-man of each *stani* or community pays a small sum for the right of winter pasturage in the lowlands. But there citizenship ends. The Vlach ignores the law and defies it. His presence in the vicinity of civilisation is marked by rapine. He will steal the flocks of the peasant when he can, and will pasture his own flocks on their growing crops.

He is a nuisance to the neighbourhood he visits, and the peasantry are heartily glad when he takes his departure in spring to share the mountain with the wild boar and the eagle. Devastation marks his progress. He is the chief cause of the destruction of the forests with its serious climatic effects. His goats devour all the young shoots and bark and kill the saplings, and he is usually the author of the forest fires which have done so much to denude the country. It was from the Vlach shepherds that the brigands were mainly recruited when brigandage was rife. When Mr. Vyner and his companions were murdered near Marathon in 1870, six out of the seven brigands captured were Vlach shepherds. The horror and indignation aroused throughout Europe by that tragedy put the Greek Government on its mettle, and efficient measures were taken to rid the country of an intolerable scourge. Since then Central Greece has been as free of brigandage as the Peloponnesus, and the convenient neighbourhood of the northern frontier has been the only region at all insecure. Those Vlachs who did not take an active part in the exploits of brigands were always ready to aid them. They gave information as to the route of an intended victim, kept watch whilst the capture was being made, signalled the approach of danger when troops were in pursuit, and the intermediary when the ransom was being negotiated was almost always a shepherd. That

sphere of activity is now happily obsolete, but if there are still potential bandits in the land they are to be found in the shepherd population of the Pindus, and it is on that range and in the mountains of Ætolia that the lawless element would display itself were political convulsions to upset the reign of order in the country. The term Greek brigand as used by Westerns is for the most part a misnomer. The brigands were in nearly all cases Vlachs or Albanians, and the assertion that the Greek peasantry were in league with them was a libel on a people in the main honest, upright and hospitable. Who the real abettors were has been shown. The peasant was at the mercy of the brigands, and he knew that if he denounced them he would be subject to reprisals of the most atrocious character, instances of which were only too fresh in his memory. But the moment he received the least support from the Government he was foremost in the field. Thus the villagers of Arakhova organised themselves and destroyed the band of Daveli, who had established himself on Parnassus, and for years had made that famous mountain a name of terror, free only to his kinsmen the shepherds. He had come, like the rest of them from the north, from Pindus, and, like the rest, his operations had for their *terrain* the eastern plains. The central spine and rugged north-west of Greece was always the breeding-ground of brigands, whence they descended to the eastern lowlands, where

there was most booty. Daveli's followers varied in numbers, sometimes they were sixty strong, miscreants of the blackest dye. One of their habits was to plunge the feet of their captives into boiling oil to make them divulge the whereabouts of their treasure. The threat was usually enough, however. They acted with cynical effrontery and for a long time with impunity. Even so far off as Chalcis, in Eubœa, they carried off a young girl of a well-to-do family in broad daylight. It was one Christmas Day, and her parents were paying visits. Her shoes were cut to pieces by the rocks, and one of the band walked calmly into Livadia to buy another pair. They sent down to the village of Kastri (Delphi) for a priest, taking good care that the worthy cleric obeyed the summons, in order that the young lady should not lack spiritual consolation. Pending negotiations they frequently displayed her on points of the rocks visible from below, in order that her friends might know she was alive and well. They were playing for a heavy ransom, and they got it. Even then, Daveli was not sure of his own cut-throats, and sent her under the care of a shepherd, by another way down the mountain. He did not wish to lose his reputation and the chance of another rich capture. But things did not always end so pleasantly. The band had many murders to its account. Did the slightest suspicion rest on any peasant as to betrayal of their hiding-place, however groundless, he was made away

with. The day of reckoning came at last. The mountain was surrounded by troops and the band was gradually pushed into a defile. But it was the peasantry of Arakhova under the leadership of one Megas who really came to close quarters with and exterminated it. Twenty-six out of the thirty of which it was then composed were killed, and so cheated the gallows. Daveli died by the hand of Megas, who himself fell shortly afterwards. A stone on the spot—it is, by the way, the scene of the unwitting parricide of Œdipus—records the event, and the *tragoudi* which commemorates the heroic death of Megas is still chanted in Arakhova.

Before leaving the shepherds, their dogs claim a word. We are apt to associate the name of sheep-dog with the collie. That graceful and sympathetic member of the canine family is far removed from the savage cerberi who guard the folds of Greece. Huge and powerful mastiffs, with heavy jowls and ensanguined eyes, they are no doubt valuable auxiliaries in the presence of marauding wolves. But, like their masters, they are of low intelligence, and they take everyone except their masters for a wolf. The solitary pedestrian, entering a *mandra* unwarily, would stand a good chance of being devoured. There are tales of people who have met this fate. The writer cannot vouch for their truth. Dog stories in Greece resemble snake stories in India. But the event is quite possible. The dogs are really

a formidable danger, and it is well to give sheep-folds a wide berth.¹ The ferocious brutes do not attack those only who approach the folds, but when the flock is moving to new pastures they march on either flank, and rush upon all they meet. Their masters appear to take a malicious pleasure in seeing a stranger thus assaulted, for they are by no means ready to call off their dogs. As a rule, the shepherd leans on his staff and looks steadily the other way. These ill-conditioned Molossians must always be reckoned with in mountain excursions, and on their account alone it is well to be armed, though the shooting of a dog might have serious consequences, for the shepherds handle their long guns with great skill. The Greeks justly regard the presence of these unsociable nomads as a perilous nuisance. Proposals have been made at various times to force them to settle, which would be a means of getting

¹ Schliemann relates how in Ithaca, being set upon by four mastiffs, he suddenly thought of the passage in the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses, in a like predicament, "prudently sat down" (*αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔξετο κερδασύνη*): "I sat down, and the four dogs, ready to devour me, barked in a circle round me, but without touching me." But he dared not stir a limb until help arrived in the person of the owner of the animals, who called them off. This method seems to have been generally recognised. Pliny says that the ferocity of dogs is quelled by the object of their attack sitting on the ground: "Impetus canum et sævitia mitigatur ab homine considente humi." And Aristotle (*Rhet.*, ii. 3) uses it as an illustration. "Let anger cease against those who humble themselves, for even dogs do not bite those who sit down (*τοὺς καθίζοντας*)."

But only a Schliemann could recall a passage of Homer in such a position, and he had the luck to have to deal with an Ithacan peasant, and not with a Vlach shepherd.

rid of them, as they would never submit to a sedentary life, and would speedily betake themselves beyond the frontier. No steps have been taken, and the Vlachs still remain as they have been for centuries, lords of the mountains, throughout all the vicissitudes which have caused the plains to change hands many times.

CHAPTER II

THE ISLES

IN nine cases out of ten the Greek one meets outside his own country is an islander. The majority of those who have founded great houses of business, and have made a name in the world of commerce and finance, are of island origin. In Greece itself, the immigrant from the islands is easily distinguishable from the native of the mainland by his manners and appearance. He is more alert, of quicker wit, more expansive, a better linguist, and more ready to get into touch with strangers. He has the handiness of the sailor, the keen outlook of the trader. The continental Greek, on the other hand, is slower of speech and action, more aloof in manner; he is, in short, a peasant, and even when engaged in pursuits other than rural, the soil seems to cling to him. On the Greek mainland, the Bœotian character extends over a far larger area than Bœotia itself. It is the islander who has won for the Greeks their reputation for enterprise. He is a man of the world, because the aridity of his native rocks has forced him out into the world to seek a livelihood, and in seeking one he has not seldom found a fortune.

But it is not physical environment alone that has differentiated him from his continental compatriot. History and race have had their share in his evolution. Nor are the Greek islanders by any means all cast in one mould. The individuality of the Ionian is not that of the native of the Cyclades. Moreover, island differs from island in its people. Each has its peculiarities of manners and speech, its own customs and traditions. To give a detailed account of these would be a task beyond the writer's knowledge and would far exceed the limits of this volume. But it would be absurd to pretend to convey a notion of the Hellenic people without delineating the salient features of a section which has had so large a share in the national development. Let us take first the group nearest and best known to us.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS

The people of the Ionian Islands are a link between Europe and the Levant. The Greeks of the mainland, when the feuds of Greek and Latin were still hot, used to speak of them sneeringly as "half-Franks." Geographical position and political circumstances have brought them into closer contact with the West than any other Greek-speaking population. Corfu has the character of an Italian city. This is inevitable when we consider that it was ruled by Venice for four centuries, from 1386 to the fall of the Republic in



CORFU.

[Photogram Co.]

1797. But long ere this the Ionians had made acquaintance with the Franks. Robert Guiscard took Corfu in 1081, and his enterprise was not a mere raid, since he died in Cephalonia in 1085. In 1146 the Normans of Sicily seized it. In 1179 they conquered Cephalonia, Zante, and Ithaca. In 1194 was established the County Palatine of Cephalonia, which included Cephalonia, Santa Maura, Zante, and Ithaca, under Count Matteo Orsini, who planted in them a strong colony of Apulians from Brindisi. This, transferred to the vigorous dynasty of the Tocchi, was maintained until 1479. Corfu in the meantime had been taken by the Genoese Vetrano in 1199, held by the Venetians from 1206 to 1214, when it succumbed to the Despot of Epirus, who handed it over to Manfred of Sicily in 1259. In 1267 it fell to the Angevins of Naples, who ruled it until the death of Charles III, when the inhabitants surrendered it to Venice. In 1797 the Treaty of Campo Formio brought with it the French occupation. In 1800 was set up the Septinsular Republic under the patronage of autocratic Russia. In 1807 the Treaty of Tilsit made the Ionian Islands a part of the Napoleonic Empire, and in 1815 they were constituted an independent State under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. Finally they were incorporated into the Greek kingdom in 1864. Thus their history and the political and social influences brought to bear upon them differed widely from those of the rest

of Greece. The Angevins firmly established the feudalism of the Normans, and the Venetians confirmed it whilst suffering the baronies to lapse. They were lavish, however, in conferring patents of nobility. In 1672 no fewer than 112 noble families were inscribed in the *Liber Aureus*. They purposely kept the people ignorant, leaving them without schools, whilst they allowed the Ionian youth the privilege of taking their degrees at Padua without examination. Residence was compulsory, so that the wealthy class were Italianised with the minimum of education. But in spite of Italian influence, Hellenism, ever indomitable, asserted itself. The Turkish conquest of Constantinople stimulated it by the influx of refugees. Thus came the Theotokis family, which is still in the front rank of intellectual Greece. Thus came Phrantzes, the historian. The revival of the Greek language had its fount in Corfu, and its sponsors were the ancestors of the Bulgaris and the Theotokis, who are prominent in contemporary Hellenic politics. The Ionians are the only Greeks who own an aristocracy, the creation of the Angevins and Venice. No titles are acknowledged in Greece, but they are still borne in the islands. Corfu is the only portion of the Greek dominions that was never under Turkish rule. Zante suffered it for a few years, from 1479 to 1482, Cephalonia for twelve years longer. Santa Maura has seen more of the Turks, who held it for two centuries, from 1479

until it was retaken by Morosini in 1685. But whilst the Greek mainland was subjected to fire and sword, the Ionian Islands enjoyed comparative peace, and with the advent of Great Britain they enjoyed representative government and free institutions before new Hellas arose. In 1848 they were granted an extended suffrage and vote by ballot, a privilege for which England had to wait many years. Moreover, the Ionian Press was allowed a freedom greater than that of any country in Europe. The Ionian Republic presented a remarkable contrast to its neighbours. Here was a State, endowed with free institutions, popular education, even-handed justice, an open market, good roads, and all the machinery of an advanced civilisation within sight of Albania, a land that was—and still is, for that matter—in a condition of primitive barbarism. It used its education, its Press, and its Parliament as a means of getting rid of those who had given it those advantages; but no Greek has ever been contented with alien rule, even though he knows he is better off under it. In race the Ionians are originally akin to the Epirotes with an admixture of the Toskhs of Southern Albania. Zante, depleted by Turkish raids, was largely repopled by refugees from the Morea. There is, of course, a percentage of Italian blood, and the purest Hellenes are probably to be found in Ithaca and Cephalonia. The latter island always showed the democratic tendencies of the Hellene, and was regarded as

inferior to the others by the Venetians. To-day its population displays more enterprise than that of Corfu. Some of its sons have amassed great wealth, and to one of them, M. Vagliano, a London merchant, Athens is indebted for her noble public library. Cephalonia has also preserved the traditions of the British period more than the others and has kept up the roads they made. This is perhaps owing in part to the administration of Sir Charles Napier, to Byron's sojourn before his last journey to Greece, and to the fact that English families dating from the occupation still reside on the island. Catching the western rains, the Ionians are the most fertile as they are the loveliest of the Greek isles. Zante is the richest. Land there is far more valuable than in any other part of Greece. Corfu is the most varied, and Ithaca the most romantic. Cerigo is no longer officially one of the group, from which indeed it is quite apart. It will be described elsewhere.

As an example of the Ionian Islands it may be well to describe Ithaca, which is less subjected to foreign influence than Corfu, and therefore presents a truer picture of Ionian life. Moreover, though not as familiar to the modern world as the larger islands, Ithaca has a far greater name, entwined as it is with an immortal story enshrined in undying verse.

ITHACA

Steaming past the Echinades, the rugged islets so named from a fancied resemblance to sea-urchins, where Byron was storm-bound for three days on his way to the place where he was so soon to die, we come abreast of Ithaca, about twenty miles from the mainland. A mountainous mass, sharp-cut against the sky, "clear-seen" Ithaca—how apt is the Homeric epithet—shows a precipitous coast-line, seemingly harbourless. But having traversed about half its length, the boat turns into a previously hidden fiord which winds into the heart of the island. Indeed, it almost cuts it in two, leaving only an isthmus about half a mile across. We soon lose sight of the sea-line. Creeks on either hand afford glimpses of gleaming villages like those in the background of Leighton's classical subjects. Then we open a third creek to the left, narrow-throated, rock-bastioned, the shores clothed to the water's edge with juniper, wild olive, and oleander. From this strait passage we come into an expanse of water, with an islet in the middle—an ideal mountain loch. At its head a horseshoe of white houses; above them more white houses amid orange groves and vineyards; and above these again, the grey and silver of olive trees wrestling with the limestone far up the steep towards the rampart of toppling crags against the sky. This is Vathy, well named the Deep, for ships of great tonnage may lie close

to the houses. The sea might be hundreds of miles away. There is not a suspicion of "the mighty wave that ill winds roll without." It is one of the snuggest, and certainly one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. We land on a well-made quay, with an excellent roadway running round the port—a relic of the British occupation.

An Englishman will not have much trouble in Ithaca with regard to language. English is almost as much the common tongue of the sea as French is of diplomacy, and the Ithacans, like the Companions of Ulysses, are seafarers. The Greeks are boatmen, but not as a rule deep-sea sailors. These latter only come from certain spots; Andros is one, Ithaca is another, and the Ithacans have the genuine salt in their blood. The little island owns a goodly number of steamers. They come to Vathy once only, to be registered, then trade all over the world, but mainly to British ports. They are commanded, officered, and manned exclusively by Ithacans, who furnish more seamen than they require, and the surplus sail in British ships. But all are faithful to Ithaca, and between those who have retired and those who are having a spell ashore, there is always a contingent at Vathy who hail an Englishman with delight. They are familiar with him on the Thames, the Mersey, or the Hooghly. They have often met him on the Apollo Bunder at Bombay or the Circular Quay at Sydney, but

he is a rarity at Vathy, so they make much of him and try to make him feel at home. Their hospitality is rather embarrassing in one respect, for they conceive him to be tormented by an insatiable thirst, and it is a point of honour with them that he shall not be allowed to pay for anything. There are two things they insist on his seeing: one is the barber's shop, a wonderful museum of curios from all latitudes and longitudes, such as might have existed at Wapping or Rotherhithe when Dickens discovered London. The other is the burial-place of British soldiers—a small enclosure containing some twenty-five or thirty tombstones inscribed with the names and regiments of the dead. Among them are several children who were born and died here. There is a strange pathos in the thought that these English children lived their brief span in this remote islet, probably regarded by most of their countrymen at home as belonging rather to the realm of fable than to the real world. Yet to these children Ithaca was the world and England a legend. They rest in one of the sweetest spots on earth, amid scenes of surpassing loveliness. The little graveyard is sheltered by tall cypresses and planted with myrtles and roses. Debonos, the shoemaker, who has charge of it, will tell you, with a touch of pride, as he hands you the key, that his father was cook to the officers' mess when redcoats were common objects at Vathy. It is a century since British soldiers came there and

nearly half a century since they left, and it says very much for the Ithacans that the little cemetery should be so carefully tended after such a lapse of time, and in a place seldom visited by Englishmen.

Besides the sailors, there is another class of Ithacans who speak English—the tongue we spoke in the days when we were not “smart” and had manners. These are the members of the old families—the Petalas, the Karavias, the Dendrinas, the Vrettos, the Dracouli—who were at school when the islands were under British protection. Alas! they are a very small and fast dwindling minority. Vestiges of a bygone era, they cherish an affection for the Ionian Republic whilst recognising the inevitable in the union with Greece. Mr. Petala hurried me off to see the house inhabited by Mr. Gladstone, a modest dwelling with a verandah on the quay. In front of it, on a pedestal, is a bust of High Commissioner Maitland, known to his contemporaries as “King Tom,” from his arbitrary character, but a true friend to the Ionians. Ithaca owes to him its excellent roads. “Ah, we were somebody then,” sighed Mr. Petala. On my first visit to Ithaca, some years ago, I had the privilege of meeting Mr. Dracoulis, then bordering on fourscore, and full of memories of Mr. Gladstone, whom he had known personally, and of the old days before him, when the Dracoulis family was one of the most distinguished in the islands. Like others of his

class, he had studied law at Padua, when that university was the Alma Mater of the Ionians. Mr. Platon Dracoulis, of Oxford, is his nephew, by the way. I shall never forget the courtly grace with which he lifted his hat when he mentioned the name of Mr. Gladstone, who stands next to Ulysses in the estimation of the Ithacans. Some of them remember him; all speak of him with reverence.

As to Ulysses, there is no doubt in the Ithacan mind as to the identity of the Homeric Ithaca with the "narrow isle" of to-day. Though very few of them can read the *Odyssey*, they know all about its hero. His name is a household word with them, and they show a united front against all who attempt to rob them of Odysseus. The controversy as to the Homeric sites is as old as Strabo, but the Ithacans reckon little. So they sit outside the Café Odysseus on the quay at Vathy, and contemplate the mountain in front with the unalterable conviction that it is "Neriton, trembling with leaves," and that the mountain behind them is Neion. Ravens still croak on the Rock Korax. The fount where Eumæus fed his swine still flows. In a creek of the Bay of Molo is the grotto of the Nymphs, where the Phæacians left Odysseus sleeping. Are not the cyclopæan walls on Eagle's Crag the remains of his palace? What cold-hearted archæologist would grudge the Ithacans their hero? After all, what other isle so well suits Homer's descriptions? His Ithakè

has preserved its name in spite of the Franks, who changed it to Val di Comparè. It is true an awkward document stands in the way of their claim to direct descent from the subjects of Odysseus, in the shape of a decree of Venice, dated 1504, granting immunity from taxation for five years to settlers in Ithaca, which at the time was entirely deserted. These new settlers, who probably came from Cephalaria and were undoubtedly Greeks, are the progenitors of the present inhabitants. The latter got over the difficulty by asserting that when these seas were swept by corsairs their ancestors sought refuge elsewhere, and returned in a body at the first opportunity. That opportunity occurred in 1504, and it is not easy to traverse the statement, for Ithaca has no mediæval history like Athens and Achaia. From 1504 you plunge across thirty centuries to the heroic age. In any case this view of the matter satisfies the Ithacans, and not a house of these sea-wanderers but has a Penelope among its girls and a Telemachus among its boys.

The island is divided into four districts: Outland in the north, Deep Bay in the south, and between them Highland (Anogè) and Eagle's Cliff in the narrow centre. Outland and Deep Bay are the most fertile. Eagle's Cliff, where Ithaca is half a mile wide, does not yield much, some grapes and olives, figs and quinces. The last time I was there it was a sweet December day; the land was smothered with cyclamens and

a small and exquisite pale blue iris. We looked at the peacock-hued sea on either hand far below, down steeps all scarlet with the ripe berries of the arbutus. The goodman of the little farm was pruning his olives, Penelope was bringing water from the spring, a living caryatid, the amphora poised on her head, her hands busy with the spindle. Young Telemachus, with the limbs of an antique bronze, matted hair, and the merry brown face of a faun, was tending the goats, or feigning to do so, for he left his charges with alacrity to show us the way to the cyclopæan walls, leaping from rock to rock like a goat himself. No wonder the Ithacans are attached to their island. The stranger soon learns to love it too. The pellucid air, the limpid waters, the dream-like beauty of the landscape, every turn of the winding paths revealing new visions of rock and wood and sea, exercise a potent spell. And man, woman, or child, you may wander where you will without hindrance and without fear. The Ithacans deserve their reputation as the best of the Ionians. They are honest, truthful, and kindly, and they are not afflicted with that indiscreet curiosity universal among Greeks elsewhere. Only those who have travelled in Greek lands will appreciate the blessedness of this Ithacan virtue. They are open-handed in their hospitality. Fruit in season the stranger is not allowed to pay for, and seldom wine, outside the town. The peasant would be affronted who was

tendered money for a draught of milk. "Come into our Paradeisos," said smiling Zoë on the day of our arrival at Vathy. As Zoë was a maid of some twelve summers we hesitated. But parental authority stood at the gate smiling and beckoning, so into Zoë's Paradise we went, and did not escape therefrom until we had eaten of all it contained, and tasted the wine, and consented to carry off a basket of grapes. Yet Zoë and her friends had never set eyes on us before, nor were likely to do so again. On another occasion—it was winter this time and the oranges were ripe—we had paused a moment to admire an unusually fine crop, when out tripped Callirhoë, her dark eyes flashing sweetness, with a golden cluster wreathed in glossy leaves, fragrant, fresh culled from the bending bough. But this was not enough. Callirhoë insisted on filling our pockets. "Do you ever go anywhere near Cardiff?" said an Ithacan sea-captain on the day of our departure. "I shall be there on such a date and stay for so long a time. I shall have some of that wine on board, and there is always a bottle or two to spare if you care to take it ashore." The wine was of a much esteemed kind, made from currant grapes exposed three weeks to the sun, and it was ten years old.

Sir Charles Napier, who once held office in Ithaca, wrote from the banks of the Indus that the Ithacans were the people among whom he had spent the most pleasant years of his life, and



PEASANT'S DWELLING, ITHACA.

he always wished to return. There must be few who have known Ithaca who do not share that great soldier's desire.

THE CYCLADES

On a map of the Ægean the Cyclades look like leaves scattered by a gale. The figure is apt, for they are in the full track of winds which sweep over them for more than half the year. British seamen who have had much experience of "the Arches," as they term the Archipelago, will testify that those seas are not by any means placid. Sheltered by the lofty barrier of Crete from the parching airs that come from the Sahara, they enjoy a climate more invigorating than that of neighbouring lands. But the mountains of the Greek mainland deny them the western rains, so copious in the Ionian Islands, so that with few exceptions their bare steeps nourish nothing but scanty herbage or at most low scrub, and the smaller ones are often naked rocks. The soft charm of Ithaca, the rich verdure of Zante, are lacking here. The beauty of the Cyclades is one of outline mainly, and it is perhaps at its highest in the witchery of moonlight. But at all times and under all aspects, this wonderful embroidery of isle and islet strewn over the "violet-eyed" waters casts a spell of enchantment over the beholder. Such a region is naturally sparing of produce. Most of the islands barely sustain their

inhabitants, who are of necessity frugal. This, combined with the stimulating air and temperature, makes them a hardy race, industrious and given to enterprise. The large 10,000 and 12,000 ton transatlantic liners of which Greece now boasts are not owned by continental Greeks, but by islanders of Andros, where there is quite a colony of shipowners, mostly related to each other. It is a community the like of which formerly existed in our own ports, consisting of men bred to the sea, who have sailed their own ships in their time, and whose sons do the same now. They dwell comfortably in houses with tiled roofs, rare in the Cyclades, where roofs are mostly flat, and many of them have a marble ship carved over their doors. In addition to the big liners, they have quite a fleet of "tramps," and the name "Androu" may be read on the stern of steamers in many a distant port.

The history of the Cyclades, like that of the Ionian Islands, differs from that of the mainland of Greece no less in modern than in ancient times. They have seen more of the Frank and less of the Turk. In fact, some of them have hardly seen the Turk at all, for they have never had a resident Turkish population. The Duchy of the Archipelago, founded by Marco Sanudo in 1207, lasted until 1566. But Frank rule did not end then, for the Gozzadini of Bologna, who governed the islands of Siphnos, Kythnos, and Kimolos for centuries, held their castle of Akro-

tiri in Santorin until 1617, and Venice did not relinquish Tenos until 1718, when Athens had been Turkish for more than two and a half centuries. And in the islands the yoke was lighter. Naxos, Andros, Paros, and Tenos were allowed to retain their own laws and customs. Silk, wine, and food-stuffs remained free of duty as before. The capitation tax was low, and above all things they enjoyed immunity from the odious tribute of children. The Turks did not trouble them so long as the taxes were paid, and once a year sent a commissioner to receive them. Greek and Latin hated each other more than they hated the Turk. The Bey during his short annual sojourn had to listen to mutual accusations and recriminations, to which, no doubt, he gave little heed so long as the tribute was forthcoming. There was never any love lost between the haughty Latins with their aristocratic prejudices and the democratic Greeks. The latter invited the Turks both to Naxos and Andros. They regretted it when the Jew, Joseph Nasi, was made Duke of Naxos. Suleiman the Magnificent had been succeeded by Selim the Sot. That egregious potentate gave the island duchy to his boon companion. Nasi never visited the islands, but governed them by deputy. Nevertheless he remained Duke of Naxos until his death in 1579. Whatever grievances they might have against the Latins, this was too much for a people who, when they had occasion to mention a Jew in conversa-

tion, apologised to their interlocutor as though they uttered something unclean; so the Greeks tried to get back their old rulers, but in vain. The islands were henceforth Turkish. During the War of Independence, when the Greeks were struggling for freedom, Latin sympathies were with the Turks, who two hundred and fifty years before had ousted them from their possessions at the instance of the Greeks. But the old feud has died out: Latin and Greek have intermarried. Greek is the common tongue of both, and the irrepressible Hellenic nationality has triumphed as elsewhere. There is little to distinguish the Latin of to-day from his Greek fellow-countryman. His name, it is true, attests his lineage. His greater polish and his use of the French tongue are due to the care of his Church. It is the Latin Church that holds together the Latins as a distinct social entity. Unlike the Italians of the Ionian Islands, the Latin of the Cyclades has generally been faithful to his creed. But still there is a leakage, and among the Orthodox Greeks of Naxos, Santorin, Tenos, and Andros there is a percentage of Latin blood, Italian, French, or Catalan. The process of absorption and assimilation is going on.

The stranger to the Cyclades, with a mind bent on the myths of Hellas and the splendours of antiquity, is not prepared for the tinge of mediæval romance imparted by the ruined castles, which speak of a picturesque phase of history. Scaros

on the spur of a red crag at Santorin, the castle of Andros on a rock in the harbour joined to the land by a high-flung arch, those of Melos and Siphnos, that of Amorgos which displays the successive work of Hellene, Roman, and Frank, were built by the feudal barons, who came to better their fortunes as Englishmen go to a new colony. Sometimes they paid allegiance to the Duchy of Naxos, sometimes they threw it off, according to mood and opportunity. The Dukes of Naxos were great personages, held in high esteem both in Venice and at the Vatican. One of them, Giovanni I, came to England in 1404 to seek aid from Henry IV against the Infidel.¹ But as the Duchy outlasted the short-lived Latin Empire of the East from which it sprang, the baronies outlasted the Duchy. Their history is full of incident, of plot and passion. They were not particular as to how they obtained their ends. Pioneers seldom are. But in the presence of their strongholds they are very real personages.²

¹ Henry IV always cherished the idea of a new crusade. Shakespeare indulged in no poetic licence in putting into his mouth the words "We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land." Henry V inherited the desire. As he lay dying, he stopped the clergy who were reciting the penitential psalms at the words "Walls of Jerusalem," and solemnly declared that had he been spared, it was his steadfast purpose to have won back the Holy City for Christendom. He had sent Gilbert de Lannoy to report on the country, with a view to a campaign.

² In Miller's *Latins of the Levant* there is an amusing passage referring to the genealogical pretensions of these nobles. The Quirini claimed kinship with the Roman Emperor Galba. The Sanudi traced back to Livy. The Crispi, not to be outdone,

There is one alien element in the Cyclades, not a large one. The northern half of Andros is Albanian. In the fifteenth century the population of the island was reduced, by the raids of corsairs, to about a thousand. It was then, probably, that the Albanians came and repeopled it. They preserve their language and customs, and, unlike the Latins, are not being assimilated, though practically they are Greek. With this exception, and that of the Latins, the Cyclades folk are Hellenes of a purer strain than perhaps any other Greek-speaking population, in spite of the scourge of piracy and the ravages of Barbarossa in the sixteenth century.

The distinctive dress is fast disappearing, though the *vrachoi*, the baggy breeches, are pretty general still among the older men. The *skoupkia*, the red knitted cap hanging down on one side, is becoming rarer every day. The women's costume is going faster than that of the men. Formerly each island had its peculiarity, especially in the head-dress. The *kourli*, a coloured kerchief thrown over a ring of false curls, may be seen occasionally. At Siphnos the *pina* exists, a high cap adorned with embroidery, but it is kept rather as a curiosity than for use; and at Amorgos some ancient dame may still wear the *tourlos*, a cushion on the top of the head and another behind, bound cited Sallust as "the author of our race." But the most joyous effort in this direction was that of the Venieri, who based their claim to Kythera, the isle of Venus, on their alleged descent from the goddess.

about in a complicated way with kerchiefs, one coming over the forehead and another swathing the mouth. The *kuklos* of Anaphi is a high wedge-shaped cap over which a kerchief is thrown covering the shoulders. But costumes are kept in cupboards to be shown, like old lace and brocade. They are no longer a part of the daily life. Happily the distaff and loom are not banished, and in most of the islands the women make all their household linen. In some all clothing is spun and woven at home. There is an excellent homespun, tawny in hue, dyed in the refuse of the winepress. The shepherds wear this, and flat sandals of undressed ox-hide fastened by thongs. The shepherds of Hesiod's day were probably shod in a similar way. The ancient world is still with us in the implements of husbandry—the two-pronged hoe, the plough fashioned from the branch of a tree, which the ploughman carries slung on his back to and from the field—and the winepress in the vineyard. The huge earthenware jars for wine and oil, and the useful goatskin bag, closed by thongs drawn through a bone, are also survivals of a distant past. Panpipes still delight the rustic ear, and so do the bagpipes—a rude contrivance of a goatskin and reeds, to which is sometimes added a cow's horn. A small lute, the lineal descendant of the lyre, may be met with in some localities. But the guitar has largely replaced these.

Some islands were formerly rich in old furniture,

relics of the Latin times. But these are now rare. The dealer has laid his devastating hand on the Cyclades and has no doubt secured excellent bargains. The people are now aware of the market value of these things. I asked a man in Naxos what he wanted for a carved triptych of Gothic design, apparently of Spanish origin. He replied, £50. Probably this price was not excessive, but formerly it would have been obtained for £5. Siphnos, long under the rule of the Catalan Da Corogna, was once full of old Spanish furniture, but it is doubtful if it now possesses a single piece. Myconos, too, has been cleared of its abundant vestiges. Among the old Latin families of Naxos, Santorin, and Andros there may lurk here and there a coffer, a mirror, a chandelier, or perhaps a precious fragment of lace, Venetian or old Greek point. In distant Amorgos, where there are now no Latins, one may occasionally come across a Venetian glass or plate in a humble household, preserved, notwithstanding its fragile character, from the days when the island was held by the Quirini. Things of a more durable nature—metal-work and brocades—which I was told were once plentiful, have disappeared.

Almost every island is reputed for some dainty article of food. Kythnos still boasts of the loose crumbling cheese packed in jars for which it was famed in antiquity. The people say its flavour is due to the quality of the pasturage. The soft unsalted cheese called *mysethra*, and usually eaten

with honey, is a delicacy consumed all over Greece ; but the *mysethra* of Ios excels all others. It is made from boiled sheep's milk, strained and pressed into a rush-basket in shape and size like a jelly mould. The natives of Ios also attribute its quality to the herbage of the island. Tenos is noted for its barley-cakes. Chick-peas boiled and pounded are mixed with the leaven in the proportion of a tenth to the barley-meal. This partly accounts for the excellence of the cakes, but the Teniotes maintain that there is a trick in the baking known only to themselves. Andros is supreme in sweets, notably one of small green bergamot lemons preserved whole, and a seductive cake made of walnuts and honey. It has also a speciality in *mouroraki*, a spirit distilled from mulberries. The cheese-cakes—*tyropita*, of Santorin—are not those dear to the youth of England. They are a compound of cheese, eggs, curdled milk, saffron, and certain spices, much relished in Santorin, but the alien palate needs education to appreciate them. The *loukoumi* of Syra is not a Greek confection, but a Turkish one, as its name attests. It was brought to Syra by refugees from Scio, and is flavoured by the mastic which is a special product of that Asiatic isle.

Wine is a universal product in the Cyclades, but it is an article of export on three islands only. Santorin, both in quantity and quality, far excels the others. Zea sends wine to the Greek mainland, and Paros likewise, though in smaller

quantity. Andros and Tenos both grow wheat. Naxos has a speciality in citrons, a noble fruit of extraordinary size, which would be prized in England for its decorative character. The bulk of Naxos citrons come to England, but not in their natural state. They are packed in barrels in brine, to be converted into candied peel. Naxos also raises cattle, and supplies Athens with veal. Andros exports the lemons for which it is famous, and Tenos olives. Zea in addition to wine has a large export trade of acorns, or rather the cups of acorns, for tanning purposes. The mineral products of the islands are emery in Naxos, puzzolana in Santorin, salt, sulphur, and millstones in Melos, and marble in Paros, where the fine-grained statuary marble used by Phidias and Praxiteles is still quarried.

The Cyclades present a great variety, both in natural features and in the customs of the people. In this respect island differs from island in a remarkable way. Beautiful Zea—or Keos, as it is now once again called, as in classical days—is singular among these generally treeless isles in the oaks which abound in it. There are said to be about two millions of them. They are valuable property on account of the trade in acorn-cups, and almost every inhabitant owns a few. Some of them are of great size, and give the landscape the aspect of an English park. Very different in appearance is Melos with its bare mountains, yet it has a land-locked harbour which

could contain the world's navies. Forlorn and deserted now, it was busy in the days of sailing-ships. The French, especially, took the Melian pilots, and it was owing to the energy of the French Consul in 1820 that the *Venus of Milo* is now in the Louvre. Melos has furnished another superb example of Greek art. The Poseidon now at Athens was discovered by a man planting orange trees. But the island was the home of a far more ancient civilisation, as proved by the pre-Mycenæan remains excavated by the British School at Phylakopi. The people are of an interesting type, many of them with fair hair and dark eyes. Seriphos is a mineral island, exporting iron-ore, but its vineyards are its great feature. Special church services usher in the vintage. The people have some peculiar customs. The planting of a vineyard is done in common: all neighbours help. There is a symposium afterwards. Every operation of husbandry—even the sharpening of tools—is made an excuse for feasting. Kimolos, which sends fuller's-earth to Athens, was formerly a pirate's lair. Some of the people inhabit ancient tombs hewn in the rock. Siphnos is a picturesque island, with its capital Apollonia on a breezy cliff high above the sea. As in ancient times, Siphnos is noted for its potters. There is not work enough for them in the island, so they travel all over Greece, and settle in town or village until they have supplied it. Ios, with a snug harbour and a clean little

capital on a hill, in lieu of trees has a forest of windmills and churches. The latter are small, it is true, but there are nearly 400 of them for a population of 2200. The Ios folk are not more pious than the other islanders. They owe their wealth of churches to the Venetians. Sikinos, one of the smallest of the inhabited islands, has a steep northern face, but slopes gently to the south and produces wheat and fruit. Man has made it his home for many ages, for a temple of Apollo of the second century B.C. is now used as a church. Pholygandros has a grand coast-line of sheer cliffs some 1800 feet high. It has a population of about 1000, and inscriptions show that it has been inhabited from ancient times. Amorgos, a long ribbon of mountain, precipitous and deeply indented, looks across to Asia, and is a sort of outpost of the Cyclades. Its remote situation has caused the inhabitants—there are about 5000 of them—to retain old beliefs and old customs to a greater extent than those of some of the islands. Piracy lingered longer there than in most places. There are no pirates now. Adventurous spirits go to America instead, and keep confectioners' shops or become cooks. So it happened that in this rather obscure isle we met a native talking English—with a twang. We also ate lobsters, a speciality of Amorgos, for a ridiculously small sum. Amorgos is rich in remains, both antique and mediæval. The vaulted tombs, *tholaria*, are used as stores or stables.

There is a temple of Apollo, a gymnasium, and a stadium on the site of ancient Minoa. There are Hellenic towers, a baronial castle, and a great convent overhanging a frightful precipice. The island is wildly picturesque from end to end.

Still more remote than Amorgos is the lonely isle of Anaphè, situated east of Santorin, away from the rest of the Cyclades. It has no regular means of communication with the world outside, but it supplies the wants of its population of about one thousand souls without external aid. Tobacco is, I believe, the only thing it imports. Like Iceland, it rejoices in the absence of snakes. On the other hand, it abounds in partridges, and *toujours perdrix* is literally true of Anaphiote tables. Inscriptions, tombs, vases, and statuary bear witness to the culture and wealth of its antique inhabitants. The monastery of Our Lady of the Reeds is on the site of a temple of Apollo, who dropped Anaphè here to serve as a refuge for the Argonauts. The Anaphiotes alone among the islanders have a quarter to themselves at Athens. High up the steep northern face of the Acropolis, overlooking the city, is Anaphiotika, and its houses, whitewashed and flat-roofed, preserve the island character, and are in conspicuous contrast to the sloping tiled Athenian roofs.

Paros, the marble island which gave birth to the sculptor Scopas, now once more extracts the materials he employed from the flanks of Mount Marpessa. Paroikia, the chief town, is largely

made up of antique remains. There is scarcely a house but displays fragments of sculptured marble. A ruined tower is built of drums of columns and the gradines of a theatre. The great church has a pagan altar beneath the Christian one, and the principal portal is flanked by marble satyrs. Judging from the numbers of ancient cemeteries, Paros must formerly have had a much larger population than the nine thousand it now contains. Antiparos, separated from it by a narrow channel, is remarkable only for its vast stalactitic cavern. Both islands are bleak in aspect, though Paros has vast vineyards.

Pleasant to behold are Andros and Tenos, and as they are in the track of steamers passing between the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles, travellers not bound for the Cyclades see more of them than of other islands. Both are well wooded, and Andros especially is copiously watered. They are fertile and populous : Tenos has 12,500 souls and Andros 19,000, the largest population of any single member of the group. After Syra, it is also the wealthiest. Mention has been made of its shipowners ; there are also many well-to-do tillers of the soil. As neither island has practically seen anything of the Turks—Tenos was Venetian until 1718—their character is Western rather than Oriental. The architecture is Italian. Andros is studded with square Venetian towers, still used as dwellings. The stables are on the ground-floor, the living-rooms above, and the

dovecote on the top. In Tenos the dovecote is attached to the *apothekè*, a building away from the dwelling, among the vineyards. In it the farmer stores his wine and honey and oil : there he keeps his implements and a still for making *raki*. Attached to the *apothekè* is, in most cases, a little private chapel. Both islands produce a variety of fruit, but Tenos is noted for its grapes and Andros for its lemons. Menetes, a summer resort of the wealthier Andriotes, is a charming village amid lemon groves and purling streams and banks tapestried with fern. The Latins in both islands are provided with churches and schools. In Tenos there is a good convent school for girls. In Exoburgo, Tenos possesses what is perhaps a unique example of a mediæval town and fortress, now abandoned and ruinous. Andros has a speciality in cooks and Tenos in nurses. Both go in large numbers to Athens and Constantinople, especially the latter, where they are familiar figures. And whilst Tenioties and Andriotes are more generally known outside the Cyclades than the denizens of other islands, Tenos is the only island known to Greeks of other regions. Twice a year from the mainlands of Europe and Asia, from islands near and far, they flock in their thousands to Tenos to the great Panagyris, the festival of the Virgin. This will be treated of in another place. It suffices here to note that this Pan-Hellenic gathering gives to Tenos in some sort the position held of

old by Delos, as the religious centre of Hellas. And as the cult of Apollo was the bond that held together the Confederacy of Delos, so the cult of the Panagia at Tenos has had a share in the revival of Hellenic nationality.

Well within sight of Tenos is the group of small islands, Myconos, Rheneia, and between them, the tiniest of the three, a mere speck of land without a tree, Delos, the most famous of the Cyclades, the birthplace of Apollo, not only the religious but the political centre of the Ægean, to which embassies came from all Hellas, into which wealth flowed from every side—deserted now save for the two guardians who are there to guard the vestiges of its greatness. You begin to see Delos at Myconos, not only in its museum. The houses, which show traces of the days of the Italian Duchy, also show many of a remoter date, for Delos was a handy quarry. When we see these things in the neighbourhood of every antique site, and when we know how much that is precious has gone into the limekiln, we are not disposed to gird at Lord Elgin and his kind, but rather to be thankful to them. When the writer saw the fragments of the colossal statue dedicated to Apollo by the Naxians strewing the soil of Delos, he was glad to think that one foot at least was safe in the great treasure-house in Bloomsbury. Delos is a desolation of marble, brightened in spring by a carpet of many-hued flowers. The view from the hill Cynthos is very fine, and helps one to

realise the central position of the favoured isle. Naxos and Paros rise from the deep blue waters on one hand, Tenos and Andros on the other. In the south-west Siphnos and Seriphos and more distant Keos, and in the west, much nearer, is Syra, the successor of Delos, the capital and administrative centre of the Cyclades.

In 1825 Luke Ralli, with the consent of his fellow-refugees from Scio, named their new settlement Hermoupolis, from the name of the ship *Hermes*, in which they had arrived three years before. In the same year, 1825, the first two-storeyed house was built. They had lived in huts before. That was the beginning of modern Syra. Hermoupolis speedily became the largest city in the Greek dominions. Athens and Piræus have outstripped it since, but it still compares favourably with either in some respects. It is far cleaner than the latter and better drained than the former. It is the only place in the Cyclades that has horses and carriages. It has a university, well-equipped schools, an elegant theatre, well-stocked shops, handsome private houses, a very fine square paved with marble, engineering works, and dry docks. It is a centre of the Eastern Telegraph Company; all the great lines of steamers call there; it is in daily communication with Greece and the other islands, and in almost daily communication with Constantinople on the one hand and Western Europe on the other. The refugees, who were survivors of the massacre of Scio, were mostly

from that island; some were from Psara, and others from Crete. They went first to Tenos and were badly received. They tried Zea and were turned away. Then they came to Syra, inhabited by a few Latins under French protection, a crag and little more, and they made it what it is, the wealthiest and most cultured island in the Ægean; Tenos and Zea, through their churlishness or timidity, lost more than they knew. Syra is a monument to Greek vitality, and it is noteworthy that it was created by Greeks of Asia. Hermoupolis with its 18,700 inhabitants has no water. All has to be brought from afar, yet its streets are kept clean and well watered. It is characteristic that Syra, arid and scant of irrigation, supplies Athens with early vegetables. The town runs up the steep slope, a white heap of houses very conspicuous and striking from the sea. The old Latin town is at the top, with its old church of St. George, which has a rival now in a large Greek church. But the little church of the Transfiguration down by the shore is dearer to the Syriotes than their big cathedral. It was built before they built their first two-storeyed house, and in its nave in 1825 Luke Ralli—a name well known in England and in India—first named the new settlement Hermoupolis.

Within sight of bright and busy Syra is Gyaros, its antithesis. The smallest of the Cyclades, it has two wells and four inhabitants. There are smaller islands to which shepherds resort at certain seasons

to pasture their flocks, but the diminutive population of Gyaros is permanent. The island—it was a place of banishment under the Roman Empire—is leased from the municipality of Syra.

This completes the tale of the Cyclades save two, and they have been reserved for more detailed treatment in the form of a narration of personal experiences. This, the writer hopes, will convey a more vivid notion of the places and those who dwell in them than a general description. It would have been impossible to do the like by all the islands, but the two chosen present features of unusual interest, whilst differing totally in character. Naxos well deserves the title of “Pearl of the Cyclades” for its natural beauty, and it is steeped in an atmosphere of romance both by myth and authentic history. Santorin fascinates by its strange and somewhat terrible physical conditions, and by the extraordinary environment in which man has continued to dwell on it from a period beyond the range of history.

NAXOS

The largest and fairest of the Cyclades, once their queen, has become a sort of Cinderella among her sisters. The people of the other islands gave us scant encouragement when we spoke of going there. It was a dull place, the inhabitants were surly and thievish, there was no accommodation, even the climate was denounced—

the island was a sort of cave of Æolus, lashed by frequent storms. Our first try failed. We ran by in a gale of wind, for Naxos has no harbour, which no doubt accounts in a large measure for its aloofness. Three days later, however, to our satisfaction, we were speeding from the ship's side towards a cone-like pile of white houses on a hill-side. This was Naxia, the capital. On a low islet, almost touching the shore, stood a marble portal, a stately ruin which was at once recognised from Tournefort's drawing in the *Voyage du Levant*. It bore witness to the old traveller's accuracy as well as to the unchanged conditions since he came to Naxos two hundred years ago. The no-accommodation spectre was quickly laid. Within half an hour we were installed in a couple of spacious rooms, from which we looked down on the steep town and across a purple strip of sea to the bare slopes of Paros. Our salon was vast, a place to wander in, sparse as to furniture, but there was a triptych they would be glad to have at South Kensington. The place was spotlessly clean. Despoina, the daughter of the house, who waited on us, had soft, liquid eyes, but was a hawk in detecting a speck of matter in the wrong place. The bed-linen was of the finest, and fragrant of lavender. We paid about two shillings a day for this. Behind our dwelling rose the crenellated walls of a thirteenth-century fortress. A litter of broken marble at its base was puzzling, but on looking up I understood. The face of our



THE TOWN OF NAXIA FROM THE SEA.

grey strongholds of the north was there but not the complexion. This was half marble—a military work planned on mediæval lines, but of substance rifled from the structures of antiquity. The strewn fragments represented surplus material left by the builders. It was an astounding spectacle, but there was more in store for us. We soon discovered that the streets—narrow alleys they are in reality—were paved with statuary marble. The exterior stairways leading to the upper storeys of the houses are made of massive blocks of it. Lintel, threshold, door-jamb, and window-sill are contributions from the same source. Plinth and column, frieze and cornice, and chunks of mutilated statues have all stood the makers of Naxia in good stead. Here and there, wedged into the framework of a crazy tenement, are bits of delicate carving, wrought by hands that have been dust for more than twenty centuries. Historical notices of Naxos are scant during the Hellenic period, and almost disappear after its revolt from the Confederacy of Delos in 471 B.C. ; but here was evidence of the former existence of a noble city whose vestiges have served as a quarry for many a barbarous generation. Modern Naxia is an odd jumble of the mean squalor of to-day with the splendour of a forgotten age.

I went across to the islet, only a few yards from the shore, to which it was once joined by a mole now ruined. The Naxiotes call it Palati on no

grounds save a tradition of a palace on the site. Neither is there any reason, beyond that of local association, for assuming it to have been a temple of Dionysos. I made out the remains of a cella about eighty feet long, and there is little doubt that it was a temple of some sort. The noble doorway, twenty-one feet high, twelve feet wide, is constructed of three huge blocks. The large-grained Naxian marble is highly micaceous, and glistened in the January sun, looking as snowy as if newly wrought. Doubtless its ponderous character saved it. Naught else remained save chunks of marble, white and green and rose, and chips of diaphanous alabaster. The surface of the islet was literally covered with them. The edifice must have been of a sumptuous character. Some of it I had probably seen, coming through the town, in the shape of doorsteps, whitewashed; for the Naxiote housewife, on the principle of painting the lily, carefully applies a coat of that mixture to her marble once a week.

As you thread the narrow alleys of Naxia, between bulging walls that threaten catastrophe, shored up by relics of nobler buildings, the work of a race that has perished, you are depressed by the decrepitude of the present and the shadow of a magnificent past. You climb at last to a point where a third feature confronts you, and an unexpected one. Grim bastions frown overhead, and beneath pointed arches and groined vaultings you pass into a region which breathes the

sturdiness of mediæval Europe. This is the castro—the fortress that crowns the hill. The castro is an *imperium in imperio*. Within it dwell the Latins, a relic, like it, of the Middle Ages, witnessing to a page of history that is closed. It was startling in an eastern isle to hear the Latin Office, to see the familiar surplice of the Church of the West. The little cathedral, with its chapter of six canons, endowed by Marco Sanudo in 1207, has survived the onslaughts of corsairs, the rapine of Barbarossa, and the machinations of the Greeks. Its five cupolas—the Venetian builders were evidently inspired by St. Mark's—are surmounted by slender antique columns. The effect is grotesque, but the Church had her share in the spoils of the ancients. Within we found Gothic tombs dating from the Ducal days. The canons belong to the old Latin families, and derive their revenue from lands held by the chapter. Here, in their cathedral, the Latins are baptised and married, and here the Burial Office is read over them. But the educational work is in the hands of foreign clergy. French Lazarists conduct a boys' school, French Ursuline nuns a girls' school. The popular and most frequented church is that of the Capuchins, who are Italians. The canons confine themselves to their capitular duties. The two French schools are well staffed and equipped, and draw their pupils from the Latin population all over the Levant. The children get a sound

education, and acquire a refinement it would be impossible to find elsewhere. The Latins all speak French, the Greeks rarely, so that the traveller comes into closer touch with the former than the latter.

The streets within the castro are more spacious, the houses more stately, than those of the Greek town. In a Greek land, where titles of nobility and armorial bearings are unknown, one is struck by the carved escutcheons over many of the doorways. But on shield and lozenge, charged with the devices of families once famous, Ichabod is writ large. The families have not all disappeared: there are still representatives of the De Cigallas, the Veniers, the Lasticqs, the Sommaripa, the Della Rocca, the Barozzi, and other names formerly illustrious. But property is rarer than patents of nobility. The latter are carefully preserved, however, and some of them show a lineage beside which more than half the House of Lords would be *parvenu*.

The Duchy of Naxos and the Archipelago came to an end in 1566, after an existence of three hundred and sixty years. Perhaps it deserved its fate. Venetian rule was notoriously selfish, and Venice, if she got her tribute from those to whom she granted fiefs, cared naught about the manner in which it was obtained. The Sanudi and the Crispi abominably misused the power entrusted to them. Their government was a system of rapine. Property was arbitrarily confiscated,

lands were siezed, and the population reduced to a condition little better than that of serfs. The last of the Dukes was a mere voluptuary; the nobility were dissolute and impoverished; the immorality of the clergy was flagrant and open; the judicature was corrupt. Such a state was ripe for the heel of the Ottoman. The Greeks, maddened by oppression, scandalised by the manners of the Court, sent two of their number to Constantinople to ask the Sultan to give them a new ruler. Contemporary travellers afford a glimpse of the gaities of Naxos and Paros, "places of much diversion." They tell us of "festivities and balls in which there was no lack of polished and gracious ladies." So the Latins danced to the end, and, truth to tell, the Naxiotes were better off, even under the Turk. Yet here, in the castro, one could not help feeling some tenderness for this remnant of the last great fief of the Latin Empire of the East. The vestiges are not of stone only. Look at the fair hair and blue eyes of the children. This little maiden, of the frank gaze, smiles welcome to the Western stranger as she trips down the marble stairway. For she is of the West too, and blood is thicker than water. These women, gravely gracious, these men, reserved but courteous, seem to have dropped out of old and knightly Europe into an alien atmosphere. Mien and manner form a stronger line of demarcation between the Greek and Latin towns than the walls of the castro.

The poorer folk have made their homes in the fortress itself. The family washing hangs out of tower and jutting bartizan. The effect is bizarre, but its humour is tempered by its pathos. Through the open doorways of the larger houses, with their mouldering escutcheons and air of faded splendour, one has fleeting visions of ladies. Marianas, these sad, silent ladies, but Marianas expectant of nothing. Their red-gold hair, lit by the stray sunbeam that ventures falteringly into those long, dim chambers, might belong to a canvas of Titian or Giorgione. They are of a day that is dead. The twilight of that day casts its shade over everything in the castro, yet in its stagnation and decay there is a forlorn charm that grows upon us. Its denizens are not as they were in the time of Tournefort, who visited them in 1700, and says: "On n'entend parler que d'arbres de généalogie." The family trees are preserved, but they do not talk about them. Nevertheless they are gentle still, and I hold in grateful remembrance many a little act of kindly courtesy. There are about four hundred of them left, and they are dwindling. Our favourite haunt was what may be termed the cathedral close, surrounded by quaint dwellings tapestried with clematis and passion-flower. Here we came of an afternoon and heard the canons droning the Office, or later—when the purple shadows ate up the gold on the embattled walls—listened to the ringing of the Angelus, wondering the while how far off was the day that it would be

hushed, when the last of the Latins had disappeared from what has been their home for seven centuries.

We were told there was an archaic statue lying on a hill-side near Flerio, a few miles from Naxia, and started to look for it. The first mile was on a level sandy road bordered by tall aloes and occasional palms. Rounding a spur and following the pebbly bed of an oleander-fringed stream, we came into a mountain-girdled valley—a bowl-like hollow of tender green, dotted with grey rocks. Gorges stretched shadowy fingers into the hills, and high up in one of them gleamed the white village of Melanes embedded in foliage. This, as we approached, was lit up by innumerable dots of gold. The oranges were ripe for harvest. There was nothing to see in Melanes save a Venetian tower. Beyond, the path grew more uneven. The ravine bubbled with springs and was vocal with rills. The rocks were draped with ferns, maidenhair predominating, and crowned by the uncouth cactus which bears the prickly pear. Fig trees sprouted out of crevice and cranny, often meeting in an arch overhead. The path became the dry bed of a watercourse of pure white marble, carved and polished into curious shapes by the rains, and we discovered that we were scrambling up a hill of solid marble. Ancient dames, plying distaff and spindle, came out of tumble-down hovels to gaze at us. But the hovels were of marble. The novelty wore off in a day or two.

The dry-stone walls of garden and orchard are piled-up lumps of the glistening saccharoid marble of which half the island seems to be made. Over the head of the gorge a stream tumbled in a series of cascades. On the level above, it slid placidly between whispering reeds, alive with little tortoises. Here was a shepherd-boy clad in sheepskin, carrying his crook. We asked him about the *agalma*, and we asked everybody we met. An *agalma* there seemed to be, but we could learn nothing definite as to its whereabouts, and we had to return without a sight of that statue. But we had seen what Naxos was like. The melancholy of the town vanished in the laughing sunshine outside. We trod a carpet of crocus and anemone. Tall asphodels and acanthus grew everywhere. The mountains, scarce higher than those of our own Lakeland, were in form and colour the peaked backgrounds of the early Italian masters. We forgot the Latins and the castro, and thought of Ariadne, of Dionysos, and the nymph Coronis. Yonder soaring peak still bears her name. The vine and the ivy of Dionysos were all around us—ivy we had not seen in the other islands—and high up on the steep side of Coronon hung the pines whose cones tipped the thyrsus. It was mid-January, and the temperature was that of a warm English June. Truly this was Naxos—birthplace of gods.

Our next trip took us farther afield, to the other side of the island. For the first hour we had the

company of M. Sommaripa, who was going to his *pyrgos*, as they call their country-houses—and towers they really are, stout and foursquare with the forked battlements of mediæval Italy, dating from the times when they had to be held against the descents of corsairs. At the gate of this one we parted from its owner. We had no time to accept his proffered hospitality, which we regretted, for these towers still contain here and there precious specimens of old Venetian furniture. And the Sommaripa, who came from Verona in 1390, were lords of Paros and Andros, and held the latter until the Turkish conquest. The family ranked next to the Ducal House and were connected with it by marriage. M. Sommaripa chatted pleasantly to us in courtly, measured French. A fine hidalgo-like figure, his appearance and bearing were in keeping with his mediæval tower. He was quite in the world here, he said, for the *pyrgos* commanded a distant view of Naxia, the sea, and the weekly steamer. After a long ascent the valley of Trageia, the broad central hollow of the island, burst upon us suddenly, the slender peak of Coronon dominating the north, the sharp ridge of Zia the south. Trageia, in the centre of the basin, nestled amid olive groves, mingled with the denser green of oak and plane. The three villages of Potamia stood out sharply on the opposite slopes, and high up the steep Philoti “twinkled like a grain of salt.” Grey old churches in the richly timbered lowlands lent

something of an English countryside aspect to the landscape. On the floor of the valley we were in Devon, riding through hollow lanes beneath ivied oaks, between banks festooned with the familiar traveller's joy. Daisy-sprinkled turf, and, in the orchards, women with white kerchiefs, resembling from afar the rustic English hood, strengthened the illusion, but the orchard walls were marble, and the trees olive. Naxos has a distinctive character. Roughly oval, some eighteen miles long by fifteen wide, it possesses no harbours, and the fertile soil yields far more than the inhabitants need. They are therefore essentially landmen, and, like the Cretans of old, "ignorant of the sea." We had been amphibians of late, and found ourselves in a new world. Far out of sight and thought of the sea, the conditions of life at Trageia are continental. It is the cleanest and most cheerful place in the island. The shops looked more tempting than those of Naxia. In one there was even a suggestion of *modes*. The people think it ought to be the capital. They certainly represent the progressive element in Naxos. We had coffee under a spreading plane tree with the Demarch and the doctor. Dr. Valindri had studied in Paris and knew London, so he was glad to meet with Europeans in a place where they are so seldom seen. We were pleased too, for he was full of interesting local information. They wanted us to stop at Trageia, and we were sorry we had made other

arrangements, as we should have learnt more about the island and its people than we were likely to do elsewhere. Moreover, used as we had been to the bare rocks of the Ægean and the niggardly soil of Attica, the rich vegetation was a relief to us. Soon after leaving Trageia we quitted level ground, and began a long and tedious climb, zigzagging up a natural marble stairway to a saddle between two mountain masses, whence we looked down the abrupt face of the island to the sea. The aspect was bleak after the wooded hollows we had left. Apeiranthos, our destination, stood out clear on a naked spur.

We were rather apprehensive, for as Naxos is regarded with little favour by the other islands, so Apeiranthos is of poor repute in Naxos. The story goes that the place was founded by Barabbas, and its inhabitants are assiduous followers in the footsteps of their ancestor in respect to other people's property. The Naxiote version is that Barabbas was a Cretan, expelled from his own country. The Cretan part of the story is probably true. The Apeiranthotes are certainly a people distinct from the rest of the Naxiotes. They have, as a rule, blonde complexions, like the Sphakiotes of Crete, and they speak a dialect which, in common with Cretan, preserves ancient words and inflections. There is little doubt that they are of Cretan origin. There are knots of Cretan immigrants in other islands. In Melos they form a majority. The islanders are very

clannish, and the new-comers would be treated as intruders, and relegated to this remote mountain perch exposed to the northerly gales. The ill-will of the Naxiotes met with reprisals, hence their evil reputation, though I could discover nothing to justify it in these days. They are a stalwart race, and not a few women, fair-haired and grey-eyed, possessed features of classic regularity. They pique themselves upon their speech, and a youth pointed out Zia to us as *Oros Dios*; but he had no doubt seen the ancient rock-cut inscription on the mountain, and the rest of his remarks did not come up to the same standard of Hellenic purity. Zia may be a corruption of Zeus, and a trace of the old religion lingers in the reverence attaching to the cave. Another of our interlocutors was astonished that we had never seen Fingal's Cave of Staffa. We were equally astounded to learn that he had even heard of it. It was a breach of patriotism not to have visited our own *speleon*, which, to him, held as large a place in Britain as that of Zia in Apeiranthos. After Fingal's Cave, it did not surprise me much to hear of Greenwich Fair. Whether that institution lives in the memory of Londoners I know not, but it is green in that of Manoli Detchi, a youthful septuagenarian—the only mariner we met in the island—who joined in its revels when his ship lay in the Thames. He told us of those happily obsolete toys which, drawn sharply down an unsuspecting back, caused “all the fun of the

fair." So here in this remote Naxian village we heard about a phase of life in our native land quite outside our own experience—and in our own language too. Manoli Detchi was the only person on the island who knew English. He had had no opportunity to speak it for twenty-five years, and rejoiced exceedingly. Consequently much of our time was passed on his vine-clad verandah, or in his pleasant parlour, under the gaze of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, whose portraits adorned it, the while Mrs. Detchi, with a lavish hand, plied us with cakes and fruit and wine, home-made and home-grown. The wine of Apeiranthos is the only vintage in Naxos which merits the eulogium of Pindar. It is light and has the flavour of champagne, though it is not sparkling. But none of it ever finds its way down the mountain. We were lodged by the Demarch, a jovial personage who sang us old songs sprinkled with Turkish words and wholly Oriental as to melody, or rather the want of it, to our ears. A kid was killed and roasted in our honour, but that formed an insignificant part of the elaborate banquet, which was prolonged by toasts—too many toasts. The priest, the doctor, and the schoolmaster were our fellow-guests, and we were waited on by our host's two pretty daughters. The floor of the bedroom was of beaten earth, the roof open to the rafters of oak saplings; but the linen was fine and spotless and scented, and the coverlets exquisitely embroidered. After the long

ride and the Gargantuan repast, we should have slept soundly without these luxuries. Next morning we were taken to see the village beauties and the village patriarchs, and were sorely entreated to stay another night. We only got off after lunching copiously with the Detchis. Our host was indignant at the suggestion of remuneration, and sped us on our way with saddle-bags crammed with far more than our needs. And that is how we fared among the robbers of Apeiranthos, at the mention of whom our friends in Naxia had shaken their heads.

Our way lay high over the mountains, and the sun was setting when we descended into the village of Vothro, lining the sides of a ravine. It was the Greek New Year's Day, and the people were on their house-tops in gala dress. Happily these highland villages have preserved the costume which is so rapidly disappearing. With the exception of Crete, more of it is retained in Naxos than elsewhere. We waited in the village shop whilst the muleteer went to look for the Demarch. The door was blocked with gazers. The windows were a mosaic of children's flattened noses. The people were a good-looking, pleasant lot, but it is inconvenient to be a cynosure, and we moved in a perpetual cloud of spectators. The Demarch was a quiet man of a practical turn of mind. He had named his little girls Kyriakè and Paraskevè—Sunday and Friday—from the days on which they were born, and was going to send his

son to an agricultural school. His discourse was on emery—the mines are near Vothro—and *keetra*, the large citrons, the bulk of which go to England to be made into candied peel. Vothro lives mainly on *keetra*. But we were glad of a quiet evening after the festivities of the previous night. The priest took us to see the church. He was proud of the *iconostasis*, the screen of the sanctuary, on which is lavished most of the ornament in Greek churches. It was a heavy structure of marble, apparently of the seventeenth century. A far finer object was the gigantic plane tree in the churchyard.

We started for Apollonos at eight o'clock next morning, taking a boy as guide. It took us four hours over the worst track we encountered on the journey. We had to lead the mules most of the way round shoulders that were almost precipices, then came a weary space of loose, rolling stones—a talus of screes. At last we got down to the beach, white, dazzling, made up of marble worn into smooth pebbles. Then we clambered over rocks of marble, the breakers thundering against them, then up a hill of slippery marble, getting foothold on the wild sage which sprouted from the crevices. Here, in a square cutting, we found the statue we had come to see, lying on its back. It is thirty-four feet long and looks much as depicted in Ross's *Inselreise*—a drawing he made in 1835, and the only one that exists, as far as I know. It is far from finished. The feet resemble the end of a

mummy-case, except that one foot is slightly advanced. The features are indistinct, but the hair is boldly indicated. There is a deep crack across the head. The marble did not seem so good as much close at hand, still unquarried. A shepherd told us there were *grammata* higher up; but we were tired out, and we knew those *grammata*—the inscription which gives the place its name, and a basis for the supposition that this is a statue of Apollo, that was intended for his shrine on neighbouring Delos.¹ However that may be, here was an intention frustrated, how and why we knew no more than the eagle which at that moment flew over us. But in the presence of this uncompleted work in its native quarry, lying as it was left by its sculptors at an unknown date, one felt nearer to them and to their age than in looking on the finished masterpieces of a museum. Nothing had happened to it since that sudden cessation of the chisel.

Komiakè looked a long way off and terribly high up, perched on the flank of Coronon, but the track was better than the last, and the climb was lightened by the splendid scenery and the delightful figures of the little shepherd-boys with their pastoral crooks. This was the most primitive village we had seen, as it was the finest in situation. It stands at a greater altitude than any other place in the island, and far away to the east we saw Samos and the high coast of Asia. But the pigs were

¹ "Ὄρος χωριδὺν ἱεροῦ Ἀπόλλωνος.

embarrassing. Lords of the roadway, they yield place to no biped, and their name is legion. The Komiakè pig is long and spare of frame, and agile. He is also of an inquiring turn and given to exploring the dwellings on his route, and as the doors are usually open, half the pig population is within them. The inhabitants do not object to this when the visitors are their own property—they distinguish them as readily as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock—but they draw the line at strangers; consequently there are perpetual raids and sallies accompanied by human cries and porcine squeals. I suggested the simple expedient of styes, but this innovation was deprecated on economic grounds. The free pig forages for his own living. That the condition of the street is that of a byre does not trouble the citizens of Komiakè. We were lodged by the doctor, who was also the Demarch, and found, as elsewhere, a very kindly welcome. The muleteer and the village barber strolled into the doctor's saloon and joined the party as a matter of course. Class distinction is unknown here.

Chill gusts and lowering skies foreboded storm the next morning. The mountain-tops were shrouded, and as we did not relish the prospect of being weather-bound in Komiakè, we hastened our departure, much against the will of our host and hostess, who strongly urged us to stay, and prophesied snow and disaster, for our path took us higher up the mountain. The villagers seemed

really distressed for us, and as we rode away exclaimed dolefully, "*Cheemonè, cheemonè!*" χειμωνή does not mean winter only with them, but rain and snow and cold, and they are terribly afraid of a little weather. We dipped into a narrow gully, and when we got to the top on the other side they were gazing at us from their roofs, and our kind host and his family were on his, vigorously beckoning to us to return and pointing to the black heavens. However, we were quit for a sharp hailstorm, from which we sheltered in a handy cave, for we were rounding the shoulder of Coronon amid the finest scenery we had yet encountered. When we got to the other side, and the southern lowland burst upon us with the sea beyond, we were in another climate, a land of sunshine and flowers. The transition was sudden and complete from the bleak northern face of the mountains, where our friends at Komiakè and Apeiranthos were experiencing the rigours of *cheemonè*. The descent was long and some of it rough, but at every step it grew warmer, though Coronon still frowned above us. Part of our way was bordered by rocks of rose-coloured marble with veins of a deeper hue, almost carmine. The path was covered with fragments of it. At last we reached level ground, and Engarraï with its orange groves and rich gardens. Soon afterwards we came to the beach and followed it for some miles. Ahead were the hills behind which we knew lay

Naxia. Those hills are unique, and I have never seen any so lovely elsewhere—a miniature mountain range of most graceful forms, and of a uniform hue of emerald, so rare a colour in the Cyclades. The grass slopes end in pinnacles of vivid green rock. It was twilight as we came to them, and night when we passed the fountain which bears the name of Ariadne, outside the gates of Naxia. Our good friend, M. Barozzi, regaled us with hot tea and rum. It grew into a habit with us during our stay to spend part of each evening with M. Barozzi. He it was who had found us our rooms and helped us in many ways. He spoke French, treasured some bound volumes of the *Graphic*, and never tired of hearing about England and the world outside Naxos. Those pleasant symposia were always accompanied by tea and the added stimulant, a specific he prescribed for nearly every ill—against his own interests, for he was a chemist. His pharmacy is near the landing-place, but he dwells in the castro, and the tombs of his ancestors are in the cathedral; for in 1207 the Barozzi held the barony of Santorin, and one of them was Bailie of Negroponte when Venice ruled the Archipelago. Santorin was wrested from them in 1335 by Duke Nicholas I of Naxos. They never regained it, though Duke John I gave them compensation in 1355. They went to Crete, where they had estates, and when the Turks conquered it in 1699 they came to Naxos, where they have dwindled with

the rest of the Latins ever since. When afterwards, at Santorin, we saw Scaros, the ruined stronghold, an eyrie on the edge of a precipice, built by the first Barozzi, who came with the Fourth Crusade, we thought of his descendant, our good friend at Naxos, and the strange romance of a later age interwoven with these Ægean isles, apart from their ancient glory. But this brings us to Santorin.

SANTORIN

The lip of a submerged crater, still active—that is the island of Santorin. A crescent-shaped mass of volcanic matter, it tapers to a point at each end, and is barely three miles wide in the middle. It is eighteen miles long on the outer arc, twelve on the inner. The approach to Santorin is a sight never forgotten. The northern tip of the crescent falls to the sea on each side in sheer cliffs of burnt tufa, crimson in hue. At the top is a layer of white, like the sugared crust on a cut bridecake. When that white crust resolves itself into houses we rub our eyes. Surely it is some dream city, this eyrie of domes and dwellings, roof above roof, crowding the narrow summit of the razor-edged promontory, clinging like martins' nests to the cornice of the precipice. Such is the first view of Epanomeria, the second town of Santorin. We round the point, opening up the inner side of the crescent. About half-

way round the sweep we see something like snow powdering the edges of crags with a clear drop of a thousand feet or more—black as Erebus these. That glacier thing is Phira, the capital of Santorin. It might have sprung from the brain of Albert Goodwin, one of those weird scenes he drew as known to Sindbad the Sailor, for it is like no other place on earth. As we come nearer, it is a dazzling white fringe set against the zenith between the azure and the black face of the cliff. It topples over the dizzy edge wherever there is a ledge or cranny big enough to hold a dwelling. To live where two feet from your door you step into empty space is a creepy notion, but it is an ordinary condition of life at Phira. There are places where the cliff is made of soft tufa. Here there is no need to seek for a ledge. The would-be resident scoops out his habitation. A projection to the left as we disembark is honeycombed with these freeholds. The notches that give access to them are invisible to the unpractised eye. Some objects hopping about the face of the rock we take to be birds at first. They are children. Several of these pigeon-hole dwellings are so low that the sea flows into them. Some are under water. It is one of the little ways of Santorin to change its level. This portion sank a few years ago. But some spots are as suddenly raised, and in the whirligig of time these water-logged residences may be high and dry again, and if Santorin possesses house agents, they would no doubt be

described as "eligible." The traveller will note on his disembarking that the houses about the landing-place, when not in caves, have barrel-roofs of cement. This is to enable them to resist not only earthquakes, but a more frequent danger, the falling of stones from the precipice. People have often been killed by them. Retaining walls have been built and rocks shored up, but many overhanging boulders threaten disaster.

On my first visit to Santorin I arrived at night and saw nothing of all this. It is perhaps well for people who are not Alpinists to go up in the dark. It is the way of mules always to take the outer edge of the path when a bad corner has to be faced. I saw the lights of the steamer recurring at every zigzag, sheer below, and growing uncomfortably distant as we mounted, but that was all. I felt that the road was slippery and very "knobby" as we floundered up, and was glad when the mule and I lurched with a clatter into the twelve foot wide High Street of Phira. I looked out of the window next morning down a gentle slope, brown, treeless, apparently sterile, to the sea three miles away, but it did not look so far. I went to the other side of the house and looked over a wall six feet from the door—the sea again, a thousand feet or so perpendicular beneath me. This was Santorin at its widest. There is not much of it, and what there is consists largely of lava, pumice, and volcanic sand. That is why Phira is perched on the edge of a precipice. Every

scrap of land inside is wanted for the vines. Without them the people cannot live. Even the olive, which finds a foothold on the barest hills, is absent here. There is not a tree on the island save a few figs, and the fig tree has a talent for thriving on stones.

It was a wonderful outlook over that wall in front. The boats below seemed to be suspended in air, so clear was the blue water, a basin some six miles long and four wide, with precipitous walls, and three black islets in the middle. The wall opposite was Therassia, separated from the southern end of Santorin by a strait three miles wide, with a white island in the middle, a sort of stepping-stone. The water a thousand feet below went down sheer another two thousand feet, for the basin is a vast crater, submerged, but with two segments of its lip protruding from the sea. The larger, on which I stood, is Santorin, the smaller is Therassia. The three black islets are cones of eruption. A broad ribbon of vivid orange-red was flung athwart the sapphire waters. The discoloration was caused by oxide of iron streaming from a spring in the black islets. I could see the three masts of a barque moored in the narrow channel between them. She was having her bottom cleaned by the chemical action of the water. It takes about a fortnight, and as it costs nothing, is often resorted to by vessels trading in these seas.

We sailed over to the islets the next day. From

our boat the face of Santorin could be better seen. Black is the predominant hue, but layers of red and brown tufa streak the basaltic mass, and south of the town the cliffs are capped with cream-coloured volcanic detritus called puzzolana, used in making cement for submarine structures. We came to the first islet, a cone strewn with blackened boulders, between which grew a scanty herbage. A passage only a few feet wide divided this from the second islet. Here the water grew reddish, and innumerable bubbles rose to the surface. We put our hands over the side of the boat and found it warm. Presently, at the head of the little creek, it grew too hot to touch, and close to the rocks it boiled and steamed. The marks of fire were all around us. Huge boulders, cracked and blackened, piled high above, made a fantastic sky-line. To the right rose a cone, its broken top whitened by fire. At its base were shells of houses and the ruin of a tiny church. These were the remains of the little bathing-place, Vulcano, destroyed in 1866. Nobody has dared to live here since. We clambered up the boulders. It was not so hard as it looked. The fractuosities afforded a good grip for the hands. Then came a steep slope, but the ashes made it easy. Even in this desolation a tiny yellow flower found sustenance. From the top of the cone we looked down into the crater—a chasm of calcined rocks. Jets of steam and sulphurous smoke spurted from crevices. Another cone, of older date apparently,

rose to the north, and to the south lay an uneven plateau, perhaps half a mile wide and rather more in length. It was made up of scoriæ, sulphur, lumps of red lava, and basalt boulders. In places it sounded hollow to the tread and like a drum. Here the ground was warm, smoke and sulphurous fumes issued from cracks, and the air wavered with heat. In one spot there came from below a sound of hissing and bubbling. A gully filled with masses of rock and lava barred the way. Getting round the end of it, we made our way to a range of rocks split and discoloured by fire. Beyond this was a ravine, an abyss of rent and splintered masses, black as night, or white and calcined, crushed and contorted. We clambered down a little way to get a better view of those awful walls ending in a confusion of fragments, two black ungainly snouts stretching into the sea. To the right, across a narrow channel, the third islet showed a frowning face, but it was green on its lower northern end. It rose from the depths more than two thousand years ago, in 197 B.C., therefore it is named Palaia Kaïmenè, the Old Burnt Island. The Rhodians, then masters of the Ægean, called it Hiera—Sacred—and reared on it a temple to Poseidon. In 19 A.D. another islet appeared and joined itself to the old one. After seven centuries (726 A.D.) there was another increase. Theophanes describes the flaming rocks rising from the water. Another seven centuries elapsed, when in 1457 a portion

of it, amid fearful rumblings, sank into the waves and was replaced by a new accretion. Since then nothing has happened to the Old Burnt Island. But after remaining solitary for nearly eighteen centuries it had a companion. In 1573 the green cone to which we first came arose. It was not green then, but burnt for a year. So the people of Santorin saw two islets instead of one. Others had risen. Seneca tells of two in 47 A.D., and there was another in 60 A.D., but they disappeared. This one, however, came to stay, and it bears the name of Mikra Kaïmenè—the Little Burnt Island—to this day. Seventy-seven years after the birth of Little Burnt Island there appeared another, and we have a graphic account of it by the Jesuit, Father Richard, who witnessed the phenomenon. Kolombo, as this island was called, was not in the basin, but some miles away to the north-east. Santorin was enveloped in thick vapour. Many people were blinded, fifty died, all suffered. Earthquake shocks loosened rocks which killed many in their fall. Drifting boats were found afterwards at sea, their crews dead, poisoned by the noxious fumes. But Kolombo, after causing all this trouble, also vanished. Tournefort, who visited Santorin fifty years afterwards, quaintly remarks on “the singular fecundity of this volcano, whose islets seem to grow like mushrooms.” He little thought that seven years afterwards there would arrive a permanent addition to them. On the 21st May, 1707, at dawn,

some fishermen saw what they thought was a drifting boat, and put off to it. They found it was a moving rock, and got back to land again in a fright. Other rocks rose, and by the 14th June there was an islet a mile in circumference of a whitish colour, and from it issued the orange-coloured stream which is still such a conspicuous feature. The people named it White Island. On the 16th July, at sunset, a chain of great rocks, black, separate, shot up in a spot where before there were no soundings. These crashed together, and were called Black Island. On the 9th September Black Island and White Island joined and formed Nea Kaïmenè—New Burnt Island—the largest of the three, and the one I have attempted to describe. Santorin had an anxious time during the making of Nea Kaïmenè. There were frequent earthquakes and explosions. The sea was disturbed and discoloured, and a multitude of dead fish floated on its surface. It discharged noisome vapours; columns of dense smoke and steam, mingled with tongues of flame, arose from it; and burning rocks were hurled into the air. Calm was not restored for a year, but on the 15th July, 1708, it was possible to land on the new island. Not until 1866 did Santorin have an increase in its family of islets, when Aphroessa arose. But this accession to the dominions of King George had a brief existence of two years. Aphroessa disappeared in 1868, although disturbances con-

tinued until the middle of 1870. There exists a very complete account of this last eruption in the Diary of Dr. De Cigalla, in which the phenomena are carefully noted day by day. Volcanic bombs were one of its features. They caused some deaths, notably that of the captain of a foreign merchant vessel. Commander Brine, of H.M.S. *Racer*, who saw the formation of the new islet, gives a graphic description of it: "At the water's edge large blocks of hissing lava and burning clinker slowly made their appearance, steam escaping from them at every pore. With an iron boat-hook we broke off several pieces as they rose above the sea . . . there was a constant working noise . . . sounds of stones crumbling and falling with sharp cracks and reports . . . through the fissures it could be seen that the inner rocks were red-hot, and from every possible rent or opening escaped clouds of steam and sulphurous vapour . . . the sea round the burning island was covered with green, red, and yellow flames, shooting up like torches or playing like serpents on the face of the water." These fiery seas appear to have accompanied all former eruptions. Father Richard mentions them in 1650, whilst Seneca, quoting an eye-witness of the eruption which gave birth to Old Burnt Island in 197 B.C., says: "The sea foamed, smoke came out, then flame like lightning, then the summit of an island."

Santorin and Therassia are but the fragments of a

once greater and fairer isle, witnesses to a mighty cataclysm. Herodotus tells of the island Kallistè, of which Santorin is but a vestige, and geologists support him in the belief that a great cone formerly rose where this basin of sea now rolls. Sir Charles Lyell conjectures the date of the catastrophe to be about 2000 B.C. The forces that wrought it are not yet spent, as the boiling waters, the smoking rocks, and frequent tremors and rumblings attest. Subsidences often occur, and remains of submerged buildings are found near the coast. There are some off Epanomeria. In 1650 two towns, buried and forgotten, were unearthed by the disturbances. They may be seen near Perissa and Kamara. It is an eerie place, this Santorin, and it is not to be wondered at that, in times not long gone by, popular belief regarded it as the chosen home of ghouls and vampires and the like uncanny beings. Swallows avoid it, although the cliffs would afford them an ideal nesting-place. Man, less timid or less wise than the swallows, has dwelt on it from the remotest ages. He has left traces which science attributes to a period anterior to the cataclysm, if the date assigned to it is correct. To-day, next to Syra, it is the most progressive and the most prosperous of the Cyclades. But whilst the importance of Syra dates from yesterday and is due to an accidental cause outside itself, that of Santorin extends through its whole history and is spontaneous. Thera—the ancient name is now its official title—has a great past. Its remains attest

the opulence and culture of its people in the classic ages. The fragments of statuary in the little museum of Phira include examples of the best period of Greek art, among them two heads which are attributed to Polyclitus. The solitary chapel, known as the Marble St. Nicholas, is perhaps the most perfect antique Heroon in existence. The city of Cæa is the Pompeii of the Cyclades. Its excavation is due to Baron Hiller von Gaertingen, whose sumptuous work on Thera certifies to the high estimation in which it is held by the archæologist and the historian. In later times, when Thera was known as Santorin—the isle of Saint Irenè—it was a possession coveted by the filibustering nobles who carved out their baronies with their swords. No less than five castles frowned on its steepes. But it was not all fighting and feasting. Buondelmonti, the distinguished Florentine, who was the first European scholar to visit and describe Greek lands, arrived at Santorin about the time Agincourt was fought. He tells how Duke Giacomo I, who died in 1418, tried to sound the basin with a rope a thousand paces long, without success; “and those who held the rope let it drop into the abyss, so great was its weight.” Evidently, Duke Giacomo had scientific leanings.

The vine is practically the only thing that grows in Santorin. Wine is the staple product and by far the most important export. The other two are puzzolana and pumice-stone. All three are gifts of the volcano, for it is the sulphur with which the

soil is impregnated that keeps the grapes healthy, they say. There are many varieties. The Santorin folk, I believe, count as many as sixty, and there is one grape of extraordinary size, as big as a walnut. But as I have never been there when the grapes are ripe I cannot vouch for it. A vineyard in winter is a curious sight. The ashen-grey earth is littered with what look like old wicker-baskets. The vines are so pruned and trained that they may be woven into the form of a cup, within which are placed stones. This is to prevent them from being torn up or damaged by the violent winds that sweep over the island. It is the treatment of the grape that mainly contributes to the variety in character of the wine. The sweet *vino santo* comes from grapes that have been exposed to the sun for fourteen days after being plucked. The much-esteemed *nyktos*, wine of the night, is made from grapes gathered before sunrise. The wines of Santorin deserve their reputation. Like all vintages from volcanic soil, they are potent, and are largely consumed in Russia. As dessert wines they are prized, but a grower with whom I dined gave me a wine of a Bordeaux character which he had succeeded in producing. I never met with anything like it elsewhere in the Levant. Though wine is plentiful water is scarce. It depends on the rains, and in times of drought has to be imported from other islands. There is absolutely no pasturage, and consequently no sheep and cattle. There are enough goats to supply milk, but beef

and mutton come from outside, and in bad weather Santorin has to go without them. A treeless island is also necessarily dependent on others for its fuel. Fodder for the transport animals, mules and donkeys, must be obtained from elsewhere. The vines cannot be sacrificed, yet the mules do get a portion of the young shoots. Though Santorin is waterless it is very damp. Everything rusts and moulders, and the inhabitants are subject to rheumatism. Their eyes suffer, too, from the dust. The volcanic sand fills the air whenever there is wind, which is very often. Then the women go about with faces swathed in their black kerchiefs. The existence of leprosy is attributed to the conditions of life and to bad water. There is a leper colony outside the town, happily a small one. Landslips and earthquake shocks, of not infrequent occurrence, do not add to the amenities of existence in Santorin. One would not expect in such an environment to find a very cheerful population. Yet the people of this weird spot are the most lively in the Cyclades. The poor are more polished in their manners than those of the other islands. We remarked it everywhere—at Epanomeria among the seafarers, at Akrotiri on the southern extremity of the island, at Pyrgos and Emborion, the inland towns—if anything can be inland in a country where it is impossible to get more than a mile and a half from the sea. The air of well-being that pervades Santorin is lacking in Naxos, notwithstanding the natural advantages

of the latter. The habitations and the streets in Santorin are clean and wholesome, even in those queer troglodyte villages scooped out of the tufa and hidden in gullies. There is little of interest either in costume or character. Modernity is the note of this island. But it is not the imitative modernity of the great Levantine seaports, and it is neither ridiculous nor pretentious. It may perhaps be described as an absence of Orientalism and may be illustrated by Stamati. He was a cook, the only one we found in the Cyclades. It may be doubted whether he has a rival in the Greek dominions. With the slender resources of the island he prepared a repast that Brillat Savarin would not have disdained. They pretend to make omelettes at Athens. Stamati made an omelette. Fish is, of course, a stand-by in a land where the supply of flesh must depend on the weather. Stamati's red mullet *en papillote* was the work of a master. He had cooked in France and in Egypt. The French cuisine had no mysteries for him. He had written a cookery book in modern Greek. And he took it all as a matter of course. Phira society entertains largely. Dinners and *soirées* kept Stamati going. Sweets and pastry were the creations in which he took most pride. Such an artist would have starved on any of the other islands. The Latins were his best customers. The Latins of Santorin, unlike those of Naxos, do not live in the past. The faded splendours of the castro are naught to them. They have their

pedigrees but do not set much store by them. Instead, they try to retrieve their fallen fortunes. I have met Delendas in Egypt, and Da Carognas in Malta. There are, of course, representatives of those distinguished Catalan families on the island, as there are of the De Cigallas, who came from Genoa in the fifteenth century, though they also are probably of Spanish origin. There are about five hundred of them clustered round the Latin church and convent. They have schools as in Naxos, and French is so prevalent that it was hard to realise, when enjoying their hospitality, that our hosts were a relic of a feudal adventure in a remote island, poised over a crater which reminds them from time to time that humanity has a precarious tenure on Santorin. If the fragments of the once "round island," *Strongyle*, were to follow the rest of it there would be an end of the inhabitants of Santorin. They know it, but they take it lightly. "If it were to happen we should all go together, so there would be no regrets." So, literally, they dance on a volcano. Well, their ancestors feasted in their castles when the Turk was thundering at the gate.

THE NORTHERN SPORADES AND THE
ARGOLIDS

North of the Cyclades is the group, off the Magnesian Peninsula, known as the Northern Sporades. There are about a score of them, including rocks and islets with an intermittent shepherd population, but only four are permanently inhabited. Skiathos, nearest to the mainland and overlooked by Pelion, partakes of the physical character of that mountain. After the nudity of the Cyclades, the dense woods and thickets of Skiathos are a relief to the eye. There is a good harbour, and a deserted town and monastery, for the 2800 inhabitants of Skiathos have migrated to other parts of the island. Skiathos has suffered badly from earthquakes. There was a disastrous one in 1868. Skopelos lies to the east of Skiathos. It is the most populous island of the group, containing some 5000 souls. The people of Skopelos have hardly any relations with Greece, but their quaint vessels, with high carved sterns, are to be seen in the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the ports of the Black Sea, whither they carry their citrons, their oil, and their good red wine. Skopelos also is subject to earthquakes—the one of 1867 caused great havoc—but it is fruitful and boasts of two harbours. North-east of Skopelos is Chiliodromia, the isle of “a thousand paths”—less

productive than Skopelos, but very lovely with its thickly wooded steepes and train of attendant islets. It swarms with rabbits, and its waters yield an abundance of fish, the main source of livelihood of its 500 inhabitants, who enjoy the advantage of a good harbour. Far seaward, apart from the rest of the group, rises the bold outline of Homer's "lofty Skyros,"¹ its lighthouse, familiar to mariners making for the Dardanelles. Skyros is considerably larger than the other islands, though its population, some 3500, is smaller than that of Skopelos. Its situation is the most solitary in the Ægean, all other islands being nearer either to each other or the mainland. It consists of two mountain masses joined by a narrow isthmus. Exceedingly well watered, it abounds in fruit, and the valleys afford good pasturage. It exports oranges and lemons, figs, wine, madder, sheep and goats and a few cattle, and it grows wheat of excellent quality for home consumption. Its heights are clad with oak and beech, fir and plane, and contain veins of coloured marble of great beauty. Skyros presents enchanting prospects on every side, and over it all is the glamour of Hellenic myth: here Thetis concealed Achilles; here Theseus was slain, and hence his bones were taken by Cimon to Athens.

¹ Mr. Walter Leaf, in his edition of the *Iliad*, has a note referring to book ix. 668, stating that the Skyros therein was said by the Scholia to be a city of Phrygia, not the island.

The history of the Northern Sporades is much the same as that of the Cyclades, though they became Turkish a quarter of a century earlier, and 180 years earlier than Tenos. They were seized by the Italian brothers Ghisi in 1207, recovered for the Greek Emperor 1273, raided by the Catalans in 1303, annexed by Venice in 1453, and taken by Barbarossa in 1538 with the connivance of the Greeks, as was the case in the Turkish conquest of Naxos and Andros. Skyros at once handed over the Venetian rector Cornaro, with his staff, and offered tribute. Memmo, the rector of Skiathos, hoping to hold out, armed the natives, whom he trusted. They treacherously killed him, made overtures to the Turks, and actually let down ropes and drew them up into the castle. The act was all the baser as they had been well treated by the Venetians. But the result did not answer to their expectations. Barbarossa promptly beheaded the ringleaders and carried off the rest into slavery. The terrible Admiral of the red beard, ruthless and bloody though he was, liked fair fighting.

The three small but populous isles—Hydra, Spetzæ, and Poros—nestling under the coast of Argolis, are peopled by Albanians. Hydra has 6400, Spetzæ 5200, and Poros 4500—a population purely maritime. They played a leading part in the War of Independence and were the nursery of the Greek navy. Hydra hung back at first. It was a little republic, and not badly off with a tribute to the Porte of £30 a year and fifty seamen.

But having once made up its mind, Hydra took the lion's share of the fighting, and has the lasting glory of having produced the hero Miaoulis. Both Spetzæ and Hydra own ships and sail them. One meets as many of the male population out of the islands as in them. There is a strong contingent in the navy, and in command of Greek steamers. All the islands are picturesque, with their white houses on the rocks, but Poros excels the others in the superb panorama of land and sea. It is only four hours by steamer from Piræus, and therefore much frequented in summer by the Athenians, whose villas dot it and peep from the olive groves on the mainland quite close at hand. The naval arsenal was at Poros until 1877, and the naval school is there still. On Poros is the site of the Temple of Poseidon, made famous for all time by the death of Demosthenes.

On the opposite side of the gulf lies Salamis, stretching across the Bay of Eleusis, close to the mainland of Attica, and thrusting out a tongue which almost touches it near Megara. The home of Ajax is about thirty-six square miles in extent, very irregular in shape, and rising to 1330 feet at its highest point. The ferry is about five miles from Piræus, soon after leaving which we pass the hill whence Xerxes is said to have watched the famous battle. The road commands a view of its site, round the point of Cynosuro. The naval arsenal is a mile to the right of the landing-place. Notwithstanding the associations of Salamis, its

inhabitants are not nautical, but tillers of the soil. They are Albanians, as are those of Eleusis opposite and much of the neighbouring mainland. If the visitor happens to arrive on a feast day, he will probably see some characteristic dances and good Albanian costumes. It is an easy walk to the monastery of Phaneromenè, from which there is a fine prospect of the bay and town of Eleusis.

Ægina, in the midst of the Saronic Gulf and fifteen miles from Piræus, is a conspicuous object from the Acropolis and other points of view at Athens. Though it was politically "an eyesore" to the Athenians in the time of Pericles, its graceful profile is very beautiful, especially at sunset, when it is steeped in hues of tender violet. It is triangular, and at the apex rises the symmetrical peak called simply Oros, the mountain. From its summit, 1742 feet, the view embraces Attica as far as the Isthmus of Corinth, and on the other side Argolis and Epidaurus, whilst seaward the Cyclades stud the Ægean. The angles at the base are occupied respectively by the Temple of Athena on the east, and the modern town on the site of the ancient one on the west. The lower portion of the island is well tilled. The rest is barren mountain. The roads are mere tracks leading through diversified rock scenery, though bare of trees. The air of Ægina is very pure and invigorating, and Athenians resort to it in summer. Olives, figs, and almonds thrive, the latter especially. Sponge-fishing occupies many

of the inhabitants. Another industry is the making of *kanatia*—the two-handled amphoræ of red earthenware used everywhere in Greece. The Æginetans number between 7000 and 8000. There were 10,000 in 1826, owing to an influx of refugees from Scio and Psara. There is a strong infusion of Albanian blood, for the island was repeopled by Albanians after it had been depopulated by Barbarossa in 1537. Ægina has had a chequered history. A formidable rival to Athens in early times, it was destined to become the capital of the new Hellas in 1826, ere that distinction was conferred on the city of Athens. That was under the Presidency of Capodistrias, whose bust adorns the square of the modern town. A better monument to him is the great orphan asylum he built and filled with children brought back from slavery in Egypt, whither they had been carried when Ibrahim Pasha invaded the Morea. The building still remains, though it has been turned to other uses. Ægina, too, can boast of the first museum established in Greece, though most of its treasures have been removed to Athens.

Cerigo, or Kythera, as it is named officially by the Greek Government, lies off stormy Cape Malea, and with its satellite Cerigotto, or Antikythera, forms a sort of outpost of Crete. It was one of the Ionian Islands down to the termination of the British Protectorate in 1864, but is not now reckoned among them, and rightly so, for Cerigo is not only widely sundered from that group in

geographical position, but differs also in climate, in physical character, and in its people, who are mainly of Cretan origin. The island is twenty miles long by twelve wide. It grows grain, vine, and olive, but much of it is unproductive, and it is far behind the Ionian Isles in fertility, and ill-supports its 6000 inhabitants, many of whom go as harvesters to the mainlands of both Europe and Asia. Quails are netted in the season in large quantities, and there is some fishing. Natives of Cerigo are largely employed as waiters. Some hotels in Athens are entirely staffed by them. They are civil and hard-working, and though a large proportion of them remain years away from the island, they are much attached to it, and never forget the 7th October, when, few or many, they meet to celebrate the festival of the Virgin of the Myrtle Bough. A picture of the Panagia was borne miraculously across the sea to Kythera—they call their island by its ancient name—and lodged in a myrtle bush. Thus they have their Cytherean Aphrodite, whose cult was brought to their island in a far-off age by Tyrians who came for the purple murex, of which the shells still strew the shore. Cerigo has been unhappy in its rulers. It fell to the share of the Venieri in 1207, absentees who lived in Crete, and handed it over to tax-farmers. The Venetians who nominally governed it until 1797, lost interest in it when they lost Crete, and left its administration to a rapacious oligarchy. In 1545 the popula-

tion was reduced to little more than 1800, and in 1562 all wanted to emigrate, which led to the creation of the Council of Thirty, who did little to relieve the general poverty.

Eubœa—one never hears it called Negroponte in Greece—the largest island in the Ægean after Crete, can hardly be regarded as an island, so close is the mainland, to which it has been joined by a bridge ever since 411 B.C. It belongs nominally to the Northern Sporades, but its wealth and importance give it a place by itself. Attica and Bœotia, from which it is divided by a narrow land-locked strip of sea, are far less productive. Indeed, nowhere in Greece is there such an air of prosperity, save perhaps the Messenian plain and the currant country bordering the Corinthian Gulf. Its mountains catch the rains that would otherwise fall on the mainland, which it supplies with corn and wine. Moreover, they are lofty enough to retain snow—Mount Dirphys is 6725 feet—and so become well-stored cisterns and fertilising agents. Eubœa is also rich in quarries and mines. Magnesite is mined by an English company, and fire-bricks are turned out in large quantities. Elsewhere lignite is worked and marble is quarried. In length ninety miles, and varying from four to thirty miles wide, Eubœa is geologically a continuation of Ossa and Pelion, as Andros and Tenos are continuations of Eubœa. Steaming through the Euripos, the island presents aspects of grandeur, and the mountains in

the northern half are clad with forests of oak and pine. Passing through the swing-bridge, where the straits become a narrow canal, Chalcis comes into view, one of the most beautifully situated towns in Greece, and one of the cleanest and most cheerful. It contains 8700 out of the 108,000 inhabitants of the island. Eubœa has a long history. It sent colonies to Italy and Sicily as early as 900 B.C. It was one of the most prized possessions of Venice, and the standard of Negroponte was one of the three hoisted on the tall masts before St. Mark's. Under the Turks it was the residence of the Capitan Pasha, and the head-quarters of a province which included Athens. It fell to the Turks in 1470, after it had been ruled for two hundred and sixty-five years, first by Lombard barons; then by Venetians. Unlike the Cyclades, the present population contains no traces of their descendants. On the contrary, it is the only part of Greece in which the Turks still linger, except parts of Thessaly. In Chalcis there is also a small colony of Jews, probably a remnant of the large colony which existed there under the Venetians. With the exception of Corfu, it is hard to find a Jew elsewhere in Greece. The Albanian element prevails in the south of the island, and, as in Thessaly, Vlach shepherds range the mountains.

CHAPTER III

TYPES AND TRAITS

A GREEK says he is going to Europe when he is going to France or Italy. He calls Englishmen, Germans, or any other Western people who happen to visit or reside in Greece, Europeans in contradistinction to the Greeks. The occidentals in Greece do likewise. They are Europeans, and by implication, the Greeks are not. When they leave the Piræus for Trieste or Naples or Marseilles they speak of going to Europe, inferring thereby that Greece is not in Europe. This is, on the face of it, an anomaly, but it is common sense. The Constantinople merchant, when he reaches his home at Moda, does not change from a European to an Asiatic because his office is in Galata, and he would be deservedly laughed at if, on wishing his Galata friends good-bye, he said, "I am starting for Asia." The Greek is racially and geographically European, but he is not a Western. That is what he means by the term, and the signification is accepted by both Greek and foreigner. He is Oriental in a hundred ways, but his Orientalism is not Asiatic. He is the bridge between East and West, and he may claim to have moulded the

latter in times past. Now it moulds him in certain ways; but he is a Hellene for all that, and there is more than the breadth of the Adriatic between Brindisi and Patras. Gaetano saw you off on the Apulian shore; Spiridion greets you on the shore of Achaia. Apulia is remote, on the heel of Italy. It was Magna Græcia once, and at least one Greek song — Ἡ Ρουμαστολὰ — is still sung in it. But Gaetano is much nearer to Dover than Spiridion. The latter is probably closer to the Dover man in complexion than Gaetano, who is usually brown of hue, and he is more than probably better educated, but he is farther from Western Europe. His *komboloia* is a detail which indicates that. The beads which he lets slide through his listless fingers may once have had a religious signification. But now they neither represent the ninety-nine attributes of Allah nor the Catholic rosary. That chaplet which is his inseparable companion when his fingers are not otherwise employed, in which he finds a solace unknown to Westerns, marks him off from Apulia as much as from Kent. He plays cards in the street at ten o'clock in the morning—a proceeding which would excite remark at Dover, though not at Brindisi. But the *komboloia* is unknown to Gaetano; so is the water-pipe, the *nargileh*, whose soothing bubble we hear as we pass the long lines of little tables on the quay at Patras. Yet Patras is very Western for Greece. It is the only considerable town with its face to the

West. Here is a steamer—a Cunarder which has done with transatlantic service—loading currants for Liverpool, and here is a Welsh schooner, with the name Port Madoc on her stern, discharging salt cod for a people who for two hundred days out of the year are not allowed by their creed to eat fresh fish. English ships have come here for centuries, and Patras was a frequented port when the Piræus was uninhabited save by a few monks. Notwithstanding, there is a strangeness about everything which is not the sleepiness of Southern Italy, and one realises that in crossing the narrow Adriatic one has come to the East. It is not the black-robed clergy in queer stove-pipe hats with the brim at the top and their long hair bunched up into a chignon behind. It is not the *saraffs*—those bankers with their capital displayed in glass cases set on a table in the street. It is not the dress. That, unfortunately, is now mostly European and ugly at Patras, though one has an occasional glimpse of a *fustanella* or a white-clad, black-broidered Albanian. These externals are accidents, and do not make the Oriental atmosphere. That is indicated rather by manner, by the standpoint from which life is regarded, by the way things go; and it is not our way. One instance of it is the vagueness of information on everyday matters, small but important, such as the hour of departure of trains and steamers. Time-tables may exist in Greece, but the writer has never seen one. In Athens

itself, apart from two or three of the principal hotels, the traveller who wishes to ascertain when his train starts must go to the station and inquire, or consult the time-sheets at the booking-office. Ask in a shop or a café, and the almost inevitable response is a surprised "How should I know?" In Italy the waiter would refer to the handy little *Orario*, which may be purchased everywhere for a penny. In England he would produce an *A. B. C.* On the other hand, the Greek waiter or shop assistant is ready with information as to the policy of European governments, and if you are an Englishman, will probably comment on recent speeches in the House of Commons, of which he has read a summary in an Athenian journal. Only yesterday the writer was treated to an explanation of the attitude of Sir Edward Grey towards the Cretan Question by a youthful shopman, who, however, could not tell him how long it took to get to Megara, nor from which station the train started. One in his position in England would know and care nothing about foreign cabinet ministers, but the local time-table would have no mysteries for him. This absorbing interest in politics is distinctively Greek, but the constantly recurring answer to an inquiry "Who knows?" is Oriental. The *Pios exevrei* of the Greek is a literal translation of the *Kim bileer* of the Turk and the *Meen araf* of the Arab. It is facile, and it saves trouble. It is the invariable response of the peasant to the traveller who asks

his opinion as to weather prospects, and it is followed by the remark "God alone knows," or "It is in the hands of God." This disposes of the question finally. There is nothing further to be said. The Western rustic uses the intelligence God has given him to draw an inference on the subject from his surroundings—the direction of the wind, the aspect of mountains, the state of the atmosphere, the behaviour of birds and insects, which he knows from past experience are indications of an approaching change; and his interpretation of these signs is usually correct. In this he differs from the Greek, who is content to take things as they come. Whether this fatalism is derived from contact with the Turk or inherited from his remote ancestors is a problem. From what we know of the inquisitive, eager, speculative character of the ancient Hellenes, the latter assumption seems improbable. The inquisitive spirit has lost none of its vigour. This survival of the manners of the Homeric age is, indeed, a nuisance. The curiosity of the Greek knows no limits. He is not content with learning the nationality of the stranger, whence he comes and whither he is going. He questions him as to his family, his calling, his income, his age, his wife's age if he has one, the number and sex of his children, the price he has paid for his clothes, the nature, use, and cost of any article in his possession which happens to attract attention. And the traveller is catechised in this fashion at every

place he comes to, usually in the presence of an interested audience. It is exceedingly annoying, and to the Western, gross impertinence. But it is not meant as such. It is in the manners of the people, and the Greek will freely volunteer information about himself, his relations, and his affairs. The above applies mainly to rural Greece. In the larger towns greater discretion is exercised, though even in Athens the stranger is the object of the national curiosity. Those Athenians who are too polite to ask him directly what is his profession, seek to learn it by indirect inquiries, or assign to him one which seems probable. Among the tradespeople of the quarter where he dwells the author enjoys an undeserved reputation as an expert in metallurgy, a branch of knowledge of which he is profoundly ignorant.

A habit which strikes the stranger as peculiar is that of calling people only by their baptismal names. The Greeks do this, not only to each other, but to foreigners as well. He who sojourns in a Greek community soon finds himself addressed and spoken of as Mr. John or Mr. William. This is not so singular as it might appear among a nation in which surnames are a comparatively recent development. Turks and Arabs have the same custom for the same reason. Birthdays are taken no notice of in Greece, but each individual keeps his festival on the day of the saint whose name he bears. Probably Joannes is the commonest name in Greece as it is with us—the

diminutive Yanni is invariably used—and all the Johns rejoice on the day dedicated to one of the saints of that name. Constantine comes next perhaps in popular favour, and innumerable Costas celebrate with special intention the feast of Saints Constantine and Helena. The many Greeks whose baptismal names are taken from antique sources—Sophocles, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Euphrosyne, Calliope, etc.—get over the difficulty by feasting on All Saints' Day. So that Herakles and Aphrodite occupy a temporary place in the Christian Calendar, as do also some illustrious names in modern history. The writer once knew a Constantinople Greek whose baptismal name was Monk. He knew nothing about the monastic signification of the word, but he was so called after General Monk, of whom his father was an admirer.

The Greek custom of eating out of a common dish always strikes the new-comer from the West as a distinctive peculiarity. As a matter of fact, it is not. It is merely an Oriental habit which the Greek shares with Turks, Arabs, and other Eastern peoples. Of course it is not met with among the wealthy Greeks, who have probably been educated in Europe and live in European fashion, but it is universal among the humbler classes, and in rural society it extends to the well-to-do. Many a man whom one sees dining in an ordinary manner in an Athenian restaurant discards plates at home.

The Greek Church is dealt with elsewhere ; suffice to say here that it is Oriental and apart from the West, and prides itself on being so. The Calendar and the retention of the Old Style are details, but they are marks of distinction between the Greek and the West. Only the other day the writer was asked by a peasant boy of Kalavryta if the year were 1910 with the Franks as with the Hellenes.

The status of women is the most salient Oriental characteristic. It is necessary to state here that these remarks embrace the Greek nation as a whole. Those who only know Athenian society, with its French salons and English governesses, know no more about the Greek people than one whose experience is limited to advanced " Young Turks " of Constantinople knows about the Turks. The noble efforts for the improvement of the condition of women made by a few Athenian ladies are spoken of elsewhere, and one of the brightest features of Athenian life is the excellent provision made for the education of girls, rich and poor. None the less, the Greek woman, generally speaking, is regarded as of slight importance compared with the man. The Mainote father announces the birth of a son by firing a gun repeatedly, and the welcome news is responded to in a similar manner by his neighbours on the mountain-side. But no *feu de joie* heralds the advent of a daughter. There was a time when reading and writing were looked upon as undesirable for women. There are prob-

ably few who hold that opinion now. But there are plenty who consider that education is unnecessary, if not harmful, for their girls, as Greeks who are working for women's weal know full well. It is sometimes a hard matter to get parents to send their daughters to school. The wife of the Greek peasant is a drudge in both house and field, and the wife of the townsman leads as a rule a secluded life with no interests beyond those of her household. There is very little entertaining among the Greeks except on the occasion of family events, weddings or baptisms. Even in Athens, only a restricted section of society "receives." Dinner-parties are almost unheard of. At social functions the opposite sexes do not mix freely. The ladies discuss their own affairs apart. This is a survival of the seclusion of women which was common to all Orientals, Christian as well as Moslem. Until the nineteenth century the Christian woman in the East was less free than her Moslem sister, who enjoyed certain legal rights and privileges denied to the Christian. In Maina and in some of the islands of the Ægean there has never existed, at any period, a Turkish population, yet women were there subjected to a more rigid seclusion than that of the harem, down to times comparatively recent. Girls were rarely allowed to go out of the house, and when they did they were veiled and surrounded by a vigilant guard of their relations. They passed their time behind latticed windows, learning to weave, to sew

and embroider, and to rear silkworms. They were never consulted as to the choice of a husband. That was done for them by their friends and relations, whose interests and predilections alone were considered, and not those of the contracting parties, who were frequently betrothed whilst infants of tender age. The spirit lingers still, especially in communities which have had little or no contact with Westerns, and marriage in all classes is, in the vast majority of instances, a commercial transaction in which the dowry is the principal factor.

The Greeks were always clannish, and they are still. To the stranger they are all Greeks, but he gradually finds out that to themselves they are Messenians or Laconians or Argives or Thesalians or Eubœans, and a lengthened sojourn among them teaches him to discern sharp lines of division in the character, disposition, and mode of speech of the inhabitants of the various parts of the kingdom. Athens and Ægina do not go to war as in old times, nor does Sparta ravage Messenia, but there are marked differences between the populations. The hardest thing in the formation of the Greek kingdom, both during and after the War of Independence, was to bring about a fusion of the various liberated provinces. Peloponnesus wanted to govern itself, whilst in continental Greece the Rumeliot capitani in the west and Odysseus in the east were at daggers drawn. As Byron said to some German officers

who came as volunteers in the cause, they had before them the ungrateful and difficult task of serving Greece in spite of the Greeks. Those times of discord are now happily over, and all are Hellenes in matters which affect the welfare of Hellas, but within this greater unity there is a strong feeling of local patriotism. The native of Attica regards his neighbour in Boeotia as something apart. The Spartan on one side of Taygetus differs from the Messenian on the other, and the Ætolian does not see eye to eye with the Thessalian. The clannish spirit has more minute ramifications. It marks valley from valley, and where costume is still worn, one village is distinguished from another by the colour of the women's kerchiefs. In Athens, which is a microcosm of Greece, the divisions are broader, but distinct. The Athenian will tell you that there are many foreigners—*xenoi*—at the University, by which term he does not mean students of other nationalities, but Greeks from the provinces and the islands. And the provincials themselves stick together as much as possible. As a rule you will find that the employees of a Peloponnesian tradesman are from that region, and there are restaurants and wineshops frequented almost exclusively by Ionians or Eubœans or Cretans or Thessalians. This clannishness extends in some instances to trades. The bakers of Athens are almost exclusively Epirotes. Most of the hotel-keepers are islanders, and of course their staff is recruited

mainly from the particular island to which they belong.

In a former chapter a passing remark was made as to the fair complexions of many of the Greeks in the Peloponnesus. Professor Mahaffy in his *Rambles and Studies in Greece* has a passage in which he notes his astonishment at finding in Argos every second child fair with blue eyes, like a transplanted Northern, and he goes on to say that, after the deep brown children of Southern Italy, nothing is more curious than these fairer children under a hotter sky. It reminded him of Homer's King of Sparta, with fair skin and yellow hair, and it seemed to him to be most common in districts where the blood was unmixed. It may be so. The colour on statues showed that the ancients tinted the hair gold and the eyes blue. It is most prevalent in the southern parts of the Peloponnesus, and recurs in the Sphakiotes of Crete, who are supposed to be of old Hellenic stock, and in the village of Apeiranthos in the island of Naxos, whose inhabitants are probably of Sphakiote origin. No contrast can be greater than that between the fair people of Central and Southern Peloponnesus and the dark folk in the extreme north of Thessaly, whose sharp features frequently remind one of the figures on Assyrian monuments. Both types may be seen in Athens—the latter among the itinerant vendors of sweets, the former among the shoeblacks. These blonde, blue-eyed lads come from Arcadia or Messenia,

and their open countenances are in sharp contrast with the black-avised saturnine Thessalians, a contrast all the more bizarre seeing that the occupation of the fair southern boys is blacking the boots of men, whilst that of the swart men from the north is selling sweetmeats to children.

Professor Mahaffy says that in the wilder parts of the Morea are to be found types equal to those that inspired the artists of antiquity. This is true, not of the Morea only, though there perhaps it is the most frequent, but of all Greek lands, Asiatic as well as European. It was probably as rare in the classic ages as it is now. The collection of busts in the museum at Athens shows that the diversity of types and their divergence from the ideal standard of beauty, perpetuated in the works of the ancient sculptors, was as great in the days of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Scopas and Polycleitus, as it is at present. One may walk about Athens a long time in search of a Hermes or an Apollo. But were they more frequent in the days of Phidias? In Room VI of the National Museum at Athens there are thirty-three portrait busts of the *Cosmetæ* or governors of the *Diogeneion*, that important Athenian institution founded in the second century before Christ for the education of the *Epheboi*, a body of youths destined for a political and military career. The *Cosmetæ* were no doubt men of learning and distinction. The busts present various types of physiognomy and are



PERICLES—AN ATHENS SHOEBLACK FROM THE PELOPONNESUS.

probably faithful portraits, but the *Cosmetæ* are as far away from the models of the antique sculptors as are our head masters and heads of colleges. This being so, one is inclined to accept the terracotta grotesques, allowing for the exaggeration of caricature, as fairly accurate presentments of the lower ranks of society. The sausage-seller of Aristophanes was not unlike the sausage-seller of to-day. It is not possible to strike an average of Greek physical characteristics, but there are types which one familiar with the race would certify at sight as none other than Greek. As a rule the Hellene is spare of habit, for he is frugal in diet and his food is light and easily assimilated. Obesity is found to a certain extent among the sedentary classes, chiefly in the seaports, and to a greater extent among Greeks outside Greece than in the kingdom itself. Among the peasantry it is practically unknown. The greatest variety of types, including the lowest, but not the highest, is found, as might be expected, in the mixed population of the larger towns, where coarse features and heavy, lumpish figures mingle with the normal lightly built people. The type is more uniform in the rural districts and is at its best on the mountain-side in elastic forms and supple gait. When Edmond About said that in Greece the men pinch their waists, whilst the women have no waists at all, he was more intent on uttering a smart paradox than on stating the truth. I have never heard of men pinching their waists, and

many of the Athenian ladies have very elegant figures. Beauty of the dazzling sort does not exist. That must be sought at Constantinople, and more especially at Smyrna and Broussa, where, on the other hand, the ladies have neither the figure nor the gait of their Athenian sisters. There still clings to them the reminiscence of the waddle of the days when it was a compliment to say to a belle, "You walk like a duck."¹ The beauty of the Athenian girl, who is usually stoutly built, is of the buxom, wholesome, homely sort. In the country it is enhanced by freshness of tint. The beauty of the women of Mesolonghi was remarked in 1824, and one finds there now splendid specimens of girlhood, free and graceful in movement, of erect and queenly bearing. Still, it must be admitted that in externals the boys bear the palm, as may be demonstrated by a visit to the Stadium when the schools of Athens meet there, and comparing the youths in the arena with their sisters on the gradines. The masculine beauty of the Greeks is that of the young and the old, of Antinous and Nestor. The dignified carriage, the grand heads and snowy beards of some of the old peasants are such as one meets with among no other people, at least, none that have come within the author's experience. And that adolescent beauty which was the favourite theme of the ancient sculptors—the well-proportioned frame, the perfectly modelled head, nobly poised—may still be met with occa-

¹ *σανταππὶ περιπατεῖς.*



AN AGED PELOPONNESIAN.

sionally in all Greek lands, though more frequently perhaps in Peloponnesus than elsewhere. In complexion the Greeks range from pure blonde to a tint darker than that of Calabria, approaching even the Arab. There is a pale olive tint in Greece which is not the olive of Spain nor of Italy. It has the *patin* of a fine bronze and is almost invariably accompanied by an oval face and delicately chiselled features. In Attica dark hair and blue eyes are prevalent as in Ireland, though there is a strong infusion of blonde; and again, among the shepherds, swarthy skins and jet-black hair. Taking the people one meets in the streets of Athens, they might belong to any country in Europe, except perhaps Russia. There are boys, brown-haired with irregular features and an open expression, who would pass muster as English. I have an acquaintance, a farmer at the foot of Pentelicus, who has a double in another acquaintance, also a farmer, of the Wiltshire countryside between Cricklade and Malmesbury. But he, like most of the farmers, is of Albanian stock. They are a sturdy people, frank and hearty in manner, and as a class prosperous, for they put their savings into the land and increase their holdings and their flocks. Not so the Greek. His instincts are mercantile. If he is an agriculturist it is by necessity. His dream is to make money without manual labour; his ideal is to keep a shop. It is not through lack of knowledge that he refuses to get out of the soil as much as it will yield. He

will profit by improvements if they are made for him, but he will do nothing by himself. Put him into a bakal's¹ shop and he will work like a Trojan. His commercial instincts led him to cut down the olive trees which his forbears planted in Achaia, because, owing to an accidental cause some years ago, the prices of currants ruled high. So currant vines replaced the olives. Then came a drop, partly the result of over-production, to remedy which it has been necessary to uproot the currant vines; but it will take at least a couple of centuries to replace the olive trees.

For trees the Greek has small respect. He regards them in the light of fuel. Allusion has been made in a previous chapter to the wanton destruction of forests by shepherds. To this must be added the practice of tapping pine trees for the resin, used in making wine. This is done in such a manner as to injure and ultimately kill the tree. The passenger by rail between Megara and Corinth may see plenty of examples of it. Again, the charcoal-burners are allowed to ravage the forests at will. Princess Sophia takes great interest in reafforestation. She and her children have themselves planted a part of one of the hills outside Athens, and through her influence was founded the Forest Lovers' Union. There was even an attempt to institute an Arbor Day as in America, but it collapsed. There is a Forest Department of the Government, but it is starved and quite

¹ The Greek bakal is described in the chapter on Athens.

inadequate to deal effectually with the five million acres of trees and scrub which Greece contains. The Greek cannot be brought to see the importance of forest economy nor the evil effect of denuding the mountains. It is a part of the national indifference to rural pursuits. An Agricultural Society was founded in 1901, and several stations were established. There is one at Chalandri, near Athens, where there are some prize English live-stock, bought for breeding purposes. But the institution languishes, in spite of the encouragement and support of the King. His Majesty has himself set an example to his subjects in his dairy farm at Tatoi, which produces excellent butter.

The Greeks are the most democratic people in the world. They have no titles of nobility, save in Corfu, and the Corfu noble, when he goes to the mainland, leaves his title behind him. Wealth, as elsewhere, is a power, and exercises influence, but it brings to its possessor no personal consideration. The Greek loves money, but he is never servile to those who have a larger share of it than himself, and his attitude towards rank—official rank alone exists in Greece—is precisely similar. There is not an atom of snobbishness in his composition. Court chronicles and the doings of "Society," which have such an absorbing interest for a considerable section of English people, are matters of indifference to him, and a journal which filled its columns with such matter

would soon cease to have any readers. This is to his credit ; but, on the other hand, he owes as little respect to knowledge and experience as to rank and wealth. He stands in no awe of learning, and will fearlessly discuss a subject of which he knows nothing with one who has devoted a lifetime to its study. Every Greek soldier is a strategist, and every Greek, of whatever calling, is a potential statesman, though the sole source of his political lore is in the contents of his favourite newspaper. This self-confidence, carried to excess, has manifest disadvantages. For one thing, it is a hindrance to combined effort. Where all want to be leaders nothing is accomplished. That is the chief reason why Greek enterprise in the form of public companies has generally proved a failure. A Greek may work well as an individual, but it is a hard matter to get him to work as part of an organisation, for he is loath to acknowledge superior authority, especially if it takes the form of a fellow-countryman. The absence of class distinctions is apt to astonish the Western traveller, who finds his muleteer a fellow-guest at the table of his host, the doctor or the demarch of the village. The familiarity of waiters and domestics is rather trying to the new-comer, but he soon grows accustomed to it, and, indeed, it is not offensive. The manners of the Greek peasant are much better than those of his Western equivalent, and servants come chiefly of peasant stock. The man in the *fustanella* is a much pleasanter

person to talk to than the townsman in the Western garb. The Greeks as a people are polite, but lapses occur sometimes, and they are almost invariably found amongst the town traders, especially among those who have made a little money. They are, however, rare. The most objectionable people are the petty usurers who are scattered up and down the land, and who are the scourge of the peasantry. In most cases they have acquired their capital abroad, notably in Egypt. They are inflated with pride of purse, arrogant and coarse in manners, and exhibit generally the worst characteristics of the Levant. But they are not typical of the nation, and it cannot be insisted on too strongly that the trading Greek of the cosmopolitan commercial centres of the Eastern Mediterranean is no more representative of the people of Greece than was Juvenal's *Græculus esuriens* in Rome, who probably, in the majority of cases, came from Asia.

One breach of good manners is common to all Greeks of the humbler classes: they interrupt conversation. You may be asking a question or making a purchase, when a third party will intercalate an observation, or address the person to whom you are speaking, without a word of excuse, cutting off the thread of your discourse and leaving you helpless until he has finished what he has to say. This recurs constantly, and it is abominably irritating. Another annoying habit is that of unduly raising the voice when con-

versing. It may be in a café or in a railway-carriage, but if two persons are engaged in a discussion which is at all animated, they shout and scream their remarks, effectually stifling all attempts at quiet conversation on the part of others. One may be chatting with a friend in a café, and when this occurs, the only thing to do is to take refuge elsewhere or remain dumb until the din ceases. This is one instance among several illustrating a lack of regard for the public convenience, without which life would be impossible in our great Western centres. Another is the failure to appreciate the fact that the street belongs to the public, not to the individual. The pedestrian is forced to step from the pavement into the roadway for the convenience of a knot of people who have appropriated the former as a lounge. In like manner the shopkeeper makes it a temporary warehouse, whilst the provision-dealer takes a portion of it to himself permanently for his barrels of salt fish and olives, and, strangest of all, the butcher uses it as a slaughter-house. Less offensive are those who turn it into a kitchen. Towards noon and at eve, he who walks abroad encounters, at short intervals, the brazier of glowing charcoal in his path, and is saluted by the odour of the particular stew or fry destined for the repast of its owner.

If the passenger on a Greek steamer thinks that by taking a first-class ticket he secures a little extra comfort and convenience, he imagines a vain

thing. There is a deck reserved for him, it is true, in theory, but not in practice. The third-class passengers find it pleasanter than their own quarters, and so he finds himself a unit in a compact crowd of peasants who very seldom change their linen, and who invariably sleep in the clothes they wear during the day, in an atmosphere reeking of garlic. Expostulation is useless. There is no real authority on board and regulations are a dead letter. The thing is submitted to, but nobody seems to see the injustice of it. The subject of Greek local steamers is a fertile one. They are capricious in their comings and goings. The only thing certain about their departure is, that it will not be at the hour advertised. As a rule it is much later, but sometimes the steamer leaves before her time and the intending passenger who arrives at the appointed hour, is left lamenting on the quay. Again, she has a humorous way of missing a port of call in her itinerary, which is disconcerting to those who have booked thither. The time of her arrival has no relation to that scheduled on the bill, so that a passenger who has an inland journey before him, and has made arrangements accordingly, reaches his port of disembarkation at, say, two o'clock in the morning, instead of two in the afternoon. The passage-money is a variable quantity determined by the amount that can be obtained from the passenger. A stranger will probably pay the sum demanded in the office, and if he happen to compare notes

afterwards with a fellow-passenger it is equally probable that he will be astonished, not to say indignant. Grown wiser by experience, he will make his next passage a matter of bargain. Chaffering over the price of a ticket is a proceeding at which a clerk in the P. and O. would stand aghast, but it is a matter of course in a Greek shipping office. The system has its advantages, as, for example, in the case of rival companies. The aforesaid clerk and another gentleman, say of the Orient Line, would certainly resent being asked by their employers to go out into the street and buttonhole possible passengers with a view to securing them for their respective companies, by promising cheaper rates and holding out other inducements. They would regard such blandishments as contemptible. There is no such squeamishness in Greece, where the approach of the voyager is noted from afar by the rivals. If he has the prudence of Ulysses he is coy to both, feigning indifference; but by the exercise of patience and discretion, he ends by striking an excellent bargain with one of them. When competition is keen, in the case of small owners of one ship, perhaps, stories are told of absurdly low fares, of no fares at all, with the additional inducement of free refreshments. This has never fallen to the author's lot, but it is credible to anyone who knows the fierce rivalry which exists. Of course this state of affairs cannot last long, and the weaker purse succumbs. Rival boats leave

on the same day ; whereas if they left on different days, each would get the passengers for whom the day of departure was most convenient. But the Greek does not understand combination, in spite of his intelligence, and he is indifferent to the public weal. A proof of it is afforded by the condition of the steamers. They are dirty and ill-kept, although the Greek is very clean in his own household. The author has had a fairly wide experience of Greek steamers, but he has only met with one really well found and well kept up. This was due to the captain, one of the Canaris family, who had been educated for the navy. Captain Canaris had his ship's company well in hand, and saw that what he wanted done was done. But this is contrary to the general practice, which is to let things slide. Regulations are made only to be ignored, and everyone is, as far as possible, a law unto himself. With us, the police would have something to say to a cyclist without a light after dark. It excites no remark at Athens, even when he prefers the side-walk to the roadway. Incredible though it may seem, the writer has encountered a motor without headlights long after sunset careering down the frequented road which leads to Phaleron. The Greeks have an expression, *Romaika pragmata*, an equivalent to the *cosas de España* of the Spaniards. They are unsparing in criticising themselves, though they do not like being criticised by foreigners. Neither do we, for that

matter. They are competent legislators, but indifferent administrators. The best-managed institutions are those due to private initiative. To the making of laws they attach far more importance than to their being carried into effect.

A significant change has come over the Greek spirit in one important respect. Formerly they shared the common Oriental antipathy to Westerns. The term *skylo frangho*—dog of a Frank—is now obsolete. The writer remembers hearing it once many years ago, not in Greece, but in Constantinople, from the lips of an ancient dame who for some cause had a quarrel with a European. The *cocona* brought her vituperative eloquence to a climax with that epithet, as being the sum of all that was base. Truly the Greeks had no cause to love the Franks, who stripped Constantinople of all its treasures in 1204, *ad majorem gloriam Dei*, in that barefaced freebooting expedition which went under the name of the Fourth Crusade. And it is open to doubt whether the Turk was not an easier taskmaster in Greece and the Archipelago than Frank or Venetian. But the animus existed down to modern times. The Ionian Islanders were spoken of contemptuously as *metrio franghi*—half Franks. Dr. Millingen, who was with Byron at Mesolonghi in 1824, says in his Memoirs, the Greeks were averse from every plan suggested by the Franks, against whom they nourished a hatred little inferior to that they entertained for Mussul-

mans ; and Finlay in his history of events in which he took part, refers to the hostility of some of the Greek leaders towards Europeans. The treatment meted out to Philhellenes who went out to help the cause of Greece was not encouraging. The German and Swiss committees sent out in 1822 a small regiment with the idea of its becoming the nucleus of a disciplined force. Its members reached Nauplia full of enthusiasm. Most of them were students, some were officers. Rations were allowed them at first, but were soon withdrawn, and they were told that nobody not possessed of means should have come. They lived as well as they could on game and land-tortoises, but many succumbed, and when at last money came from Germany to help them to get home, hardly a fifth of their number remained, and their condition was pitiable. Byron engaged to take them under his protection, and a few remained on his staff at Mesolonghi. Their treatment was not due to want of funds. The Greek executive had plenty. Count Santa Rosa left his home and children at the instance of the Greek deputies in London to offer his services. He was a man of brilliant accomplishments and a statesman. He was regarded with suspicion and made to feel that he was superfluous. He reminded the Greek leaders of the words of their own deputies. Pappaflessa replied : "The atmosphere of London seems to have made them forget what sort of men we are here." The ardour of

Santa Rosa was not damped. He served as a private soldier, and fell at Sphacteria fighting for Greece. William Martin, a British seaman, deserted to join the Greeks, and was invaluable as a gunner at the defence of Anatolico. He was imprisoned and ill-treated for having knocked down a Greek notable, who in refusing him his ration of bread abused the English in the most opprobrious terms. William Martin might have died of want in the land he had helped to defend, had he not been succoured with some of his countrymen at Mesolonghi. These are a few out of many instances of the attitude of the Greeks towards foreigners who came to help them in their struggle for freedom. It continued after they had gained it. Mr. Noel went to Greece in 1830. He bought an estate in Eubœa, which he made his adopted country. His idea was to educate the peasantry and better their condition. He reared for each family a stone house of two storeys, in place of the cabins they had occupied. He built a church and provided a priest for them. He tried to teach them to get the most out of the land by a more intelligent method than that of exhausting one patch and proceeding to another. He showed them the use of manure and the economy of a proper succession of crops. He lent them seeds and implements which were not asked for if not returned. He introduced the English plough in lieu of the iron-tipped stake with which they scratched the surface of the soil. He brought

out a Lincolnshire threshing-machine. The local authorities opposed it, saying it was an invention whose object was to diminish the part of the crop due to Government. The British Minister at Athens was appealed to, and it was allowed. But the demarch (the village mayor) secretly forbade the peasants to bring their corn to be threshed by it, and one night an important part of the mechanism mysteriously disappeared; so the threshing-machine, like the ploughs, was abandoned, and the people returned to the threshing-floor, with its studded planks drawn round and round by horses, a system by which a fifth of the grain is lost or damaged, and the straw spoiled.

A similar fate overtook the saw-mill erected by Mr. Noel. By it more wood could be sawn in a day than by the old methods in a month. But it was always out of order. Teeth were broken, replaced, and broken again, and it had to be given up. A large portion of the estate was forest, but foreigners were not allowed to exploit their own forests, not even for their personal use, without permission of the Government, and the process of obtaining this was so slow and expensive, that it was found to be cheaper to import timber to a place surrounded by splendid oaks and pines. Once Mr. Noel was attacked by men armed with guns, severely wounded, and robbed of £600. The robbers were not even pursued. The nomarch (governor of the province) said,

“We do not want to keep foreigners here, but to be rid of them.” Mr. Noel remained in Eubœa forty-two years and died there at an advanced age, recognising that he had spent his energies and a large part of his fortune in vain. Untiring patience and good-will failed to triumph over ignorance and malevolence. The peasants preferred the fiscal exactions of the Government agents, who, by a system which turned the ten sacks of the cultivator into twelve, cheated the State which supported them. It was in their interest to oppose all improvement, and the peasants listened to their promptings. The villages of Achmet Agha and Drisi are the monuments of Mr. Noel’s efforts. His case was not a solitary one. Mr. Leaves, who attempted a similar enterprise, also in Eubœa, met with a tragic fate. He and his wife were robbed and murdered. M. Lagrange had to sell his property at a great loss. Another French gentleman, an ardent Philhellene, bought land and built a village on the slopes of Hymettus. He furnished the peasants with seed and implements. The same thing happened—tacit enmity of the authorities, ignorance and ill-will of the people. Crops were destroyed, vineyards ravaged, but the owner could get no redress. He caught a marauder once and delivered him over to justice. The brothers of the arrested man fired at him from behind a rock and he had a narrow escape. Brigandage existed in Attica in those days, and

his own villagers kept the brigands informed of his movements, with a view of capture and ransom, so that he could only visit his estate with an armed escort. Finally he gave it up, and died at Athens almost insolvent, though possessed of property which should have brought in at least £2000 a year.

This aversion to foreigners is a thing of the past. The Anglo-Greek Magnesite Company, whose mines and works are in Eubœa, the scene of Mr. Noel's fruitless experiment, lease about 4000 acres from the Galataki monastery and employ some 500 Greek workmen. Both the monks and the people are sensible of the advantages they derive from the Company, and the Eubœans are now keen on improvements. The officials of the Copais Lake Company in Bœotia are on excellent terms with the peasantry, and are often asked to stand as god-father to their children, a thing from which the parents would have recoiled in horror in the old days. Their tenants, who occupy some 28,000 acres, for which they pay 20 per cent of their produce in kind as rental, are eager to learn and profit by the methods employed on the model farms worked by the Company.¹ Marmor, Limited, an English company working the marble quarries on Pentelicus and in some of the islands, employ some hundreds of workmen, and matters run smoothly. The present attitude towards foreigners who are in Greece primarily for their own interests,

¹ It should be said that these people are largely Albanian.

compared with that during the War of Independence, and for many years after it, is very significant, and testifies to the moral and intellectual progress of the people.

Nowhere is the stranger so well regarded as in Greece. He has a smiling welcome wherever he goes, and on all hands is the object of a kindly interest. The best place is reserved for him, and the daintiest morsel at table is his. The open-handedness of the people is embarrassing at times. In a restaurant he is served with an unexpected measure of wine, or fruit and cigarettes are sent to him, the author of the polite attention concealing his identity. Little services are rendered him readily and cheerfully without any idea of reward. Even the boys refuse tips, throwing back a proud little head, the sign of negation in the East, with a smiling, but firm, "*Eucharisto*"—"Thank you." For the Greeks are not menial, and a sojourn among them is a tonic after the interested servility and ever-open palm to which the traveller has been accustomed on continental journeys. Things go differently in the Balkan countries farther north, in whose cause English partisans have been led to decry the Greeks. These might have remembered that during the South African War, when it was England *contra mundum*, and all Europe was rejoicing over our reverses and hoping for our discomfiture, Greece alone gave us her sympathy, Greeks alone, in the person of the gallant little band formed by Greek residents at the Cape,

fought shoulder to shoulder with our men. Athens is the only foreign city in the world which has reared monuments to Englishmen.¹ The statue of Gladstone stands in front of the University, and Falguière's marble group of Byron and Hellas gleams among the trees of the Zappeion Gardens. Byron may be out of fashion in England, but he lives in the hearts of the Greeks. He is enshrined in their folk-songs. His portrait is in their school manuals. Only the other day the author discovered a poor boy from Kalavryta who wore a cheap picture of *Lordos Byronos* on his breast, like an amulet. An English lad of his condition would not have known the poet's name. He was a hero to the Greek. A wine-grower from Samos spoke of Gladstone as a second Christ for Greece. Somewhat irreverent hyperbole, but not intended as such. It is a term applied by Greeks sometimes to Socrates. At any rate, it was a measure of the estimation in which the statesman was held by the speaker. The feelings of the Greek people are still warm towards England. Of course, there are a few superior persons who join in the chorus of detraction which distinguishes a section of the European press, from which they

¹ There is a medallion portrait of George Stephenson on the walls of the railway-station at Turin, and there is a pedestal bust of Lieut. Waghorn on the quay at Suez. But neither are national. The first expresses the admiration of engineers for a great engineer; the second is the generous tribute of a great Frenchman to the genius of an English pioneer, erected long ere Englishmen bethought themselves that he deserved a memorial, which took the form of the statue set up a few years ago at Chatham.

have derived their opinions. But these do not represent the nation. Anyone—but above all an Englishman—who really knows the Greeks, and yet can depreciate them, must either have a warped judgment or be very ill-conditioned.

CHAPTER IV

DOMESTIC LIFE

WE have seen the shepherd at home in his *mandra*, a rude shieling or a goat-hair tent. That is the most primitive Greek home. The tiller of the soil is better off. The standard of comfort—or rather of discomfort—varies. The best peasant homes are in the Peloponnesus, the worst, perhaps, in Thessaly. Let us take the average and it will be something like this. A one-storeyed cabin somewhere between thirty or forty feet long. It may be of wood or stone, according to locality. The roof in some instances will be tiled, but more frequently thatched with reeds or maize-stalks mingled with brushwood. The interior consists of a single apartment. One end is occupied by the domestic animals, the other by their owner and his family. Sometimes, but not often, a low screen divides the two. Only the human end of the dwelling has a raised floor of dried and beaten clay, or of planking if the neighbourhood is timbered. The fire-place is a flat stone, literally the hearth. If the cottage boasts a chimney this is set against the wall beneath it. If not, it is placed in the middle of the floor, and the smoke escapes as best it can through holes in the roof.

The baking, the only important culinary operation, is done outside in a clay oven shaped like a beehive. There are beehives, but their form is not that of a beehive. They are hollowed trunks of plane trees, sawn into sections about two feet long. In these cylinders the bees are quite at home. Their habitat in a wild state is the hollow trunk of a tree. But let us return to the dwelling. It is simply furnished. Tables and chairs there are none. The bedding stacked in a corner occupies the largest space. It consists of mattresses stuffed with maize-husks, coverlets quilted and wadded with cotton, and cushions which serve as chairs when the family dines, seated in a circle round the repast spread on the floor. There is a cupboard perhaps, and shelves, a long chest, but no drawers. There is always a large earthen pipkin for water, and a few smaller pots and jars for cooking or storing provisions. And there is always a loom. But that, like the oven, is outside. If there are trees it is placed underneath them, if possible in such a manner that two stems serve as foreposts. In any case the trees afford shade during the long hours the women pass at the loom, for all woven material for clothes or bedding is home-made. One all-important object must not be forgotten among the contents of the household. It is the *eikon*, the little picture, tarnished and grimy, with its lamp, carefully replenished, ever burning before it. It is usually a representation of the *Panaghia*. If not, it is the saint whose name is borne by the

head of the family, a copy of some stiff Byzantine model with long straight nose and eyes devoid of expression. On holidays it is decked with flowers, and in case of removal to another dwelling the greatest precautions are taken lest its lamp should be extinguished. There is no abode, however humble, without this tutelary deity, the palladium of the household. A touch of colour is given to this interior by the strings of purple onions and gerbes of golden maize that hang from the roof. Men, women, and children live together in common—often three generations. When bedtime comes—and it comes early—the mattresses are unrolled, and the members of the family enjoy a repose which would not be ours, under the circumstances. At dawn they rise—a simple process, for it is not their custom to undress—at most they throw off their outer clothes in summer—and the men go to the fields. The women, if there is no field work for them, spin or weave. This is all done out of doors. In fact the house is never used except at night or in bad weather. The women will loll against their doorways, or against a tree, and spin for hour after hour, or seated at their loom in the shade, they weave through a summer day. The dye for their homespun is either brown obtained from the sap of the plane tree, or red from the prickly oak—a disease of the leaf, called *prinakokes*—the *kermes* of the Arabs, from which we have our word crimson. Most peasants have a small vineyard, enough to make wine for

home use. Then they rear silkworms. There are few districts without mulberry trees. If they do not spin silk for sale, they spin enough for kerchiefs or sashes, or perhaps a skirt. Some keep sheep enough to supply them with wool sufficient for their clothes. If they do not, they obtain the wool from the shepherd in exchange for grain. There is scarcely a cabin without an olive tree or two and a fig. Thus they buy neither food nor clothes. The luxuries for which they have to pay are coffee, sugar, and tobacco, and one necessity, salt. Sugar is excessively dear in Greece. Honey takes the place it holds with us in household economy. But honey is not suitable for sweetening coffee, and though Greek peasants are frugal, few deny themselves this indulgence. It is not a breakfast beverage, as with us. The far less costly wine, with bread, and perhaps a few cloves of garlic, suffices the husbandman until sunset. If anything passes his lips meanwhile, it is more bread and a few black olives. Bread and olives are his staple food. Bread is really the staff of life of the Greek peasant, and it is made of pure wheaten flour, and varied occasionally by maize cakes. If he keeps goats he has milk, which he consumes mainly in the form of *yaoorti*, a word he has borrowed from the Turks. It means sour curd, and is an exceedingly wholesome viand. If there is milk to spare, it is made into a cheese, excessively salt and hard, and of the appearance

and consistency of plaster. Butter he knows not; olive oil takes the place it holds with us. Meat he tastes at Easter in the form of lamb roasted on the spit, and seldom else throughout the year. This is the diet of the poorest class of peasant, the man who cultivates land on the system of paying one-third of the produce to the owner. It is monotonous, but nutritious and easily assimilated. It might be made more varied if he grew vegetables, but he seldom has either the time or the inclination. Meals are eaten by the family out of a common receptacle. Plates are undreamt of; knives and forks are unnecessary, owing to the character of the food. One knife only is needed to cut the bread. It is usually the one employed for purposes of husbandry. Spoons are provided for the curded milk, or the mess of maize, or broth of wild herbs. The standard of living with respect to food is better than that of the urban poor in Western Europe, but as regards the rest—the sleeping, for instance, and the stabling of the animals in the dwelling—well, the abode of the English cottager is not a model for imitation from the point of view of sanitation, but there is a gulf between it and the cabin of the Greek peasant. The peasant who owns and farms his patch of land and lives in a two-storeyed house has a higher conception of comfort and cleanliness than the one just described, but his home cannot be compared with a modest English farmstead, though he is probably better off than the occupant

of the latter. The art of making a home is unknown to the Greek. The nearest approach to it that I have met with is in the islands, especially in Andros. One may meet with exquisite cleanliness, with beautifully embroidered bed-linen scented with rosemary, but never with what we mean by cosiness. Climate may have something to do with it. The Greeks are far less in their houses than we are, and when they are at home they appear to spend most of their time in looking out of the window. They are not given to inviting their friends to their houses. It is not that they are niggardly, for they will gladly entertain you at a restaurant at far greater cost to themselves. But it does not enter into their ideas to ask you home to dinner, even after an acquaintance of many years. They do not ask each other, so it can hardly be expected that they should make an exception in the case of foreigners. The café is a second home to them. There they meet friends and gossip. That is one reason, perhaps, why they dislike country life. It offers no alternative to the home. There the hearth is the social centre, whilst in town it is the café. In Athens, those who do not own the house they dwell in seldom remain long in the same abode. Two or three years is quite a long tenure. Many people make a point of moving every year. Most Englishmen shrink from the idea of a removal and all that it implies, and submit to it with reluctance. The Greeks, on the contrary, enjoy

it. With us, the creation and gradual growth of the environment which we call home is one of the greatest pleasures in life. It possesses no interest for the Greek. Indeed, it has no place in his scheme of existence. The imposing façades of Athenian houses conceal, for the most part, a bare and comfortless interior, and a well-kept garden is rare. The reason is not far to seek. A garden is not made in a year, and a person who changes his residence every twelve months does not want to be troubled with much furniture, nor is he particular as to its arrangement, seeing that it will be carted away in a few months. Of course instances may be cited to the contrary, and there are delightful homes in Athens. But they are the exception, and they belong in nearly every case to people who have lived many years in Western Europe, or who come from Hellenic lands outside Greece. Next door to the house in which these words are being written dwells a professor of the University. He does not possess a foot of garden ground, yet he has turned his courtyard and exterior stairway into a bower of climbing plants, and his flowery windows are all the more brilliant in contrast with the blank casements on either hand. He does not occupy his house merely, but lives in it. But he is a native of Samos, and his taste for flowers is derived from the Turks, though perhaps he would not admit it. The foregoing remarks apply chiefly to the Greeks of Athens and the larger towns. In the

matter of hospitality, for example, a country Greek makes you free of his house and offers you his best, but he would not do so if there were a café and restaurant handy, and he would live in a town if he could. Home life has no resources for the Greeks as it has for us. It affords them little occupation and no amusement. They like to eat and drink in crowds, where there is noise and movement. Hence the popularity of the Panegyris or village festival, to which the country folk look forward so eagerly as a relief from the daily round. Their instincts are too gregarious to allow them to appreciate the domestic intimacy which we prize. But though home, as we understand it, is a sealed book to them, family holds a greater place in their lives than it does with us. They make more of family events, and these are the only occasions on which they entertain. And they do not lose sight of their relatives as we are apt to do. They keep in touch with all, even the distant cousin in America, and there are few families in these days of emigration who have not at least one member on the other side of the Atlantic. Family affection and national pride are the leading Greek characteristics.

It used to be said of Greek dress that the men wore petticoats and the women trousers. That is no longer true as regards the women. The wide *shalvars*, which were tied below the knee and fell in voluminous folds to the ankles, belong to the days when the eyelids were darkened with *kohl*

and finger-nails tinted with *henna*. They have vanished with the Turks, and Greece knows them no more. And, let it be said here, that Athenian ladies are the best-dressed women in the Near East. They dress elegantly and quietly and with judgment. They are not given to the dazzling hues to which their sisters in Constantinople and Smyrna are prone, and the amazing *toilettes* one meets with in Egypt are unknown at Athens. They are not slavish copyists either. All the hats are not of one pattern and one scheme of colour. But they take their cue from Paris, and not even their fervent Hellenism can persuade them to adopt the chiton and peplon. "I will do so when English ladies wear the costume of Boadicea," said one. It was submitted to her that the cases were not exactly parallel. Were it possible to determine precisely the garb of the dauntless British Queen, the chances are that it would not possess the grace that distinguished that of the women of ancient Hellas. Moreover, the English do not claim to be her descendants. Certainly they do not speak her tongue, whereas the ladies of modern Athens do use a modified form of the language spoken by those whose forms are chiselled on the frieze of the Parthenon. The "petticoat" still exists among the men. It is universal among the shepherds, is worn by many of the peasantry, and is frequent all over Greece, including the streets of Athens. It is not Greek. It is not wholly Albanian, for the Ghegs of

Northern Albania do not wear it. It belongs to the Toskhs of Southern Albania, the neighbours of the Greeks, by whom it was adopted as the national dress during the War of Independence. King Otho wore it even after his deposition. Miss Armstrong, in her bright, keenly observant little book,¹ adverting to its feminine character, compares the aspect of its wearers to "ballet girls masquerading as brigands." It does certainly stick out like the skirts of a ballet dancer. It is of about the same length, and combined with the white woollen "tights" the resemblance is ludicrously perfect. When its wearer walks it wags like the short dress of a little girl, and looks absurd on a tall, strong man like the *evzonoi* of the king's bodyguard. Its snowy whiteness is pleasing, but it is stiff with its redundant pleatings. These innumerable pleats are a modern development. The original *fustanella*, as worn in Albania and in some provincial districts in Greece, is more like a kilt, or rather the Roman tunic, from which it is said to be derived. It falls below the knee, and is a graceful and dignified garment. It is worn either with tight white woollen leggings, with black garters tied at the knee, or with greaves of red, blue, or buff, embroidered over the instep, and the *tzaroukia*—red morocco leather shoes with points turned up like the prow of a caïque, and tasselled. The shirt has hanging loose sleeves. Over it is worn a

¹ *Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece*. I. J. Armstrong. 1892.



ATHENIAN BOY IN FUSTANELLA.

short jacket with sleeves hanging from the shoulder behind. The sleeves serve no purpose, so they are sometimes reduced to flat wings, or disappear altogether. Some provinces are distinguished by the colour of the jacket. In Eubœa it is dark blue, in Thebes black, and in Messenia buff, elaborately embroidered. The jackets are all more or less embroidered, and each region has its distinctive pattern. On festivals the well-to-do come out in jackets of crimson velvet richly brodered with gold. The costume is completed by the scarlet cap falling over on the left side, with a long tassel, blue or black. Among the poor this is replaced by a knotted kerchief. In Thessaly the dress is much plainer—a loose garment of coarse black cloth, reaching below the knee, belted at the waist, and white woollen hose. In winter, hooded cloaks of blue or white wool or heavy brown frieze are general. White is the dominant note of Albanian costume for both men and women. The distinctive features of the island costume are the *vrachoi* and the sash. The *vrachoi*, the baggy breeches hanging in many folds below the knee, are worn with cotton or worsted hose, white, blue, or black, and in Crete with high boots of yellow calf-skin. The jackets are similar to those of the mainland, but some of them are worn tight like vests; colour and embroidery differ with the locality. The island type of costume extends also to the Asiatic mainland. Crete has preserved its costume more than any

other island. The jacket is dark blue lined with crimson. Of the latter colour is the silken sash, which is very long, and wound round the waist like the Indian cummerbund. The cap is of black lambswool. The head-dress of the Greek mainland varies. In summer the peasant completes the *fustanella* costume with a broad-brimmed straw hat. The shepherds stick to the small round black cap, in shape like the old forage cap of the British cavalryman. It is also worn in Thessaly and by the Vlachs of Pindus. It comes from the north, and has its more ornamental counterpart in the caps of Montenegro and Croatia. The white *calotte* of the Albanian is flower-pot shaped like the Turkish fez, only it has no tassel. The few islanders who have retained their costume wear the loose red Phrygian cap.

The Albanian women preserve their costume more than any others: a short white jacket (*kondogouni*) with wide sleeves either plain or worked with silk—over it a long sleeveless coat (*zipouni*) reaching to the knee. This is of white wool with a band in blue, black, or red. The corners and arm-holes are embroidered in the same colour. The skirt is also white, plain for ordinary wear, but embroidered for festivals, when a veil of silk gauze is also worn over the kerchief of yellow muslin and a string of coins across the forehead. In winter the *zipouni* is lined with wool—not the whole fleece, but locks taken from it and inserted

in the stuff. They are beautifully combed and dressed, and the last row shows beneath the edge of the garment. This white Albanian dress is very pleasing. The ornament is restrained and the whole effect is chaste, yet the flawless beauty of the material makes it rich. The women of Megara wear a jacket reaching to the hip, tight at the waist, open at the throat. The shoulders and cuffs of the sleeves are worked in gold or silver. The skirt is dark blue or green, lined with white and trimmed with a broad band of red. Over it is a gay apron of rainbow hues. On feast days strings of coins and silver chains hang down the breast, and the cap is trimmed with overlapping coins. Over it is thrown a veil of transparent silk in which gold threads are interwoven. In the Peloponnesus, some ladies still wear the scarlet cap with tassel of gold wire or silk attached to a cord of twisted gold thread, but the gold-embroidered velvet jacket is now rare. In the isle of Kythnos the women still drape their heads in linen which masks the face beneath the eyes, and the writer saw only yesterday peasant women riding into Athens in a head-dress much resembling the Turkish yashmak. Here and there one meets with unexpected survivals. In the isle of Ios the hair is sometimes worn in a triple plait standing upright behind the head, exactly in the style of some of the terra-cotta figurines in the British Museum. The baker's wife opposite, standing at her door at this present moment, still wears the

dress of her native Epirus, her girdle clasped by round bosses of cunningly wrought silver, in two pairs one above the other—the Homeric ἀργύρεοι ἥλοι—such as one may see among the Mycenæan things in the Schliemann Collection at Athens. But the doctor's wife has just passed in a “confection” that savours of the boulevards. For the gay garb of Greece is fast disappearing. The regions in which it persists the most are the neighbourhood of Thebes and Livadia, the country round Naupaktos on the Gulf of Corinth and the highlands of Arcadia, and among the mountain shepherds generally. Athens, in spite of its modernity, is the best place for costume, not only on account of the provincials who visit it from all sides, but owing to the surrounding country being peopled by Albanians. The neighbouring island of Salamis is noted for the beautiful veils of the women. In the Cyclades costume has for the most part disappeared. In Crete it is still general, though one sees, alas, Cretans in the streets of Athens wearing English caps, and European overcoats over the *vrachoi*. This mongrel garb is the beginning of the end. It is succeeded by undiluted Western raiment, and as clothes are very expensive in Greece, this means for the mass “reach-me-downs” of the commonest description and the black billycock, which seems to have been adopted by universal consent as the popular headgear in lands bordering the Mediterranean. The only distinctive dress of contemporary Greece is what



THEBES : THEBAN WITH CHAPLET.

Underwood & Underwood.



the Greeks term a blouse. It is not a blouse, but a tunic with a skirt which is a faint echo of the *fustanella*. It is tight at the waist, pleated in front, made of cotton stuff in a small check pattern of grey or blue and white, cheap, useful, and not ungraceful. It is universally worn by shoeblacks and the boys in the provision shops, and largely by the labouring classes. It is better than the shoddy importations, for its small cost allows it to be replaced, so that it is never ragged.

The Greek cuisine is nearly identical with that of Turkey. The nomenclature is the same, with the addition of a Greek affix—*pilaf* becomes *pilafi* *dolma* is *dolmades*. There are a few distinctively Greek dishes. Perhaps *avgolemoni* may be considered as one—eggs beaten up with lemon juice. It makes an excellent and refreshing soup with rice, and it is used as a sauce with *dolmades*, minced meat and rice rolled up in young vine leaves, and with sundry other dishes. Fish *plakè* may be another. The fish are baked in a large shallow dish together with herbs, tomatoes, and garlic, and sundry other ingredients. The result is a savoury but rather heavy compound. Practically the only fresh meat is lamb. Beef of inferior quality is to be obtained at Athens and in the larger towns, and pork in winter, when it is largely made into sausages, called *lakonika*. The flocks appear to be composed entirely of lambs, for one never hears of mutton. It is baked, boiled, stewed, and roasted on the spit, and as a rule it is

skinny and flaccid, bearing only a remote resemblance to the viand known to us under that name. But it is usually eaten with vegetables in the form of a ragout. No matter what vegetable is used, they all taste alike. This is owing to the *salsa*, a sauce composed of oil and tomatoes. It has an indescribable flavour, not in the least like that of tomatoes, for the fresh fruit is not used, but a preserve made of pounded tomatoes and looking like anchovy paste. This compound and oil are the besetting sins of the Greek cook. He drenches everything in oil, and in this he differs from the Turk. Moreover, he cannot cook rice. The Turk cooks rice as it is cooked in India, every grain is separate, and the result is a light and wholesome dish. The Greek *pilaf* is a heavy, pasty mess. Charcoal is the fuel used for cooking purposes, and it is the best adapted to the grill. Get a Greek to grill some lamb cutlets—about half a dozen equal the bulk of a mutton chop—and he will turn out something palatable, as there is no possibility of using oil or *salsa*. And he will strew the cutlets with dried and pounded savoury herbs—a practice which might be imitated at home, as a variation from the inevitable tomato sauce. It is wise in Greece to study simplicity in the matter of food. Olives are nutritious; curdled milk—*yaoort*—is delicious and wholesome. A good point in the Greek dietary is the cooked salad of wild herbs—*radikia*—an excellent tonic, but be careful to have control of the oil-flask or you will find

your salad swimming in a lake of oil. Then there is fruit in its season—always excessively dear, by the way, in Athens. The flavour of a new potato or of green peas or artichokes you will never know, unless you cook them yourself. The sugar-pea, called by the French *mange-tout*, for the pod is eaten as well as the seed, is grown extensively for the Athenian market—it ought to be better known in England. I remember seeing it once in a Wiltshire garden. Thinking to renew acquaintance with it in an Athens restaurant, I was served with an amorphous mass which tasted, alas, of naught but rather rancid oil—and *salsa*. Sweets in Greece are purely Turkish and are called by their Turkish names, *cadaif*, *baklava*, etc. Like the Turks, the Greeks eat young cucumbers in large quantities, not in salad, but with the addition only of a little salt. They are grateful and refreshing in the warm weather of early summer. On the other hand, they prize things which the Turks will not touch—snails, for example, and the octopus, and the cuttle-fish, which is very popular, but not tempting in appearance. When cooked it looks like a dish of ink. The long fasts enjoined by the Orthodox Church lead to a very large consumption of salt fish and caviar—not the Astrakhan caviar, which is as costly as in England—but red caviar, which is imported in tubs. This is pounded with garlic and lemon juice into what is called *tarama salata* and is eaten with oil. It is a distinctively Greek dish. The Greeks, like the Turks, have the commend-

able habit of plucking vegetable marrows when they are quite young. They are eaten as a ragout, or stuffed with rice, or fried in slices. The *bamia*—*hibiscus esculentus*—is an excellent vegetable of high dietetic value. Lemon juice is squeezed into almost every dish and it certainly acts as a corrective to the *salsa*. Frugality is the keynote of the Greek household. As stated above, bread and olives form the staple food. The French traveller Tournefoot remarked two centuries ago, "A Greek will grow fat where an ass might die of hunger," and the remark still holds good. But the Greek feasts sometimes. A dinner of circumstance in the provinces might be somewhat as follows: Tomato soup, made of water and oil, with slices of lemon floating in it. Boiled lamb and pepper pods and rice soaked in oil. A vegetable, young marrows or beans with more oil and lemon. Lamb roasted on the spit. Goat's-milk cheese, hard and salt. Black olives. Fruit, if in season. This would be accompanied by plentiful libations of resinated wine—a beverage whose odour has been compared to various things—furniture polish and melted sealing-wax among others. A high dignitary of the Church from Constantinople said of it many centuries ago, that it resembled the juice of the pine tree rather than that of the grape, an observation that is strictly true. To the novice it is extremely nauseous, and some people never acquire the taste. To the Greek it is nectar. He lauds its flavour of turpentine on account of its

alleged peptic qualities. And it must be said, in truth, that it is the only table beverage in Greece, for Greek wines are either very luscious or strong and heady, and only to be used very sparingly. The Greeks, as a rule, abstain from them altogether, but drink freely of their favourite *retsinata*. The red wine is the most highly charged with resin and is acrid. But the white is in universal use. It varies in quality ; some of the best is grown in the neighbourhood of Eleusis. It is impregnated with resin ; it is said to preserve it, and the practice dates from antiquity. The fact is that Greece cannot produce, or the Greeks cannot make, a palatable light table wine like those of France or the Tuscan wines of Italy.

The Greek customs and ceremonies attendant upon birth, marriage, and death are many, and some of them peculiar. The newly born Greek child is bathed in luke-warm wine in which myrtle leaves are steeped. It is then covered with a layer of salt, which being washed off, money is thrown into the water by the relatives as a perquisite for the midwife. When a young Mainote comes into the world he is rubbed with pepper and salt, perhaps to give him a foretaste of the hard life of that rugged province. The priest cuts a few hairs from his head, joins them with wax from an altar taper, and throws them into the water which will be used for his baptism. Then his amulet is put round his neck, and so he is started on his career. Local customs vary.

Among the poor of Athens, the infant's first garment is made out of an old shirt of the father. In Rhodes, on the eighth day after birth, its lips are touched with honey by a child, who must be the eldest of a family, with the words "Be as sweet as this honey." In Cyprus the cutting of the first tooth is made the occasion of a family festival. Friends assemble, songs are sung, and the child is ceremonially bathed in water and boiled wheat, after which thirty-two of the boiled grains are strung on a thread and stitched to its cap. There is no fixed limit of time for baptism, but it often takes place a week after birth. It is a much more elaborate function than with us and lasts about an hour. The infant is rubbed all over with oil by his godfather. The priest mingles oil with the water in the font, blows upon it and in the infant's face, to exorcise evil spirits, then takes it in his hands, holds it up towards the east, and passes it through the air, making with it the sign of the cross. Then comes the trine immersion. The infant is dipped three times in the water so that its entire body is covered each time. Then the priest anoints it, making the sign of the cross with the holy oil on the forehead, the tongue, the breast, the back, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet. It is carried three times solemnly round the font by the godfather, and if a boy, the priest carries it to the iconostasis and holds it up three times before the altar. There are other ritual details accompanied

by prayers and recitations of the creed, and the dressing of the infant partakes of a ritual character, so that the ceremony is a lengthy one. What the person principally concerned thinks of it all he does not say, but he usually gives inarticulate expression to his feelings. Henceforward he or she has a name. Before baptism the infant is often called *sideros*, iron, in the hope that it will be strong. The male infant is a *neepion*, baby, till he is three, when he becomes *pais*, a boy. At twelve he is *ephebos*, a youth, at eighteen he is *neanias*, a young man, and at twenty-two he is *andros*, a full-grown man.

Marriages take place at all seasons except the month of May. The day chosen is usually Sunday, but the day of all days in the year is the Sunday preceding the Christmas fast. It is not fashionable now to be married in church. In Athens the ceremony takes place in the house of the bride's parents. A temporary altar is set up in the middle of the room. At the conclusion of the ceremony the priest and the couple join hands and walk three times round the altar, the guests pelting them with comfits. The most important part of the ceremony is the crowning of the bride and bridegroom with wreaths of orange blossom. Hence a wedding is popularly called the crowning. The *koumbáros* or best man holds the wreaths over the heads of the couple whilst the priest blesses them. He then crowns them, and afterwards at the time specified in the ritual changes

the crowns. The position of the *koumbàros* is one of real responsibility. In case of the death of the husband, it is his duty to look after the widow and children, if there are any. He is usually also the godfather of the first child—an artificial relationship with us, but not with the Greeks. The godfather becomes the brother of the parents, the uncle of the other children, and the tie is as strict as though the relationship were one of blood. It acts as a bar to intermarriage, for instance.

Love marriages are rare exceptions. The match is made by the parents and relatives rather than by the parties principally concerned, though they generally have an opportunity of learning something of each other. There are certain established usages which, though not legally binding, are not to be contravened with impunity. Thus it is considered wrong for brothers to marry until their sisters have been wed. Again, girls must marry in order of seniority. It would not be right for a girl to be married whilst she had an elder sister who remained single. The men of a family are thus naturally anxious to see their sisters settled, and as a dowry is indispensable, its provision is often a matter of serious anxiety and the fruit of great self-denial on the part of the brothers, if the parents are dead. There are cases in which brothers have remained unmarried for years, and have devoted all their hard-earned savings to the dowries of their sisters. Among

the poorer classes emigration is resorted to, not infrequently, solely with this object, and many a dowry comes to a Greek maiden from across the Atlantic. This is a bright side of domestic life in Greece. Though woman has not the same freedom as with us, she is never left to her own resources. The family tie is, as a rule, closer and held more sacred.

Wedding customs differ with the locality, but the central feature, the crowning, is never absent. Marriage among the peasantry is more picturesque than among the townsfolk. In remote districts and in the islands quaint ceremonials linger, some of them peculiar to the region in which the wedding takes place. Generally speaking, the engaged couple must not be seen together before the betrothal. On the day appointed the parents of both parties meet in the house of the priest. The future bride, veiled, is brought there by two of her friends and presented to the bridegroom, who leads her to the priest and asks for his blessing. Then the troth is plighted by the exchange of rings in the priest's presence. The couple see no more of each other until their wedding day. The wedding presents, which include the domestic utensils and furniture of the new home, are carried in solemn procession through the village in many districts. There is feasting in the houses of both bride and bridegroom on the eve of the wedding day. The materials are provided by the guests and relatives, and the wedding feast is

often furnished by the *koumbàros*. The ceremonial dressing of the bride by her girl friends is an important function, and is generally accompanied by the singing of songs bearing on the event. In Sparta, when the bride comes home, the bridegroom's mother awaits her at the door holding a glass of honey and water. The bride drinks some of it, in order that her words may be sweet as honey. The rest is smeared over the lintel, that the house may be free from strife. One of the guests breaks a pomegranate on the threshold. These rites form no part of the ceremonial prescribed by the Church, but the rustics cling to them. They are undoubtedly survivals of pagan antiquity. They vary among the different populations. In some of the Cyclades the pomegranate is thrown at the door and thus broken. If some of the seeds stick it is considered a good omen. In Rhodes the pomegranate is placed on the threshold of the new dwelling, and the bridegroom crushes it with his foot as he enters. But first he dips his finger in a cup of honey and traces a cross on the door, the guests crying, "Be good and sweet as this honey." As the bride enters they throw over her grain and cotton seed, and sprinkle her with orange-flower water. In some districts the bridecake takes the form of small cakes of honey and sesame, which are not eaten at the wedding feast, but sent to the guests afterwards. Cyprus has many peculiar customs, among which is the solemn bathing of the bride

by her friends, and the bridegroom by his, a week before the marriage, a relic of lustral rites. Mount Pelion and the Magnesian peninsula differ from other localities in the fact that the bridegroom is not bound to refrain from speaking to the bride before marriage, which invariably takes place on a Sunday. On the previous Thursday there is the public kneading of the wedding loaves in the houses of the parents on both sides. On the Friday the betrothed partake of the Holy Communion together, and "the crowning" is in the future home, whilst the wedding feast is held in the houses of both families. Among the Albanians there is one very important distinction. The husband receives no dowry with his bride. On the contrary, he supplies the trousseau, together with a sum of money previously agreed upon. Instead of the wife purchasing the husband, the husband purchases the wife. The wedding ceremonies begin on the previous Monday with the grinding of the corn, which is accompanied by rejoicings at the mill. On the Thursday there is the ceremonial bringing in of the wood for the fires and the baking of the cakes. The dough must be kneaded by a young girl, who is attired in the clothes and wears the arms of the bridegroom. The latter and his friends throw coins into the kneading-trough, her perquisites. It is an essential that both her parents must be living. On the wedding morn the bridegroom and his friends proceed first to the bride's house, where he is

sprinkled with water by her mother, who uses a spray of flowers for the purpose. The bridegroom's party then sit down to a repast whilst the bride is being dressed. Then there is a procession, accompanied by the priest, to the bridegroom's house, where the crowning takes place. The best man, *vlam* he is called, has many functions to perform. The bride is dressed by her friends, save for her girdle and shoes. It is the part of the *vlam* to invest her with these. Then he has to attend her in the procession, to see that she does not fall off her horse or mule, for she rides. He must also take care that she enters the house right foot foremost, a matter of grave importance. Then he has to unveil her for the crowning, and the veil must be lifted with a silver object, usually the handle of a dagger. Finally it is incumbent on him to steal two objects whilst the guests are making merry—ornaments or articles of domestic use. They are, of course, restored afterwards. Sir Rennell Rodd suggests that this ritual theft has its origin in the idea of placating Nemesis by some material loss in the midst of joy. In any case, did it not occur, there would be forebodings of ill to the young couple. The marriage rites do not end with the religious ceremony. On the Monday the two families and the guests assemble to witness the eating of bread and honey by the newly married pair. Then all proceed to the village well or spring, where bride and bridegroom sprinkle each other with water.

Afterwards the bridegroom offers a repast to his father-in-law, and the next day the latter feasts him in turn, together with the principal guests. Thus the wedding and its attendant rites last a week and a day—rather a trying task for the principal parties concerned—but the Albanian bride has the privilege of being exempted from all work, except that of a light character, for the first year of her married life. A volume might be written about the local customs which differentiate peasant marriage. Mr. Theodore Bent attended a marriage in the island of Santorin, at which priest and bride and bridegroom literally danced round the altar. The foregoing description, however, will serve to convey a notion of the general features of a Greek wedding. Among the nomad Vlach shepherds the proceedings differ entirely. The bridegroom and his supporters simulate the ancient tribal custom of marriage by capture. They arrive fully armed and carry off the bride after a feigned resistance, and a sharp combat amid shouting and much firing of their long guns. These picturesque accessories are, of course, lacking in the nuptials held in the large towns, and an Athenian wedding is a tame affair. It loses by not being held in church, for the guests in the drawing-room have a habit of chatting all the way through the ceremony. The English traveller Wheler saw a marriage procession at Athens in the year 1675. Describing the bride, he says: "Her face is so

bedaubed with gross paint that it is not easy to determine whether she be flesh and blood, or a statue made of plaster." She walked so slowly that she could hardly be said to move at all. Wheler remarks further: "Wives go little abroad, and daughters never, as I could learn, till they go to church to be married." The Athenian bride of to-day is better off than her ancestress in these respects. That scarcely perceptible progression, which may be taken to signify modest reluctance, is still customary in some Greek villages of Turkey. It is universal in Egypt, where the bride walks beneath a closed canopy hidden from the public gaze; but among the Christians of the Lebanon the bride is to be seen, paint and all.

Greeks, Albanians, and Vlachs marry each their own folk. Mixed marriages are very rare. The rural population hold the marriage tie and all family relationships in great reverence. They are very chaste and divorce is unknown among them, though by no means rare among the richer classes of Athens.¹

All who have lived in Greek lands, in or out of Greece, know the peculiar wailing chant which heralds the approach of a funeral. First comes the bearer of the coffin-lid, held upright, swathed in purple gauze and decked with flowers and tinsel. A boy can carry it with ease, for it is made of the lightest substance, purposely destructible. It is

¹ Divorce is granted by the ecclesiastical authorities, not by a civil court.

followed by acolytes with cross and banners, and the priest in coloured vestments, though of late in Athens the white surplice has come into fashion for funerals. After the clergy comes the coffin, carried low on staves. It is open, and the body, dressed as for a festival, is exposed to the gaze of all the world. Black clothes and white gloves is the usual garb of the civilian. Officers of the army or navy are dressed in full uniform. Ladies are clad in silken robes, white, and gay with flowers. It is rather startling to the stranger, and even after one is used to it, there is always something ghastly in this decking of the dead with the frippery of the living. The Greeks say that it took its rise under the Turkish domination, the Turks requiring the coffin to be opened in order to prevent the smuggling of arms into the country in the guise of a funeral. But the Turks are gone and the custom still obtains. Its origin dates probably from a period ere the Turks were a nation. In ancient times the dead were clad in their finest apparel and crowned with a garland. The relatives do not accompany the body to the shallow grave, but take leave of it at the cemetery chapel. The clothes are removed before burial, and in the case of the rich, are usually cut up. Church dignitaries were carried to the tomb, not many years ago, seated in a chair, dressed in full canonicals. A candle is usually left burning by the grave in an earthenware vessel, and the staves upon which the bier was borne are left stuck upright in the ground. After

three years have elapsed, the bones are dug up, washed in wine, and preserved in the ossuary. Those who pay for it have the bones of their relatives collected and hung up in sacks. Rows of them may be seen in the pavilion in the cemetery at Athens. They are numbered and registered, so that they may be identified. The bones of the poor are exhumed also, but they are thrown pell-mell into the common charnel-house, the hair in many cases still adhering to the skulls. The dead monks in their habits in the Capuccini at Palermo, and also at Malta, make rather a ghastly spectacle, but one in which there is order and purpose. But there is no redeeming feature in the gruesome pit at Athens. This treatment of the debris of humanity is cynical. Not only does it lack reverence, but common decency. There is no memory of the past, no dream of the future. The sight is painful, and brings with it a sense, not of humiliation, but rather of degradation. It is to the credit of the Athenian press that it has more than once called attention to it as a public scandal.

There are many local funeral customs, but one is almost universal, that of breaking a pitcher on the threshold when a funeral leaves the house. In Corfu the house is left unswept for three days and then the broom is burnt. Professional mourners still flourish in some of the provinces and islands, but their services are not in general request as formerly. The myrology or dirge sung in the house of mourning and over the grave on anniver-

saries still survives, and in Thessaly there are women famous for these improvised laments. There no other songs are sung for a year by those who have lost a relative, and the survivors sing over their grave for a few moments when they pass the cemetery. But myrology as a profession is on the decline. It has always been the exclusive appanage of women, and its increasing desuetude means a loss of revenue for the female portion of the population. The earnings of a myrologist of repute are considerable. Some of them display real dramatic talent in their simulated grief, and these do not sing the cut-and-dried myrologies, but improvise for the occasion, and sedulously practise their art. What consolation the bereaved could ever have derived from these histrionic lamentations is a question that may be left to psychologists. They are, like much else in Greece, a heritage of the distant past, lingering chiefly in communities that have come least in contact with outside influences. The Suliote women gathering round the bier, and rehearsing by turns the principal actions in the life of the deceased, as described by Millingen and other travellers, during the War of Independence, is reminiscent of the Homeric age. The funeral cakes—*kolliva*—baked on the third, ninth, twentieth, and fortieth days after burial, are a survival of paganism. They are partly broken up over the grave, partly eaten, and partly given away. Among other ingredients they contain parsley—the symbol of death. In ancient

times a person *in extremis* was said to want parsley, and down to the early nineteenth century at least, a sprig of parsley was a malign gift, signifying a wish for the recipient's death. White garments are worn as mourning in Thessaly, and the women go about with uncovered head and loosened hair. In conservative Maina the myrology still flourishes. All fires and lights are extinguished at death and are not relit for a week. Consequently there is no cooking, and at the funeral feast the guests bring prepared food. Bread and wine are placed near the dead, and if a man, his arms are laid by his side, together with an amulet to ward off evil spirits. Last of all, the priest blesses a nail, which is driven into the door. This is done in order that the deceased may rest quietly. The women cut off a lock of their hair and throw it into the grave, and I am told, but I have not witnessed it, that sometimes the men scratch their faces. Both actions are relics of self-mutilation as an expression of grief. There is a touching dignity in the last farewell of the Mainote men. They gather round the bier and cry plaintively, *Adelphè, Adelphè, Adelphè*—O brother! O brother! O brother! Then for a few moments they stand motionless with bowed heads, after which they utter the same words, softly this time, almost in a whisper—*Adelphè, Adelphè, Adelphè*—then they kiss the brow of the dead and depart in silence.

CHAPTER V

THE GREEK PEOPLE

THIS book is concerned with the Hellenic Kingdom. Hellas beyond the frontiers does not come within its province. But it would be entirely misleading to leave it out of account. Many, nay one may say most of the Westerns who know the Greeks and are familiar with their language have never set foot in the dominions of King George. Greek is the mother-tongue of the Western child brought up in Smyrna or Constantinople. The inhabitants of Greece form but a fraction of the Greek people. From Epirus at the gate of the Adriatic right round to Bourgas on the Black Sea the coast is peopled by Greeks, and a Greek fringe extends along the Asiatic littoral of the Euxine to distant Trebizonde, where the spoken tongue still retains some of the classic forms.

The Ægean is Greek on both its shores and all its islands. When Byron wrote "The Isles of Greece" he had in his mind chiefly the Asiatic islands; Samos with the refrain "Fill high the bowl with Samian wine"; Mytilene, "where burning Sappho loved and sung"; Scio and

Teos, "the Scian and the Teian Muse," as Greek now as they were in the days of Homer and Anacreon. Still Greek are the neighbouring shores of Ionia and Caria. The harbourless southern coast of Asia Minor is sparsely inhabited, but Greeks are scattered through Lycia to Adalia, and become more dense in Cilicia, within sight of Troödos, the loftiest peak of Cyprus, where out of a mixed population of 237,000 there are 182,739 Orthodox Greeks and some thousands more of other faiths whose mother-tongue is Greek.

In the country behind Smyrna they stretch far up the valleys of the Meander, the Hermus, and the Cayster. Far in the interior are isolated patches of Greeks—on Lake Egidir, and on the plateau of the Axylon near Iconium; whilst Cæsarea, in far-off Cappadocia, is the centre of a large and active population whose offshoots extend towards the head-waters of the Tigris.

Over on the European continent, though driven from Eastern Roumelia to the number of some 40,000 by the Bulgarians, the Greeks are increasing on the Thracian plain from Adrianople to the Bosphorus. They till the land round Constantinople, and within that cosmopolitan city they are the most active element. The visitor to Pera finds himself in a town mainly Greek. The servants, the tradesmen are Greek. In professional and mercantile pursuits Greeks preponderate. Across the Golden Horn, in Stamboul, where

Franks do not dwell, he will find wedges of Greeks among the Turkish inhabitants. The Phanar, a densely peopled quarter, clusters round the Patriarchate. Far away from this, in the heart of Stamboul, the writer was once startled at seeing the name of Comnenos over a druggist's shop, in a district wholly Turkish. The triple fortifications extend along the base of the triangular city from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, a distance of some four miles. There, nestling beneath the walls where fell the last Constantine, a ribbon of Greek population reminds the visitor that he is in Byzantium. On the seaward face of the city, still clinging to the walls, in some cases using their dismantled towers as dwellings, he finds Greeks again in larger numbers. Yonder on the Asiatic shore stands Kadikeuy, on the site of old Chalcedon. There he will hear the Greek tongue, will see Greek names over the shops, will rub shoulders on the pier with Greek merchants who transact business in European Galata and have their homes in Asia. Farther away lie the Princes Islands, and there the Greek element is the dominant one. Beyond the islands, Greek villages dot the coast of the Gulf of Nicomedia. On the Bosphorus, the largest and most prosperous centres of population—Therapia, Buyukdere, Yeni Keui—are chiefly or wholly Greek, and in its waters Greek fishermen cast their nets. For the city of the Sultans is still, in its people, largely the city of the Constantines.

Three small islands near Rhodes—Kalymnos, Nisyros, and Leros—chiefly the latter, which was first in the field—have supplied most of the material for the Egyptian colony, which both in wealth and numbers far exceeds other sections of the foreign population of the Delta. From these rocks, for they are little more, come the pioneers who traded in the Soudan. Greek store-keepers were established at Khartoum when that region belonged to the domain of the explorer. Nor is Khartoum the southernmost limit of the adventurous Greek trader. Livingstone found him in the neighbourhood of the Equatorial Lakes.

But it is not in commercial enterprise alone that Greater Hellas has shone. The Isle of Psara gave to Greece Constantine Kanares, her greatest naval hero. Scio counts among her sons physicians of European reputation, as well as scholars and men of letters, chief of whom is Korais, the builder of the literary language of modern Greece. Aivali, on the Asian mainland opposite Mytilene, Ambelachia, on Mount Ossa, and Yanina, in Epirus, had their colleges and were centres of culture when Athens still sat in darkness. Epirus, still beyond the pale, continues to furnish the kingdom with some of its most capable and distinguished men.

Are the modern Greeks descendants of the Greeks of the classic age? The writer does not pretend to do more than make a brief statement



AN EPIROTE.

based on the arguments of those whose knowledge entitles them to its discussion. The conclusion of Fallmerayer that the Greek race is extinct, that it has been replaced by Slavs, and that, consequently, there is not a particle of Greek blood in the veins of the Greek-speaking people of to-day, is now generally discountenanced. It was refuted by a great authority, Karl Hopf, on the ground that Fallmerayer had relied on documentary evidence proved to be false. Hopf also pointed to the paucity of Slav traces, as in the case of place names—an impossible condition if the country had been entirely repopled by them. The persistence of the Greek language upholds those who favour the Hellenic descent of the modern Greeks. But philologists tell us that language is a social, not a racial product; yet if the Slavs became the dominant population of Greece, why do their descendants speak Greek? The language of England is that of the Teuton, not the Celt. When the Franks invaded the Peloponnesus in the thirteenth century they found Slav colonies in certain spots on the mountains, distinct from the Greeks. To this day, in the Albanian districts of Greece, even in the vicinity of Athens, the language is Albanian. The late Sir Richard Jebb maintained that the Greek language had an unbroken life from prehistoric times. The classic tongue was understood by the people until 750 A.D., and by 900 A.D. it had ceased to be used. Between 1100 and 1200 spoken Greek began to have a

literature, and in the thirteenth century it was in general use. The change from ancient to modern Greek is one common to languages, from the synthetic to the analytic. Professor Mahaffy says that the language is that of Plato essentially, despite development and decay. No one who has a knowledge of ancient and modern Greek can deny this. Latin died and left a legacy to posterity in the Romance tongues, but Greek has always been Greek and is living still. As to the artificial reintroduction of Greek from Byzantium, Sir Rennell Rodd opposes that theory on the ground that varieties of dialect point to a direct inheritance of tradition. Moreover, herdsmen and husbandmen employ a greater number of ancient words than the townsfolk. This fact tends to prove that the ancient race has lived on in all its purity away from the beaten tracks. Sir Rennell Rodd maintains that a nationality several times extinguished in its hereditary seat has succeeded in overshadowing and absorbing the various elements which had threatened to overwhelm it. Professor Mahaffy asserts that the main body of the people are Greek like their tongue, and adduces as an argument the fact that in the Greek colonies the barbarians spoke Greek, but when Greek influence was withdrawn returned to their own language. He also insists on the resemblance in character between ancient and modern Greeks—Athenians told him that his *Social Life in Greece* was based on studies of

the moderns, whereas that work was written long ere he visited Greece. Sir Richard Jebb attests his belief in the undying Greek nationality, "bound to the old Greeks by ties of race and character and language. The Greek has never been able to strip himself of his Hellenic character, whether the influence was wielded by Roman or Ottoman, Venice or Russia, France or Great Britain, and it will be so to the end."

Hellenists approach the question with a pardonable bias in favour of a people who still speak the tongue of Hellas. Ethnologists, lacking the enthusiasm of the scholars, take more cautious views. Though most of them allow that Greek blood enters into a Hellenised conglomerate, some of them incline to the opinion that community of language and tradition rather than lineage is the link between the moderns and the ancients. Mr. D. G. Hogarth points out that the broad skull of the European "Hellene" of to-day is still further removed than that of the Greek of Asia from the long skull of the Greek of old. Nevertheless, he admits that there is a surviving strain of Hellenic blood, itself largely contaminated, even in antiquity, and now mixed with that of Slav, Albanian, Vlach, and Turk.

There can be no doubt that those Greeks who claim a pure descent from the nation which was conquered by the Romans in 146 B.C. overstate their case as much as Fallmerayer did his. Apart from physiological improbability, the vicissitudes

which the country has suffered point the other way. The long Roman subjection, the invasions of Avar, Slav, and Norman, the Frankish domination of more than two and a half centuries, the Venetian conquests, and the Turkish rule of nearly four hundred years cannot but have left some traces. To these must be added the many immigrations and intrusions of a peaceful character. In 1397, long before the Turkish Conquest, Anatolian Turks settled in considerable numbers in Thessaly, and early in the following century about six thousand families came to augment the colony. These people were known as Koniarides, from Konia, the ancient Iconium, their place of origin. About the same period there was an influx of Yuruks, the pastoral nomads of Turkish race who are still to be met with on the uplands of Asia Minor. A little later Mohamed II divided large districts into military fiefs granted to Turks who had served him and his predecessors. Not so long ago, two Turks, landowners of Thessaly, sat as members of the Greek Parliament. It may be urged that the progeny of Greek intermarriage with Turks remained Mohammedans, distinct from the Greek population, but there must have been some leakage. There were, and probably still are, a score of families in the deme of Boeae, and a whole village near Kastania, speaking Greek and devout Christians, who are known to be descendants of Turks converted during the revolution of 1821. At the capture of

Athens in 1687 by the Venetians, thirty Turks were voluntarily baptised, a remarkable occurrence because so rare.¹ The origin of the descendants of these and others is now lost, but Turkish names are by no means rare in Greece.

But there are two non-Hellenic peoples in Greece of whose presence there can be no doubt, since they have in part preserved their language, the Albanians and the Vlachs. The latter speak a dialect of Latin mingled with other elements. The Albanians speak Skypetar, an Aryan tongue, claiming to be older than Greek itself. This is not the place to discuss the origin and history of these most interesting races nor the dates of their arrival in Greece. The Vlachs principally inhabit the ranges of Pindus, though they spread into other regions. The Albanians, by the fifteenth century, were scattered all over the Morea, and to-day they form the bulk of the population of Attica, Argolis, and Megaris, with the adjacent

¹ Instances of Christians embracing Islam are far more numerous. Many of the wealthier classes apostatised in the earlier years of the Turkish domination. Out of forty-eight Grand Viziers after the Conquest twelve only were Turks. The majority of Grand Viziers before the middle of the seventeenth century were renegades or drawn from the tribute children of Christian origin, many of whom attained that rank. The famous Barbarossa was a Greek renegade of Mytilene. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many of the poorer classes apostatised, the Cretan Greeks, who are now "Turks," among others. The Turks of the Vizistra Valley, in Macedonia, are Greek in blood. There were many renegades in Eubœa, some of whose descendants still remain at Chalcis. It has been reckoned that at the close of the seventeenth century at least a million Mohammedans in Europe were of Christian descent.

islands, and a large proportion of that of Achaia and Bœotia. They occupy the southern half of Eubœa and the northern half of Andros. Corinth, Marathon, Plataea, Mantinea, Leuctra, Eleusis, Salamis—names great in Hellenic story—are peopled, not by Greeks, but by Albanians; whilst Vlachs feed their flocks on the slopes of Parnassus. About eleven per cent of the population of Greece speak Skypetar, the language of the Albanians. The tongue is doomed. Military service and the schoolmaster are its foes. There are nevertheless villages within walking distance of Athens where the women and children understand very little Greek. The men are bilingual, but many communities, notably in the Morea, have lost their language, though not their sturdy character. Both Albanian and Vlach are loyal Hellenes. They have identified themselves with the nation and have brought into it an element of strength and stability. The Vlachs are mainly pastoral and the Albanians agricultural. In fact there are few agricultural districts in Greece where the population is purely Greek. Town life is, as it has ever been, more congenial to the Greek than rural occupations. It is significant that whilst the soil of Hellas is left to the tillage of the Albanian and the care of the flocks to the Vlach, the Greek is found in remote towns in Turk and Arab lands, content to follow his favourite pursuit of trading, amid alien surroundings.

It is probable that Greece proper is, racially,

the least Greek of Greek lands. There is more Hellenic blood in the Cyclades and Sporades, on the mainland of Asia, nay, even among the "Turks" of Crete. Compare the diversity of physical types one meets with in Greece, "where every variety of facial angle accosts the eye,"¹ with the regular features and uniformity of the purer-blooded Cretans, whether Christian or Moslem. The Greeks of the kingdom, generally speaking, may dispute this, though it should be a matter of pride to them rather than otherwise. An Englishman does not feel hurt if he is told that he is not a direct descendant of the Ancient Britons, for he knows that his mixed blood has endowed him with qualities which but for it he would lack. And it is the same with the Greeks. Mr. Hogarth puts it thus: "Those great and noble qualities which the modern Greek has displayed so conspicuously this century past belong to him, to my thinking, in spite, not because, of his possessing a little old Hellenic blood. . . . The stock that was *græculus* even in the Augustan Age has been passing down the road of racial decay these two thousand years, to be combined now in Greece with younger and ruder races."²

An Athenian once said to the writer: "I hate Ajax and Achilles and all the rest of them. Greeks sit down and glorify them, and do not think it worth while to do anything more." There

¹ D. G. Hogarth, *The Nearer East*.

² D. G. Hogarth, *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant*.

was truth in his statement. Though it is well for a nation to have an ideal, it is futile to live on the reputation of one's ancestors. It may be doubted whether cultured Europe rendered a service to the Greeks in persuading them that they were the children of the builders of the Parthenon. The Greek has fine qualities, but vanity is his pit-fall. In contemplating the greatness of the past, he failed to perceive the gulf which separated him from it. Before the nineteenth century no Greek would have dreamed of calling himself a Hellene. Since the time of Justinian he had been a Roman. His traditions did not go beyond the Pandects and the Orthodox Church. He knew of the *Helladoikoi* vaguely as pagans and giants, but it is doubtful whether he would have taken pride in them as ancestors. The ruins of their buildings he attributed to giants or a mythic Constantine. The writer remembers being puzzled many years ago at Constantinople by a little girl who seemed to doubt his title to the appellation of his creed. "You tell me you are a Christian. You are making fun of me. You are not a Christian. I am a Christian, but I know you are an Englishman." Aglaia was quite right from her point of view. From the time of the Turkish Conquest *Christianos* had been the symbol of nationality. It was synonymous with Greek. Aglaia only meant that I was not a Greek. The term is still used in that sense in Athens itself. "Roman," however, is obsolete, though it is in

popular use elsewhere, so that in coming to Greece from other Greek-speaking lands one has to be careful to substitute *Hellenòs* and *Hellenikà* for the *Romaìos* and *Romaika*, with which one has become familiar. The Athenian would raise his eyebrows if he were alluded to as a Roman, or his tongue as Romaic. It was not so formerly. Byron wrote from Athens in 1811 that he had made some progress in Romaic.

The Greek clergy always kept up a knowledge of the ancient tongue, but their schools had little influence on the people, since a common literary dialect of the modern language did not exist. That powerful instrument in the revival of Hellas was mainly the work of two scholars, Eugenios Bulgares, a priest of Corfu, and Korais, of Scio, at the other end of Hellas. Eugenios endeavoured to reform the schools. His plea for religious toleration roused the ire of the clergy. He was silenced and went to Russia, where he became Bishop of Kherson. Meanwhile the Patriarch of Jerusalem wrote a tract, in which he told the Greeks that Heaven had raised up the Turkish Empire to protect them against heresy and to be the barrier against the West, so that they might escape the snares of Satan, who had led Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, and others into the path of perdition. This was the temper that the pioneers of enlightenment encountered among their countrymen. But the work of Eugenios lived and was carried on by Korais, who wisely took up his resi-

dence in Paris. He would have been impossible in Greece in its then condition. The foundation of the schools, and the sacrifices made by their founders, make a bright page in the history of modern Greece. But it needed more than enlightened scholars to bring about her liberation. And here came in the Albanians and the Vlachs. The latter gave to young Greece statesmen like Kolettes. The former gave her heroes. The Albanians bore the brunt of the War of Independence—nay, without them it would never have been won. The seamen of Hydra, the soldiers of Suli were Albanians, and they included such men as Miaoulis and Marco Bozzaris. Yet these were all Hellenes in heart and soul. Mezzaris, a Byzantine satirist of the fourteenth century, refers to the inhabitants of the Morea as a barbarous rabble of Greeks, Franks, Slavs, and Albanians of whose improvement there was no hope. Yet this “barbarous rabble” triumphed where the Byzantine had failed. It was the Morea that unfurled the flag of Liberty in 1821. From the “barbarous rabble” arose a new nation, Hellenic in type and character. The indomitable spirit of Hellenism absorbed the newer elements and made them one with itself. Byzantine civilisation, like the Byzantine Court, was essentially Asiatic. In the nineteenth century Greece became once more the eye of Hellas. Modern Hellenes need no greater glory than this.

CHAPTER VI

FAITH AND FOLK-LORE

THE Christian Creed was unfolded to Greece in the first half of the first century, but it made slow progress among a people to whom pagan beliefs—or rather, perhaps, pagan customs—were congenial. In the days of Constantine and Constans and Valens the inhabitants of Hellas persisted in their attachment to the ancient cults. Libanius speaks of being on his way to the Spartan festival of the Whips, a contest of endurance. Valens passed a law forbidding the celebration of the antique rites, but granted an exemption in favour of Greece at the solicitation of the Pro-Consul of that province of the Empire. It was not until Justinian that the temples were affected to the service of Christianity and their endowments to the support of the Christian clergy. But the faith preached aforetime in Galilee had put on a vesture of mingled paganism and orientalism. Pallas Athenè was no longer invoked, and the Parthenon had become the church of the Panagia—the All Holy Virgin. But prelates went there on white horses, surrounded by their clergy in sumptuous attire,

and the archons entered the sacred building on horseback; whilst Athenian ladies, painted and perfumed, and escorted by eunuchs, were borne thither in litters by their slaves. Then came the abandonment of the temples and the building of a multitude of churches of small dimensions, examples of which have been preserved to us. The formularies and practices of the Eastern Church assumed the shape they have retained to this day. The Orthodox Church stood for the ethnic unit known as Greek—or, as it then called itself, Roman—*Romaïos*. It was the depository of the language, which it kept alive. It was the coherent force which conserved the nation. Hence, as we have seen, the term Christian has, for the Greek, a national as well as a religious sense, the former dominating the latter. The Œcumenical Patriarch, as head of the Church, was, *ipso facto*, the head of the nation. When Greece became free this attribute naturally ceased to exist. Moreover, it was impossible that a subject of the Porte, residing at Constantinople, should remain the head of the Church in Greece, and after many difficulties, at last, in 1850, the Church of Greece was recognised as free and independent. It is governed by the Holy Synod, consisting of the Metropolitan of Athens and four archbishops and bishops, who during their year of office must reside in the capital. Their jurisdiction over the episcopal sees into which the Church in Greece is divided is absolute. The Patriarch of Constanti-

nople is consulted, as a matter of form, on doctrinal points; but in fact the Church as constituted in Greece is as free from the Patriarchate as the Church of England is from the Papacy. The bishops are appointed by the king, albeit a Protestant. He chooses one of three names sent up by the Holy Synod. A bishop must be at least thirty years old, and must belong to the regular clergy. Here a word must be said as to the peculiar constitution of the Orthodox Church. The clergy are divided into two bodies, the monastic, or regular, and the secular. The former are celibates, the latter are obliged to marry before ordination, but they cannot marry a second time. The monastic clergy alone can become bishops. That is to say, that the hierarchy is the monopoly of monks. Next to the archbishops and bishops come the archimandrites, who are also regulars. Thus the wealth, dignities, and learning of the Church are concentrated in the hands of the monastic body. The bishops and a small staff of "preachers," whose services are chiefly required in Lent, are paid by the State. The secular clergy receive no stipend whatever, but derive their income solely from fees for baptisms, marriages, funerals, exorcisms, reading over the sick, etc. One who aspires to the career serves first as a reader, then as sub-deacon. At the age of twenty-five he is ordained deacon, and at thirty as priest. Goldsmith's parson "passing rich on forty pounds a year" outstrips the ambitions of

a rural *pappas* in Greece, who would consider himself well off on £30 or less. He is not allowed to trade, but he may till the soil, and does so, and one often sees him at the plough. When he is aged or infirm, his flock cultivate his patch and prune his vines for him. He is a peasant among peasants, possessing generally less education than his parishioners, who kiss his hand as a matter of custom, but owe him no respect. The people revere their Church, but not their clergy, who have no social standing and no learning. Theology means the recitation of formularies which have little or no meaning to them. I have heard of priests who cannot read, but I have never met one. I have, however, met several who do not pretend to understand what they read. Religion to them is a mere formal, material thing. Spiritual influence over their flock they have none. They administer the sacraments, and that is the sum of their duty. The multifarious organisations which demand the attention of a parish priest in the West are unknown to them. Their responsibilities are confined to their families, and do not extend to their parishioners, of whom they are the friends and equals, but nothing more. Yet the lot of the village *pappas* is not altogether an enviable one. His flock are not always ready to pay him his dues. Then he has to reckon with the communal council, a body which can make his life a thorny one if its members are adverse to him; with the deputy of the electoral division, who can procure

his recall if so minded ; and on the ecclesiastical side, with the bishops and synod, regulars who despise the secular clergy. Then he has often to contend with the *res angusta domi*—his family is seldom a small one, and always too large for his scanty income. The *pappas* is not an imposing figure, with his slippers down at heel, his black robe frayed and green with age. You may often find him seated at the café or the bakal's—the latter is a tavern as well as a provision store, and it is not infrequently kept by his son. Yet he is a worthy man, and the horny palm he presses to yours is an honest one. He is not the fanatic one is apt to meet in a Spanish *pueblo*, nor versed in intrigue, nor a drunkard like many a “pope” of a Russian village. His limitations are those of his environment. He does his duty according to his lights, and if these are dim the fault is not his.

The town clergy must have passed the examinations of a secondary school before they can take orders. Consequently they stand on a different level in the matter of education. As they work among a larger population, their gains are larger than those of the country. But they also depend solely upon the fees due for their ministrations. Their position is therefore somewhat similar to that held by the “pardoner” of Chaucer's day. This obligation to collect their income from the members of their flock and the absence of a fixed stipend derogates from their dignity, and deters

the better class of citizens from entering the priesthood. Yet the Greeks, in spite of their reverence for the Church, appear for the most part content with the social inferiority and scanty education of the ministers. The indifference is not universal. So far back as 1844, two brothers named Rizarès, natives of Epirus, founded a seminary named after them the Rizareion, with the express purpose of forming an educated clergy. The seminarists, in their black robes with the distinctive letter "R" worked in blue on the collar, and their long hair bunched into a chignon, attract the attention of the stranger in Athens. The Rizareion stands in a cypress-shaded garden, off the Kephissia Road. It is a well-conducted establishment, and accommodates ninety-five students, who follow a five years' course. The basis is naturally theology, but it includes Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, elementary physics, geography, and history, and, oddly enough, the principles of Greek sculpture, the original intention of which was, perhaps, to combat the clerical contempt for antique art, as pagan. In any case, a young man leaves the Rizareion with a mental equipment very different from that of the ordinary *pappas*. But unfortunately the majority do not enter the Church at all. Whilst still students they dabble in journalism, and afterwards engage in lay occupations. A wise provision stipulates that those on the foundation must enter the priesthood or pay full fees for the five years. But these form a small minority, and thus

the object of the founders of the institution is defeated. There is a faculty of theology at the University, but very few avail themselves of it, and its influence on the clergy is almost *nil*. Only orthodox commentators are admitted into the Divinity course, and consequently no modern languages are required, though the curriculum includes the elements of algebra, geometry, philosophy, history, and even medicine. The student who has obtained his degree of Doctor of Theology, if he aspires to the hierarchy, must enter a convent. Failing this, he repairs to a town which is the seat of a bishopric, where, perhaps, he may become the bishop's vicar-general, or he marries the daughter of an aged parish priest and succeeds to his cure; but as a member of the secular clergy he can look for nothing higher.

As we have seen, the dignities of the Church, with their emoluments, are the exclusive appanage of the regular clergy—*hieromonachoi* as they are called in contradistinction to the *kosmopapades*, or secular clergy. The two terms may be rendered, sacred celibates and fathers in the world. This gives to the former a position differing essentially from that of the monks of the West. Monastic life, too, in the Eastern Church is quite other than Western monasticism with its many rules and orders. In the East there is only one rule, that of St. Basil. The only distinction between the communities is that of cenobitic and idiorrhythmic.

In the former the monks live and eat in common. In the latter each member of the community possesses his own establishment and lives apart, conforming only to the general rule. There is no ascetic rule like that of the Trappists. There are no preaching friars like the Dominicans, no order devoted more especially to learning like the Benedictines, no communities and congregations consecrated to a special object. The monk of the East does not need to have a special vocation as in the West. He chooses the monastic life either as the only path to a place among the higher clergy, or as a means of leading a tranquil life, untrammelled by mundane cares. Among the former class may be found men well versed in theology, like the present Metropolitan of Athens, who has studied in Germany, or of considerable administrative ability. The latter neither know nor care anything about theology ; but, on the other hand, they are keenly interested in politics. I was never so sick of politics as once at the great convent of Megaspelion, where I spent a few days. The monk who acted as guest-master poured forth a never-ending stream of political opinions and forecasts, morning, noon, and night, much to his delight, but not to mine. Among other things, he referred to an old prophecy from which he drew the conclusion that Abdul Hamid would be the last Ottoman sultan, a prediction which would have been fulfilled if some extremists in Turkey had had their way. It is true it was the year of

the war, 1897, so there was some excuse for him, but it may be taken as a general rule that the average monk never opens the tomes of the Fathers, whilst he is a diligent student of the newspapers. The Orthodox Church has never passed through the crucible of the Reformation, and it may be that Greek monasteries, in their tone, resemble the Western monastic communities of the Middle Ages rather than the monasteries in Western lands to-day. It is certain, however, that the Greek monk is much nearer to the layman than his Latin brother. Recalling many, and, on the whole, pleasant experiences of Eastern convents and their inmates, this remains the salient impression. In the West I have never met with the jovial monk of tradition, but in the East I have. Megaspelion is one of the richest, as it is one of the oldest, monasteries in Greece. The monks are landed proprietors, but they let their farms. They do not even cultivate their own gardens, but doze away their time when not engaged in chanting the long offices. They get through these, lolling in their stalls in the cavern church in a perfunctory manner, chatting in the intervals, between the portions appointed to each. The monastery possesses a waxen image of St. Luke, supposed to be endowed with great virtues. Of far less account in the estimation of the monks is the dismantled library. True it does not contain much save a few old manuscript liturgies and a golden bull, in which

letters patent are granted to the convent by the Emperor John Palaeologus, whose signature appears in spidery characters in imperial vermilion. But they show with pride the rock-hewn cellars with their giant winebutts, each bearing a special name. As we wound down the ravine and looked back through the solemn pines at the convent niched like a swallow's nest on the perpendicular rock wall, the bells rang out a God-speed to the parting guests—last sign of the monks of Megaspelion. And now, distant in time and space, we know they still drone their chants and doze—out of the world, yet not oblivious of it, in so far as concerns its politics. The Eastern Church has known no Reformation, but in Greece its monasteries have been rudely awakened to the fact of dissolution. There were 593 of them until 1834, when 412 were dissolved. There are now some 200 with about 1600 monks. Galatakè, in Eubœa, is one of the largest, and it has received an accession of riches through the income derived from an English mining company which exploits manganese on estates belonging to the convent. Phaneromenè, a renowned convent on the island of Salamis, at one time converted to secular uses, has very few monks and boasts of little but its fine church. The Meteora convents in Thessaly, once twenty-four in number, are now only seven, and of these three are uninhabited, and the inmates of the rest are dwindling fast. Some valuable manuscripts were rescued from one only



MONASTERY OF HAGIA TRIADA, METEORA. *[Underwood & Underwood.]*

a few months ago. They are visited by travellers on account of their extraordinary situation, perched on lofty rock pinnacles, some of them approached by swaying rope-ladders, and others in a net or basket suspended by a rope wound up by a windlass. Some Greeks say there are still too many monks, and raise questions as to their utility. But whilst the Greek Church draws its prelates from a celibate clergy, monks of some sort there must always be. They are more numerous outside than inside Greece; the thousands on Mount Athos alone far outnumber those in the kingdom. They have long ceased to be learned; they exercise no spiritual influence; they destroy rather than preserve the historic buildings they occupy. Many a mosaic and fresco have vanished under the hands of abbots bent on making improvements. Nevertheless one could not but regret the final disappearance of the monasteries. All who have visited such establishments as the great convent of Helena and Constantine at Jerusalem must retain pleasant memories of its delightful terraced roofs stretching over the tunnelled streets of the city to the dome of Holy Sepulchrê, where the genial fathers take the air at sunset—or of Mar Saba in a fiery gorge leading down to the Dead Sea, plastered against a precipice. The writer well remembers the warm welcome he received there at the hands of the monks, delighted to meet with a Greek-speaking Frank in a land given up to wild Bedouin, and their copious libations of

potent *raki* in his honour. Such are not the manners of rigid Cistercians perhaps, but they are very human, and the humanity and frankness of the Greek monk have a charm. He does not pretend to asceticism. That is not to say that there are no ascetic monks. But it is a matter of individual inclination, not a common rule, and when it occurs it is very real. It may be practised by a member of a community; the idiorrhythmic system makes for individual liberty. But the Orthodox ascetic is usually a hermit. Sometimes he occupies a position similar to that of the anchorite in our English monasteries of the Middle Ages, or he may dwell remote from human companionship. The hermit of Cape Malea has not been seen of late years. He was well known to many English skippers, who dipped their ensigns to him on rounding the cape. The writer remembers to have twice seen him wave his tiny flag from the ledge of the precipice on which he dwelt. A pillar hermit for many years occupied the capital of one of the tall columns of the ruins of the temple of Olympian Jove at Athens. He had no means of descending to earth, and he remained there exposed to all weathers, subsisting on food placed by the charitable in a basket attached to a cord which he let down at intervals. Not so long ago, Professor Mahaffy encountered a hermit on the summit of Mount Ithomè. He was not an ordinary monk. He had been a man of wealth and position well known in Athenian society, who for some reason

withdrew himself from the world. Eagles would perch by his side, for he appeared to have attained the influence over wild creatures attributed to some Indian fakirs. They were his friends.

A notable point of contrast between the monastic life of East and West is the excess of religious communities of women over those of men in the latter, whilst in Greece they are a very small minority and are disappearing. There is only one nunnery on the Greek mainland and seven or eight others in the islands. The largest is on Tenos. There was one on Naxos which, when the writer last saw it, a few years ago, contained only six nuns, and as these died they would not be replaced; so that the place would soon cease to exist as a religious house. And this seems to be the case with most of them. The preponderance of males over females in the population of Greece accounts in some measure for the paucity of women devoting themselves to the religious life. Under such conditions it is likely that most would marry. But the majority of such communities in the West have for their object social service of some kind, and this is as yet only very partially recognised in Greece as a sphere for women's activities. Greek nuns resemble in some ways the Beguines of Flanders. As a matter of fact they do little else but attend the long offices of the Church. Some of them employ their spare time in making exquisite Greek embroidery which they sell for the profit of the community. In nearly all cases

nunneries are idiorrhythmic, each of the nuns having a separate establishment and ordering her life much as she pleases. Such communities as the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, or the many sisterhoods of the Anglican communion, engaged in works of charity of various kinds, are unknown in Greece, and educational work, like that carried on by the Ursulines or the Dames de Sion, does not lie within the province of the Greek nuns; so that we can hardly regret—and no one in Greece regrets—that they are fast dying out and within a measurable time will be a memory of the past.

It has been said that a Greek is always either fasting or feasting. The celebration of saints' days recurs much more frequently than in the West, whilst the fasts are far longer and more formidable. As in the Church of England, Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year are fast days, but they are more strictly observed. Lent is longer than with us, lasting forty-eight days. In addition, there is the forty days' fast before Christmas, from November 15th to December 24th. Then there is the fast of the Holy Apostles, from the Monday succeeding the First Sunday after Pentecost to June 29th. Another fast, known as the Falling Asleep of the Virgin, lasts from the 1st to the 15th of August. The 5th January, the Eve of the Epiphany, September 14th, Holy Cross Day, and August 29th, the Beheading of St. John Baptist, are also fasts. Not only does

fasting extend over a much longer period, but it is more rigorous than that enjoined by the Church of the West. The Lenten fast means abstention not only from flesh meat, but also from fish, eggs, butter, cheese, and oil. Holy Week, called Great Week by the Greeks, is most stringent, scarcely anything but bread being eaten. The Lenten fare generally consists of vegetables, bread, pickled olives, and fruit. During the forty days' fast before Christmas and the fifteen days' fast in August, fish and cheese are allowed. The week before Lent is popularly known as cheese-eating week, during which products of milk are largely consumed. Invertebrates are not classed as fish, so that crustaceans—crabs, lobsters, and shell-fish of all sorts—may be eaten. With the advent of Lent—*mega sarakostè*, the Great Fast, as it is called—the provision shops are turned into bowers of evergreens and the Lenten fare is displayed in an attractive form—piles of canned lobster, olives black and green, red caviar, and festoons of dried octopus. The latter is an unsightly object with its tentacles and suckers, but the Greeks esteem it, though the cuttle-fish is considered a greater dainty. The latter is an inky mess when cooked, and a repulsive viscid mass when raw. However, it is sold daily in large quantities in the streets. A species of sea-urchin, resembling the spiny husk of a Spanish chestnut without and the yolk of an egg within, finds favour among the people, but *tarama-salata* is the great stand-by in fasting sea-

sons. The traveller in Greece during Lent is bound more or less to conform to the Orthodox use of food, for the butchers' shops are closed. In Athens itself Lenten fare only can be obtained, except in the hotels frequented by Westerns and one or two of the restaurants, whilst the sojourner in the provinces keeps Lent, whether he will or no. The Greeks attach far greater importance to fasting than the Westerns. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that to the majority fasting, and fasting alone, means religion. Millingen and other travellers in the early nineteenth century observed that the *klephts* would not break their fast on any account, though they did not hesitate to commit the greatest atrocities. Pouqueville, who was in Greece in 1798, says that in Maina there was an unwritten law, by which a person eating anything during Lent but bread and vegetables boiled in water without seasoning, would be shot. Finlay tells a story of the traveller Brönstedt being thrashed by Mainote robbers because they found eggs in his luggage, which they had taken the liberty of examining on a Friday.¹ This exuberant zeal on the part of the Mainotes may perhaps be accounted for by a desire to atone for their tardiness in embracing the Faith. They continued to sacrifice to Poseidon until late in the ninth century, when they were brought or driven

¹ This anecdote occurs in a note pencilled by Finlay on the margin of his copy of Millingen's *Memoirs of Greece*, now, with the rest of the historian's books, in the library of the British school at Athens.

into the fold by the Emperor Basil. A keenly observant traveller, Douglas, who was in Greece in 1810, remarked that a robber gang or a pirate crew was seldom without its chaplain. Most famous brigands have been pious men after their fashion, and in a comparatively recent case, when the son of a wealthy currant-grower of Patras was carried off to the mountains, the captor was careful to provide him with spiritual ministrations. It would be manifestly untrue to assert that this divorce of religion from morality is to be found alone in the Orthodox Church, but it is certain that in no other is the practice of religion so completely detached from conduct. Piety consists in the observance of externals without regard to their inner significance. Not so much in dogma as in the *ethos* of the people is found the gulf which divides the faiths of East and West. Formerly the great theologians expended their energies in subtle definitions of terms, and their hair-splitting gave rise to polemics which shook the empire. Since, there has supervened petrification. There has been no wave of scepticism, no open expression of unbelief. Doctrines are subscribed to without an attempt to understand their intention. On the other hand, there has been no great movement, no burning enthusiasm, no strivings after an ideal. The Eastern Church knows neither a Francis of Assisi, nor a Molinos, nor a Keble, nor a Wesley. In modern times there has been one example of an idealist in Theodoros Kaires,

of Andros, a man of great originality and vast attainments, who wished to modify Christianity into what he called *theosebeia*. But he drew his inspiration from the West where he had studied. And he was stifled. The Government suppressed his college, and the Synod condemned him to seclusion in a convent. The vague longings, the dreams, the broken visions of the infinite in the religious heart of the West find no counterpart in the East. It would have had no place for a Bernard or a Theresa. The Virgin is the Panagia, the All Holy, not the tender Mother, the Mystic Rose. The spirit of self-sacrifice has had no echo there, and the intense personal religion which has found expression in evangelical Protestantism is unknown. Neither the following of St. Francis nor the Salvation Army would have taken root in the uncongenial soil. There is no contrition, no sorrow. Take even the procession of the Epitaphion on Good Friday. With its flowers and illuminations it partakes more of the nature of a festival than of a solemn mourning. Another marked characteristic of the Greek Church is the absence of missionary enterprise. It has been placed to her credit that she is not fanatical, and therefore does not wish to proselytise. The real reason is that the Greek regards his religion as a thing for himself, not for the world at large. It is a part of his nationality. It would have been better for you had you been born a Greek, but as you are not, your creed is a matter of indifference.

His attitude resembles that of the Jew, who is by no means anxious to make converts, or of the Turk, who regards converts from other faiths to Islam with suspicion. He admits Anglican priests to his choir, and at Jerusalem, even to the altar; but where there is an altar common to the Greek and Latin rites, he is careful to cleanse it after a Latin celebration. That he is more tolerant to Anglican than Latin finds an explanation in the fact that the Anglican does not put forth Latin pretensions. As far as the Government is concerned, there is perfect religious toleration in Greece. The muftis of the Turkish communities in Thessaly are paid by the State, and there exists at Athens a small body of Greek Evangelical Protestants; but although there is a Græco-Catholic Church in communion with the Papal See, under an archbishop, an organised propaganda would not be tolerated for an instant. But, as has been said, the difference between East and West lies less in points of doctrine than in the spirit in which religion is regarded. The peasant believes in the powers of his patron saint and the virtues of his *eikon*, and he seeks to probe no farther into the mysteries of the unseen. His notions of eschatology, so far as he has any, he has inherited from his pagan ancestors, and they are gloomy. He regrets and pities the departed, but he looks forward to no joyful reunion. He thinks of him as wandering in the twilight of the Elysian fields, bereft of the genial sunshine, and

his dirges are expressions of regret for the loss of the good things of earth. There is no hint of the possible progress to a higher, wider life than the one he has left. Charon still looms large in the popular imagination and figures in the folk-songs. Charos he is called, and he is not the grim ferryman of the Styx—only in one Mainote song he is represented as a boatman—but as a rider, austere, inexorable—the Angel of Death.

Black he is, and black his raiment, black the horse he rides
upon,
And black the flowers that spring up at his side.¹

Goethe's fine rendering of one Greek song must be familiar to many. The mountains are dark but not with storm. It is Charos passing across them with the dead, driving the young before him, dragging the old behind, and carrying the tender babes at his saddle-bow. A song of the Ionian Islands provides Charos with a wife, Charontissa. The idea is gruesome. Their table is prepared at sunset: the linen is black, the plates are set upside down. Their banquet consists of children's heads piled high, and they are served by severed hands of those who have fallen in battle. Many allusions to Charos might be quoted from folk-literature. He has protean powers and appears sometimes as a skeleton. But he is always dreaded, and the popular notion of the after-life is much as that of the ancients—

¹ Lelekos. *Epidorpiou*. Translated by Sir Rennell Rodd.

a gloomy realm where the dead find a common meeting-place. This melancholy Hades, where there is neither award nor punishment, is more real to the peasant than the Heaven and Hell of which he has heard vaguely. In some localities—Maina is one of them—it is believed that the dead still take an interest in the affairs of the world. They inquire about it from the latest comers, and messages to them are whispered by the living in the ear of the newly dead. In other places the belief is that they are oblivious of the past. But everywhere and among all there is a feeling that it is not well with them. Death is the privation of the joys of life. There are two days in the year which correspond in some sort to All Souls' Day in the Church of the West. One is the Saturday preceding the second Sunday in Lent, and the other is the Saturday after Ascension Day. The cemeteries are visited and there is a general commemoration of the dead. There are three special services called *mnemosyna*, held by families for departed relatives—the first on the fortieth day after burial, the second six months, and the third a year afterwards.

The custom of placing a coin between the lips of the dead was formerly general in the Smyrna district, as the writer well remembers. He has been told it was the same in Macedonia. The Church opposed it in vain, but now the coin has been replaced by a waxen cross inscribed with the letters “ΙΟΧΟΝ”—“Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς νικᾷ”—“Jesus

Christ Conquers." It is in any case a survival of the *πειρᾶτικόν*—the obolus for Charon.

The popular hagiology of the Greeks is undoubtedly tinged with paganism. In some cases the gods of Hellas have been transformed into saints, in others historical personages have been blended with mythological beings, whilst some saints are pure myths. The innumerable minor deities of the ancients continue to exist as local saints. The *ayasmata* or sacred springs, and the many chapels on lonely headlands or in spots remote from the dwellings of man, are relics of paganism. Indeed, the latter are often on the sites of antique temples, and not infrequently built up of their débris. Lofty summits bear the constantly recurring name of St. Elias. It has been assumed by a facile method of derivation that this stands for Helios, and that such places mark the site of a temple of Apollo; but, as Sir Rennell Rodd points out, the god did not have a shrine on every hill-top. Moreover, the name occurs as frequently in Palestine, where it undoubtedly refers to the prophet of Mount Carmel. But St. Nicholas, surnamed *Nautēs*, the sailor, to whom churches are dedicated on the shore of nearly every harbour and on many a rocky islet, and whose church at Athens stands on the site of a *hieron* of Poseidon, is certainly the heir of that deity. Hagios Eleutherios, the saint who watches over childbirth, may be recognised as Eilythina, who fulfilled the same office in ancient times.

The church of the Twelve Apostles at Athens stands on the site of the temple of the Twelve Gods, of whom they are the successors. Saints Cosmas and Damian—the feeless saints—Hagioi Anarguroi, as the Greeks call them, since they healed the sick without demanding money for their services as physicians, have their shrine in the sanctuary of Æsculapius. At the foot of the Hill of the Nymphs, and approached by ancient stairways cut in the live rock marking the site of some cult of antiquity, stands the picturesque little church of Hagia Marina, with its detached wooden belfry. Here women bring their sick children, undress them, and leave their clothes behind in the hope of leaving the sickness with them. The act reminds us of the votive offerings of the clothes of shipwrecked mariners. There is another church in Athens which is renowned for its therapeutic virtues. It is a tiny edifice at the lower end of Euripides Street, and it is built round an antique column which protrudes incongruously from the roof. The church is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, but the column belongs, of course, to a pre-existing building, and it is in the column that the healing power is concentrated. It is a specific against malarial fever. The method of proceeding is to fasten a silk thread to the column with wax, and the theory is that the fever leaves the person so doing and passes through the thread into the column. In the island of Melos, Saint Artemida, whose name

reminds us forcibly of Artemis, is resorted to for aid in sickness. Formerly no sailor left the Piræus without offering a taper at the shrine of St. Spiridion, which stands on the site formerly occupied by that of the Munychian Artemis. But Corfu is under the special protection of St. Spiridion. There his body rests, having been brought thither from Constantinople by an ancestor of the Theotokos family. On certain festivals it is carried solemnly through the streets, and is regarded as a palladium, having once saved the island from plague. Most of the men of Corfu are named Spiridion—invariably shortened into Spiro—in honour of their patron, whose cult is by no means confined to the island nor to the poor and ignorant. The writer met quite recently at Corfu (June, 1910) a Greek who showed him an amulet from the shrine of St. Spiridion, and averred that since he had worn it he had enjoyed excellent health and an immunity from troubles of any kind. He is not a Corfiote, but an Athenian. He has a University degree, has been called to the Bar, has travelled to Europe and America, and occupies a responsible position in a large house of business in London. He spoke of the amulet half jestingly, but he believed in it. St. Demetrius is the protector of husbandry, and has a multitude of shrines, whilst Dimitris innumerable claim him as patron. In this relation to the soil it is impossible not to connect him with Demeter. St.

George also is a patron of farmers, as his name implies; but he is a Proteus in his attributes. There is a festival held on the island of Paros on the 3rd November, about the time of the broaching of the new wine, known as the feast of St. George the Drunken—*methystēs*—*μεθυστής*. This Bacchanalian function reminds us that Paros is close to Naxos, the birthland of Dionysos—the Bacchus of the Romans. It is not surprising, therefore, that St. Dionysios is held in high honour on that fruitful island, nor that to him is ascribed the introduction of the grape. Von Hahn, in his *Neugriechische Märchen*, has a story of the first tasting of wine by the Naxians which is not without a shrewd mother-wit: "When they had drunk a little they sang like birds; when they had drunk more they grew strong as lions; but if they drank still more they became like asses." Naxos was formerly the seat of a peculiar cult, that of St. Pachys—St. Fat—whose province it was to confer on children the obesity which in Eastern eyes is a crowning beauty. To his shrine mothers flocked with their offspring, and when the Venetian Sanudi, who ruled the Archipelago, made an ill-advised attempt to put down the practice, they narrowly escaped a revolt of the offended Naxians.

The Panegyris comes within the category of Greek religious observances, since, like our village wake, it is the festival of the dedication of a church, held in honour of the saint. The name

has the sense of our word panegyric. It is an undoubted survival of the religious assemblies and open-air processions which played such a great part in the life of the ancient Greeks. It has still a firm hold on the affections of the people, and is the most characteristic and at the same time the most pleasant feature of rustic Greece. The Panegyris has wellnigh disappeared from the larger towns. There used to be a famous one held near the Theseion at Athens, but it has gone like Bartlemy Fair at Smithfield. Almost every Panegyris has its peculiar customs. At some a high price is paid for the privilege of carrying the *eikon* in procession. But in every case homage is first paid to the saint ere the feasting. A *pappas* holds the black picture of some virgin or saint, stiff and expressionless as those which served as models to Cimabue. The people file by and kiss the *eikon*, dropping their contribution into the bag held by another *pappas*, for the offerings on these occasions constitute a large and in some cases the major portion of the revenue of the clergy. These festivals are more or less frequented according to their importance. The Panegyris of Amorgos attracts great numbers, but the greatest of all is that of Tenos. It is held at the Feast of the Annunciation and in August. It partakes of the nature of a pilgrimage, for the Panagia of the Evangelistria Church is reputed above all others for its power of healing. So Tenos becomes twice a year a sort of Greek



THE WOMEN'S DANCE AT MEGARA. [*Underwood & Underwood.*]

Lourdes, and the sick, the halt, and the blind repair to the shrine, where miraculous cures are said to take place. Not only the suffering and the infirm attend the Panegyris, but people of all conditions flock to the island from every part of Greece. Those who cannot find accommodation camp in the open, and the *eikon* of the Panagia is carried through dense crowds from the church to the seashore and back again. A fair is held, and the Panegyris means a rich harvest for the Teniotes. The Panegyris of the island Cerigo—the ancient Kythera—is noteworthy. It is called the Feast of Our Lady of the Myrtle Bough, for the picture of the Panagia in whose honour it is held is said to have floated to the island across the sea and lodged in the branches of a myrtle. This recalls the classic myth connected with the island, which tells how Venus rose from the waves in its vicinity, and in Our Lady of the Myrtle Bough there is more than a suggestion of a Christian version of the Kytherean Aphrodite. The religious duties of the Panegyris are always followed by song and dance, and here one has an opportunity of witnessing the national dances, which have a solemnity about them that suggests a religious origin. The most famous is that of the women of Megara on Easter Tuesday. Each dancer links hands across her neighbour to those of the next, so there is a line of crossing hands, and the movements are accompanied by a muted song, which resembles the twittering of

birds. The *Syrtos* is the most popular dance. The leader holds with the left hand the right hand of the next dancer, and so along the line, which winds slowly round, now one foot lifted and then the other, the bodies swaying inwards and outwards with the steps. This is Byron's "Romaika's heavy round." The *Clistos*, closed, is so called from the method of linking hands across each alternate dancer. The *Tsiamikos* is danced by the leader only, who is an expert and displays his agility, varying the steps by improvised feats. The rest of the line linked by handkerchiefs only keep time, singing the while. The *Leventikos* is performed by two people only who dance apart.

Among beliefs which are purely pagan survivals is that relating to the Fates, *Moirai*, which is not extinct in the rural districts, and not even among some sections of the population of Athens. They are represented as wrinkled old women clad in black and dwelling on the tops of high mountains. They come soon after the birth of a child, some say on the third night and others on the seventh. Their visit must be prepared for. Dogs must be tied up and a table spread for them. It is considered well not to speak of them, but if they are alluded to it is in laudatory terms, as in Java the natives speak of the tiger as "the gentleman." In Epirus, one is said to bring fortune, another misfortune, whilst the third spins the thread which determines the length of life. Formerly girls offered honey cakes to them, and

travellers of the nineteenth century have witnessed this in the rock-hewn chambers beneath the Hill of the Muses at Athens, which guides show to travellers as the prison of Socrates.

The new-born infant is surrounded by perils. One of them arises from the nereids, who are on the look out in order to palm off one of their own offspring on the parents and spirit the child away. For this reason all doors ought to be shut when a birth takes place. These changelings are not recognised at first, but as they grow up they develop uncanny qualities, and certain families are credited with nereid blood. The nereids are not water-sprites alone, as in ancient times, but haunt the woods like the dryads of old. Nevertheless mineral springs are always under their protection. They partake of the nature of mortals, and stories are told of nereid brides of mortals, though, as in most popular beliefs, there is a vagueness in all that relates to them. They have the power of becoming invisible, and of slipping through chinks and keyholes. They are not wholly evil, but the attitude of the people towards them is generally that of fear. There is danger in certain spots during the stillness of noon, especially of streams, springs, and crossways. These are haunted by the "midday maidens," beings resembling in some sort Sir Walter Scott's "White Lady of Avenel." There is a blend of the satyr and siren in the three maids with goats' feet who dance in the mist and snow on the top of

Taygetus. If they lure a mortal they compel him to dance until he dies, or as some versions have it, they hurl him over the precipice. The *paramythia* or folk-tales deal with various categories of unseen forces and intelligences. From fear of them the rustic Greek mother does not like to have her babe out of sight. When she goes to work in the fields he accompanies her, slung at her back—he is always tightly swaddled—in an envelope which might be compared to a golf-club case or a quiver, which is suspended from the branch of a tree, or a tripod formed of stout sticks, if no tree is handy. I have often met with this in Ætolia, and the baby is invariably “good,” and seemingly content with his chrysalis-like existence. It is not advisable, however, to express admiration for him or the mother will be uneasy. She may possibly point her finger at the child and cry “*Skordo*”—garlic—for that is one means of conjuring the effects of the evil eye. The child has already been provided with a safeguard in the shape of a blue glass bead, a piece of coral, or a cornelian attached to his cap. A smudge of soot behind the ear is useful, but spitting in his face on the part of the admirer is a more efficacious precaution. For the possessor of the evil eye works evil unwittingly. He does not act through malice, but in spite of himself. Belief in the evil eye is not, of course, peculiarly Greek, but it still prevails among all classes, and the Church has special prayers with regard to it. In an unofficial way the Church also recognises

the existence of the tutelary genius of a house, for when one is about to be built a *pappas* with an acolyte is in attendance with incense and holy water. Prayers are said, the owner, the workmen, and the ground are aspersed, and a lamb or a fowl is killed and its blood sprinkled on the foundation-stone. This is a propitiatory sacrifice, and the act is expressed by the verb *stoicheōno*, from *stoicheion*—element. In ancient times human lives were sometimes sacrificed, and there are tales of such even in the Middle Ages, as in that recounted in the popular ballad "The Bridge of Arta." The *stoicheia*, or elemental spirits, are inherent in objects and places. As of old, stream and fountain, forest and copse have their invisible guardians, and every great tree has its genius. Antique ruins and statues are especially the resort of these beings, and formerly peasants objected to the removal of statues on this account, fearing to provoke the wrath of its genius. Ruined castles and fortresses are guarded by *drakones*, or dragons. This belief is not, however, confined to Greece. The writer, when visiting the great stronghold built by Raymond of Toulouse at Tripoli, in Syria, was told an awe-inspiring story of a huge serpent which haunted the place, and the narrator firmly believed in its existence. A curious illustration of the belief in the supernatural character of antique remains is related by an English traveller in the early years of the nineteenth century. A servant of the Disdar Agha, the Turkish Commandant of

the Acropolis at Athens, told him that after Lord Elgin had removed from the Erectheion the caryatid which is now in the British Museum, the neighbourhood was disturbed by wailing cries, the lamentations of the others for the loss of their sister. Throughout the Middle Ages and down to modern times among the peasantry the ancients have been invested with superhuman powers, being referred to as giants and iron-men, capable of lifting the great stones which mark the remains of their edifices. The rustic belief that the age of the pagan Hellenes was preceded by that of the dragons has been in a measure confirmed by the modern science of palæontology and its revelations of the giant saurians which wallowed in the primeval slime. The tutelary genius of a house is sometimes visible, in the form of a cat or a dog, or a *gourounaki*—a little pig. But it materialises more frequently in the form of a snake, which must not be killed or some ill would befall the house. If milk is set apart for it, and the reptile becomes in a fashion domesticated, it is a good omen. For elementals, though not precisely hostile to man, become so if they are provoked. The *kalikanzaroi* are diminutive beings, tricky elves, who are apt to be troublesome. Their goats' legs point to a satyr ancestry. They are only visible between Christmas and Epiphany, and during that season doors and windows should be kept carefully closed at night. They are of human origin, and among those said to become *kalikanzaroi* are children born

on Christmas Day, which is considered as presumptuous. Some supernatural beings are wholly malignant. The Lamia takes the form of a hideous woman thirsting for blood. The Evil One is called *Ho Mavros*—the “black one,” and in Maina a black dog is said sometimes to emerge from the cave on Cape Matapan, the Gate of Hades of the ancients, so that the black dog may be regarded as a modern representative of Cerberus. A prevalent belief regarding ancient tumuli is that they contain treasure and are guarded by genii in the form of black men. Of such is the *Arabou Magoula*—the Black Man’s Mound at Megalopolis, which was excavated by members of the British School at Athens a few years ago. In Greece, as in Turkey, the term Arab includes negroes. The gruesome superstition of the vampire—*vourkolakes*—is not confined to Greece, but formerly held universal sway over the minds of the people. It has been made the subject of a whole literature and can only be briefly alluded to here. Various means were resorted to in order to rid a locality of a vampire. Crete enjoyed a bad pre-eminence as the home of these hideous beings. Spectres of the dead have always been prominent among popular beliefs, and various means of laying them are prescribed. The Mainotes say that a murdered man will walk the earth until he has been avenged. Naxos was afflicted with an epidemic of spectral visitors from the year 1830 to 1835, the people alleging as a reason that the dead had

become so numerous as to overpower Charos and escape from Hades.

Among minor superstitions are those which regulate the little things of life—the proper time to cut the nails, to pay visits, and the like. Tuesday, not Friday, is the unlucky day. The Greeks of Turkey say that it is because Constantinople was taken on that day, but it is probably of older date. The howling of a dog, as among other peoples, denotes death, but the omen only holds true if the dog's head is turned away from the house. That it is unlucky to meet a priest the first thing on leaving the house is a belief which is common to other countries. Soap must not be borrowed of an evening, nor must an egg go out of the house after sunset, otherwise the wine will turn sour and there will be trouble with the poultry. Bread should not be tasted during sowing and reaping, or there is risk of a bad harvest. There are other omens and beliefs connected with bad husbandry. The ilex is said to have been the tree which furnished the wood of the cross. The other trees turned the edge of the axe or bent away from the stroke, but the ilex yielded. The Greek woodman therefore shuns it. He will not touch it with his axe, neither use its branches for fuel. This legend is probably a foreign importation, Teutonic or Slavonian, but the divination by the bones of animals is almost certainly derived from classic precedent. Millingen gives a graphic account of an instance which

came under his observation during the War of Independence. It was on the eve of a battle, 19th April, 1825. At supper the right shoulder-blade of the lamb was handed to Vattini. Placing it before the candle, he attentively considered the outlines presented by the vascular system of the diaphanous portion of the bone. Then in solemn tones he said, "Brethren, the enemy is preparing against us; much Greek blood will be spilled, but two considerable tombs will be erected by the Turks." All the old Klephts examined the bone and pronounced it to be true. The appearances of their habitual augury were too plain to be mistaken. Women wise in foretelling the future still exist, notably in Thessaly. The gift is usually hereditary. Like the augurs of antiquity, they base predictions on the flight of birds. The bird always occupied a large place in the imagination of the ancients. The eagle of Zeus, the peacock of Hera, the owl of Pallas Athenè, the doves of Aphrodite, the myth of Halcyon had their counterparts in human life—in Anacreon's dove and Lesbia's sparrow. The swallow is, as it ever was, a favourite. Athenæus quotes a song sung by the boys of Rhodes in his time. Greek boys sing one to-day, the beginning of which has almost identical words: "She has come, she has come, the swallow, bringing the spring and fine weather." And so is the end: "However little you give, it will be much. Open, open thy door to the swallow."

The Rhodian boy asked two thousand years ago for a *kanastron*, a rush-basket of fresh cheese, precisely the receptacle used in the islands to-day.

The bird plays a great part in modern popular song. It receives the confidences of the lover, the last message of the warrior to his loved ones at home. Here is a song of Laconia. It is supposed to be on the lips of a young Klepht. "Birds, fly away ; farewell. If you go far hence, to my country, remember that an apple tree stands before my dwelling. Rest on the rosy-flowered branches. And when she whom I love appears, greet her, and tell her of our old love. You will tell her to await me no more, for Charon has taken me at a turn in the road, and holds me in the heart of the black abyss, far from wife and children." A heritage of ancient Hellas also is the peopling of all external nature with the *stoicheia*, the tutelary deities of rock and rill. Storms are attributed to elemental spirits at strife. Church-bells are rung to frighten them away. The whirlwind is their work, and rustic dames and greybeards will mutter "*Meli-gala*"—honey and milk—as a talisman. Of old, libations of honey were offered to the Furies. A thunderbolt is "the starry axe." An earthquake is expressed in some places by the words "God is shaking his hair," the nod of Zeus.

The personification of the moods of Nature constantly recurs in everyday intercourse, as in the expression "*Vrechei ho Theos*"—God rains,

where we should say, it is raining. In times of drought a little girl, who must be an orphan, as being more likely to obtain the blessings of Heaven, is clad in a vesture of leaves and crowned with flowers. Accompanied by other children singing as they go, Perperouna, so she is named for the occasion, makes the round of the village, the inmates of every household sprinkling a few drops of water on her head. This quaint and pretty form of invocation is the prayer for rain. It was formerly a common practice to make passes in the air with a black-handled knife during a storm in order to "cut it." There appears to be peculiar virtue in the black handle, for a black-handled knife placed under the pillow is accounted a specific against nightmare.

These beliefs and customs, the legacy of remote ages, do not hinder the Greeks from devoted attachment to their Church, which holds the first place in their hearts. A Greek does not easily change his nationality and there are very few instances of his having done so, but in none of these has he changed his creed. He has always remained faithful to that, although in the days of Turkish rule, when the Porte sold the Church dignities to the highest bidder, the clergy were not always the friends of the people. In too many cases the higher clergy were rapacious and oppressive, purchasing impunity from Constantinople. They vindicated themselves nobly, however, by their conduct during the War of Independence.

Names like those of Germanos, Pappaflessa, and Diakos are written on the imperishable roll of heroes, and in free Greece the patriotism of the clergy is unquestionable.

The learned Dr. Neale and other liturgiologists have given an account of the offices of the Greek Church. To their works must be referred those who desire to learn about them. The absence of the sermon would strike the Englishman, and perhaps some would count it an advantage. The relegation of the female portion of the congregation to side aisles or galleries and the total absence of seats are features strange to the Western. The Greek never sits down in church and he stands to pray. There are stalls along the walls of some churches, but the writer has never seen in Greece the crutches or leaning staves which are used in the churches in Palestine. The total absence of statues and images is compensated by the *eikons* or pictures of saints, most numerous on the *iconostasis*, which takes the place of the rood-loft of the West. It is a solid screen which completely shuts off the sacrarium from the body of the church.

Mention has been made of the procession on Good Friday—on Great Friday, as the Greeks call it—which with military bands and bengal lights is of too festive a character for the occasion in Western eyes. The crowning function of the year is, of course, the celebration of Easter. At Athens a platform is erected in the square in front of the

cathedral, and at midnight the Metropolitan, in vestments of cloth of gold and mitre blazing with jewels, takes his place upon it and utters the words *Χρῖστος ἀνέστη*—"Christ is risen." The people shout in response, "*Ἀληθῶς ἀνέστη*—"Verily He is risen," amid salvoes of artillery and the hiss of rockets, and for three days the streets resound to the detonations of crackers and petards. Prominent among the distinctive ceremonies of the Greek Church is the casting of the cross into the water at Epiphany. At places on the coast, it is thrown into the sea by the bishop, if there is one; if not, by the highest member of the local clergy. It is accounted an honour to be the one to recover it, and as the Greeks are usually expert swimmers, not a few of the spectators dive after it. Some resolution is needed, for a plunge into the sea in January is a chilly experience, even in Greece. Strangers cannot fail to remark the people crossing themselves when they pass a church. Often it is the only indication of some tiny edifice unnoticed by the casual visitor, but known to the inhabitants. It is done not only by people on foot, but by those in vehicles. In Athens the electric tramcars have a stopping-place by the cathedral, and most of the passengers cross themselves rapidly, not once, but several times.

The Greeks have been reproached sometimes with confining themselves to the merely external observances of their religion. But the writer has met with pupils of the Gymnasia, destined for

a secular career, and grappling with the overloaded curriculum of the Greek schools, who have displayed a knowledge of the New Testament more accurate and more extensive than that of the average English public-school boy, and it was an interesting experience to hear the Scriptures discussed in their own tongue.

There is a diminutive church in Athens—a gem of Byzantine architecture—standing by the side of the cathedral, and popularly though erroneously called the old Metropolis. Its plan and outlines are those of an edifice dedicated to Christian worship, but it is built of fragments from the fanes of an earlier faith. Pagan emblems and the figures of pagan deities adorn its walls. This little church of St. Eleutherios in a manner symbolises the religion of the Greeks—essentially Orthodox, yet containing adventitious elements derived from the pagan Hellenes.

No less a man than Ernest Renan has said, Greece never was seriously Christian—nor is she so to-day. This is true in so far as concerns the emotional and personal religion which is a purely Western development. But the Greek might retort that this is not Christianity. As he understands it, certainly it is not.

CHAPTER VII

EDUCATION

EDUCATION in Greece is a department of the State under the supervision of the Ministry of Public Instruction. There are three grades of schools—Demotic, Hellenic, and the Gymnasia. The course lasts six years in the first, three in the second, and four in the last. Elementary education is compulsory, and every child is supposed to attend a full course of the Demotic Schools, though the law is not strictly observed, especially in the case of girls. Illiteracy, however, is becoming rarer every year. It is most prevalent in Thessaly, especially in the northern districts near the Turkish frontier. Trikala gets less than three per cent of its population to school. The Peloponnesus is the best-educated portion of Greece, if school attendance is taken as a criterion, and Laconia stands highest as far as boys are concerned. As regards girls, Attica would probably take the lead, owing to its containing Athens and the Piræus, where facilities for female education are greater than elsewhere. The child is admitted to the Demotic School at the age of six. There are six classes corresponding

with each year of the course. The first three years are devoted to reading, writing, and arithmetic, elementary history and geography. The Greek language, both ancient and modern, is taught throughout the course, as well as drawing and singing, and needlework to the girls. The ancient history of Greece is taken in the third year, and the modern history in the fourth. In the fifth and sixth years Xenophon and Æsop are read, and the course includes elementary geometry, botany, and geology. Three hours a week are devoted to gymnastics, long walks are taken once a week, and swimming is taught where possible. Attendance at the Hellenic Schools is voluntary, and, unlike the Demotic Schools, they are not free. The fees are, however, nominal, about seven shillings a year. The pupil must provide his books—a heavier item than the fees. He enters at twelve and remains three years. There are from twenty-seven to thirty working hours a week, and the course includes mathematics, physics, geography, and Greek, ancient and modern. Two hours a week are given to French and one hour to Latin in the third year. Gymnastics are compulsory unless forbidden by a medical certificate. The Hellenic School completes the ordinary education of the boy intended for business. If he is going into a profession or intends to qualify for the higher branches of the Civil Service, he proceeds to a Gymnasium, which is a feeder of the University, though as a matter



[Underwood & Underwood.
SCHOOLBOYS AT DRILL IN THE STADIUM, ATHENS.

of fact many Gymnasium pupils engage in commercial pursuits. Boys are eligible at the age of fifteen, provided they have passed the examination of the Hellenic Schools. They remain at the Gymnasium four years. The fees amount to twenty-five drachmas (£1) a year, though the books cost considerably more. The working hours are from thirty-one to thirty-five a week, ten of which are given to ancient Greek. The more difficult authors are read, including Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Thucydides, and the orators. The course provides for advanced Latin and a progressive reading of authors, beginning with Cæsar and Cornelius Nepos, and going on to Livy, Sallust, Cicero, Ovid, Horace, and Virgil. The mathematical course includes trigonometry. Philosophy is taken much in the same way as in a French Lycée, and is accompanied by the teaching of formal logic. Physical science is represented by courses of botany and zoology. The history of Europe is taught down to 1815, and in the last year the geography of the world. In addition to this there is a course of sacred history and theology, and three hours a week are given to the French language. Gymnastics occupy five hours a week.

The scholastic year for schools of all grades begins on the 14th September and ends on the 14th June. There is a short vacation at Easter. There are five training colleges for teachers in the Demotic Schools, situated respectively at

Athens, Patras, Tripolis, Larissa, and Corfu. Women teachers must have passed through the Arsakeion, or a Training College. The teaching staff of the Hellenic Schools and the Gymnasia is drawn from the University. But whereas the elementary teachers in the Demotic Schools have an assured position, there is no fixity of tenure in the higher schools. A professor in a Gymnasium or a master in a Hellenic School may be removed at any time by a Ministerial order, against which there is no appeal. He is at the mercy of the Government in power for the time being, and every new Minister has his protégés. Here again intrudes the baneful influence of party politics.

Thus the teacher must, perforce, have an eye on the political situation, and can never have both eyes on his work, in which, by the way, it is impossible he should take a thorough interest, since he is never sure when it may be taken from him. The effect on the pupils is almost as demoralising. The normal Greek boy is warm-hearted and high-spirited, and his resentment at the removal of a popular master is apt to take the form of working unwillingly under a new one, to his own detriment and also to that of the school. The evils of centralisation are not limited to the arbitrary dismissal of teachers. The subjects to be taught, the hours apportioned to them, and the books to be used are fixed by the Ministry. It happens, therefore, that manuals are frequently changed—often for the worse. The mania is so great for

this that competitions are held for the writing of school books. This deplorable practice annoys both teacher and taught, who have to throw aside a method to which they are used for an untried one, a source of delay at the best, and a cause of expense to the parents, who have constantly to pay for new books.

The Demotic Schools are supported by the Deme or commune to which they belong. They are, therefore, less under the thumb of the Government than the higher schools. In each prefecture there is a Council of Management for the Demotic Schools contained in it. It is presided over by the Bishop, and consists of the local Inspector of Schools, the Director of the Gymnasium, and two citizens, one of whom must belong to a learned profession. The Demotic Schools receive a subvention from the State, but it is a mere trifle compared with that allocated to higher education—2459 drachmas as against 3,467,962, according to the statistics of one particular year. This is the reverse of the practice of most other countries, where State aid is afforded to elementary instruction, whilst the higher branches are self-supporting. Another contrast is offered by the ratio of the numbers attending the elementary schools to the population, which is smaller than with us, whilst that pertaining to secondary and advanced education is greater.

The University of Athens consists of five Faculties, viz. Theology, Law, Medicine, Philo-

sophy, and Mathematics. The last was not provided for from the foundation, and more recently there has been added another, that of Pharmacy, a department of knowledge the teaching of which is not considered elsewhere to belong to the functions of a university. Its study is pursued for three years, that of all the other Faculties extending to four. There is only one examination, at the end of the four years' course. Students must have passed at least two years at a Gymnasium, but there is no matriculation nor anything corresponding to Responsions or the Previous Examination. Students must obtain a certificate of attendance at lectures, for which they pay a fee of 2 drachmas a year. There is a fee of 250 drachmas for the legal and medical examinations, and one of 50 drachmas for the diploma. Attendance at lectures is not strictly enforced. The Faculty of Law is the most popular, and that of Theology the least. The study of Philosophy includes philology and history, and the diploma may be taken as the Greek equivalent to our Arts degree. There is, of course, no collegiate system as at Oxford and Cambridge. The organisation resembles rather that of German and French Universities, though it knows nothing of the rigid periodical examinations of the latter, nor the *Studentencorps* which regulate the social side of the former. The students enjoy absolute individual liberty. They live where and how they like, wear no distinctive dress, and there is nothing to

distinguish them from the ordinary citizen. It is characteristic of the democratic spirit of the Greeks that there is no scholastic status. The freshman is the equal of the man in his fourth year. Thus the University life of Athens is much less coherent than with us. There are neither the associations which spring from the bond of a common public school nor the pursuit of a common game or sport. There are no games, in fact, and athletics are represented by attendance at a gymnasium, which is compulsory for the first two years. The only sport known to the Athenian student is a political demonstration, for politics invade the groves of Academè as they do every other section of Athenian life. The only social tie which has any influence is that of the *patris*, the fatherland, which to the Greek means the particular city, province, or island from which he comes. Thus the students are segregated into groups according to their place of origin. A table at a restaurant is set apart for students from a particular island or province, or they will frequent the same café; but be sure that the proprietor of restaurant or café is a *patriotès*, that is, he comes from the same island or province. For, in this respect, the University only reflects the larger life of the city, which is split up into sections determined by the *patris* of the inhabitants. On an average about a third of the University students come from Greek lands outside Greece. In 1902 they numbered 800 out of a total of 2574. In 1841, three years after the

foundation, there were, in all, 292 students. In 1885 there were 550, and the numbers increased to 1100 in 1863, to 2634 in 1886, and 3331 in 1890. There has been a slight decrease since then. The late Mr. Tricoupis wisely put a tax in the form of a stamp upon entry to the University. He foresaw the evil results of a plethora of professional men without occupation. But a greater deterrent to academic ambitions was undoubtedly the spectacle of barristers punching tickets on the tramcars, a means of livelihood which, I am assured by Athens University men, is not unknown to graduates to-day. It is now felt that the University was made too cheap and its degrees too facile. The result has been the creation of a large body of educated unemployed to swell the ranks of political partisans and place-hunters. Two private establishments provide for those who doubt the utility of the academic and literary education furnished by the Gymnasia. One is the Rouspoulos Industrial and Commercial Academy, divided into a preliminary school and several technical schools. Modern languages receive attention in the former, and in the latter are taught the principles of commerce and manufactures, mining, and engineering. The other is the Athenian School of Trade and Industry, which has a commercial and technical side. In the former English and French are taught, with optional Italian. Commercial geography, the laws relating to custom-houses, and the principles of banking are given prominence.

On the technical side German is taught, together with chemistry as applied to manufactures and agriculture, especially as regards the production of wine, oil, and currants. The success of these institutions, notwithstanding that the fees are far higher than those of the State schools, indicates the trend of public opinion. There are two Commercial Schools established by the Government, one at Athens, the other at Patras ; but the State subvention of 6000 drachmas is ridiculously small if compared with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions granted to higher education. The Polytechnic School can be entered only by those who have passed through the Mathematical School. Engineering, mechanics, electrical science and its applications are the leading subjects of study. But the Polytechnic students are barely a tenth of those at the University, whilst the pupils at the Agricultural Schools at Halmyros and Athens number about fifty. The teaching staff alone of the University—105 professors and lecturers—more than doubles them. Yet Greece contains 5,563,100 acres of tilled land.

But the Greeks cherish their University as a national institution. They made and paid for it themselves, in spite of the reluctance of King Otho and the ill-will of his Bavarian Ministers, who were no lovers of knowledge. One of them, Maurer, wrote a book in which he stated that Greece, among other things, produced sugar, dates, and coffee. The Greeks, whatever may be their defects, are not cast in that mould. Finlay

is right in saying that during the Turkish domination it is probable that the proportion of Greeks who could read and write was as great as in any other European nation. They certainly never lost entirely the light of learning during the darkest period of their national life.

In the Elementary Schools there are 168,000 boys and 42,570 girls. It must be remembered that in Greece the males outnumber the females by about 18,000 in a total population of 2,632,000. Of course this does not account for the disparity in school attendance, the causes of which have been adverted to. Many parents prefer to send their daughters to private schools, which are numerous, and in so far as concerns Athens and the larger towns, schoolgirls are little inferior in numbers to schoolboys. There are three Training Colleges for women teachers, and of the 4346 teachers in the Demotic Schools 800 are women ; though this is but a small fraction of the whole, the majority being engaged in private establishments. Chief among the girls' schools at Athens is the Arsákeion, so called from its founder, Arsakes, a native of Epirus. The Arsákeion has branches at Larissa, Corfu, and Patras. There are four divisions—the Kindergarten, the Elementary School, the Intermediate School, and the Normal School or Training College. A child entering the Elementary School at say six, remains there until she is ten. She then passes into the Intermediate School, where she remains four years. If

she passes into the Normal School, she remains another three years, the whole course extending over eleven years—the last three being devoted chiefly to the theory and practice of teaching. The Intermediate course includes the modern history of Europe as well as the language, literature, and history of ancient and modern Greece, with geography and the subjects generally appertaining to the course of a secondary school. French is compulsory, so is singing, but the piano is optional. Household work and sewing are made a special feature, and a physician gives lessons in hygiene. The Hill School is named after its founder, Dr. Hill, an American missionary. It is older than the Arsákeion—indeed, it dates from 1831, before Athens was a capital. There are ten classes, and the number of pupils averages perhaps two hundred, some of whom are boarders. Notwithstanding its missionary origin, there is no proselytising. In fact, the girls are provided with a church and a chaplain within the building. The languages taught are Greek, English, and French, in addition to the usual subjects. Many of the best Athenian families send their children to the Hill School, which well deserves the repute in which it is held. At the other end of the social scale is the Parnassus night-school for shoeblacks and servants. There are classes every night from 6 to 8.30, except during the hot months. It is, of course, free, but the boys pay for their books. The school is

managed by a committee of ladies and gentlemen of the Parnassus Literary Club, some of whom are doctors, who prescribe and dispense medicine gratis to the ailing. A great point is insistence on cleanliness. Physiology is a part of the course, and gymnastics and singing are taught. The boys are very eager to learn. They would not be Greeks if they were not. Some of them get beyond the three R's, and learn geography and Greek history and the elements of drawing. They even read Xenophon in a modern Greek version. It is a novel experience to hear a shoeblack counting up the parasangs covered by the Ten Thousand, but not an uncommon one in Athens.

CHAPTER VIII

PUBLIC LIFE

IF the House of Commons were composed of somewhat more than 3000 members, the United Kingdom would have a representative body about equal to that of Greece, in proportion to the population. This will give some notion of the large amount of public attention absorbed by domestic politics and the energy consumed in party strife and electioneering tactics. Party, in Greece, is not so much a matter of principles as of persons, therefore parties vary as to quantity, waxing and waning with the disappearance of old leaders and the advent of new ones. The Chamber of Deputies consists of 234 members chosen by 71 electoral districts for a period of four years. Members must not be under thirty years of age, and they must be residents in the district they represent. They are paid 1800 drachmas—about £75—for each session, and for a special session there is a supplementary allowance of some £60. The mode of election is by ballot, and is on the basis of manhood suffrage. Ministers need not be deputies necessarily, but if they are not they have no vote in the Chamber. They receive 9600

drachmas a year, about £384. By a singular enactment the quorum requires the presence of more than half the members, so that legislation is often blocked by the party in opposition absenting itself *en bloc*. There is no Second Chamber, and seeing that there is no aristocracy, a second would only be a replica of the first. The Senate which existed under the former Constitution was not a success. It distinguished itself chiefly by voting an increase in the emoluments of its members. There are, however, in Greece warm advocates of the restoration of a Second Chamber on new lines. The old Senate belonged to the days when constitutional Greece was still in swaddling clothes, when Deputies were attended by escorts from their constituencies to protect them from violence on the part of their political adversaries, and there were sometimes three changes of Ministries in two days.

A joke is still repeated in Athens and fathered upon the representative of a Great Power, who is said to have remarked that a turkey was bought under one Ministry, plucked under another, and eaten under a third. This would lose its point now; neither do Deputies hurl gross accusations at each other across the Chamber as they did formerly. There is more circumspection in the conduct of debate and less versatility in respect of adherence to party. Nevertheless, politicians do still change sides with disconcerting rapidity. It must be remembered, however, that a change of

leaders does not involve a change of principles. This personal element in politics is, nevertheless, an undoubted evil. It gives rise to intrigues in which time and energy are wasted without any advantage to the commonwealth. Political considerations are allowed to intrude into the business of administration, and even to interfere with the course of justice. County Court judges are removable at the pleasure of the Minister, for example. The system by which a change of Ministry involves a change of public servants, even down to messengers and attendants, is undeniably a vicious one, and one of the most pressing needs of Greece is a permanent civil service. This would abolish, to a great extent, the profession of political hanger-on and place-hunter.

As there are too many legislators, so there are too many administrative divisions, which occasion needless expense. The country is divided into twenty-six *nomoi* or prefectures. The Nomarch is appointed by the King at the request of the Minister of the Interior, and at any change of Government he gives place to the nominee of the new Minister. The twenty-six *nomoi* are divided into 439 demes, each governed by a Demarch, who does not depend on the Ministry for the time being, but is elected by the inhabitants of the deme for a period of four years, as are the members of the Municipal Council. Voting is by manhood suffrage, as in the case of the Parliamentary elections. The Demarch may prove very useful

on these occasions, and is, on this account, often allowed to exercise a considerable amount of power in his deme. As he need give no account of his fisc if he pays in the revenue previously agreed upon, the temptation to levy arbitrary taxes is great.

It is the class of professional politicians who foment political agitation. The peasant at large is not really interested in politics beyond the natural desire to keep down taxation. He feels assured of an easier existence when the party he has voted for is in power, and troubles himself no further. The Constitution of 1862 was not of his making. It is not a product of the people, but of political theorists, who copied the institutions of other nations. Whether the ready-made political garments fit the wearer upon whom they were thrust is a question which the writer will not attempt to discuss. But the prevalent notion of regarding political controversy as an end, rather than as the means to an end, is certainly to lose sight of the main issue. Despite the democratic character of Greek legislation and the total disregard of rank, personal influence has had and still has great weight in the elections. The Greeks would not tolerate a King or a President of their own nationality, but there is a tendency to welcome a more arbitrary form of rule in the person of a Dictator. Cultured and thoughtful Greeks—and they are not few in Athens—point out that the real benefits that have accrued to the country are

due, not to Government, but to private initiative. The descendant of one of the foremost figures in the War of Independence, in speaking of this to the author, compared Greece, politically, to a body without a head. He also regarded the franchise, as at present exercised, as an evil, since the people were incapable of using it to their advantage—in other words, the nation was better than the Governments it had elected. He is not alone in his opinions. There has long been a growing distaste for sterile party manœuvres in the thinking portion of Greek society, and a tendency to detachment from politics. It is a misfortune, for it is that very element which the country needs in the conduct of its affairs.

Party intrigue and personal animosities are the chief hindrances to public business, and in the interests of sound legislation they should be discountenanced by legislators themselves. A measure of prime importance in the path of reform is the dissociation of the Army from politics. Under the present constitution officers are eligible for election to the Chamber and occupy seats in it. This is recognised as an evil by a considerable section of the population. Legislation is not the business of the army, whose functions should be purely executive. When it oversteps those limits it constitutes a danger to the commonwealth. The election of officers as deputies is not only wrong in principle but subversive of discipline in the army itself, for the

spectacle of a subaltern, who happens to be a member of the Chamber, criticising the actions of the Minister of War, who is his superior, cannot but have a bad effect in the service. Moreover, an officer zealous in performing his professional duties has no time to devote to politics. The exclusion of officers from Parliament and the establishment of a permanent civil service are two of the most urgent questions demanding the attention of the legislature.

No less than ten per cent of the direct taxation comes from the land and crops. There is also a tax on horses, mules, donkeys, and camels, as well as on professions and occupations. The duty on houses and buildings is a progressive one. The protective tariff on foreign goods is enormous, amounting in many cases to more than the prime value, so that their consumption is altogether impossible to the poor. Food-stuffs of native origin are also very dear. The price of olive oil, an article in daily use, is preposterous, considering that it is a staple product of the country. Not only tobacco, but salt, petroleum, matches, playing cards, and cigarette-paper are State monopolies. The cigarette is practically the only mode of smoking in Greece, and a certain number of papers accompanies each packet of tobacco purchased, according to its size. The quantity of paper is insufficient unless the consumer makes his cigarette of abnormal thickness, so that he is forced to use up his tobacco at a greater rate than he

intended or have the remainder of a packet useless on his hands. The problem is also solved by the employment of smuggled paper. Smuggling of all kinds is naturally rife in a country where fiscal exactions are so numerous. The burden falls heaviest on the poor. Although it has been lightened for them in some ways, as in the reduction of taxes and facilities for deferred payment in case of bad harvests, the system of tax-farming facilitates extortion and is at the same time detrimental to the interests of the State, which receives far less than the people pay. A method of collecting revenue which involves an expenditure of eight million drachmas (£320,000) on a total of 22,325,000 (£893,000) is undeniably wasteful. The revenues assigned to the payment of the interest on the foreign loans are collected under the supervision of the International Commission of Control. The first loan of £800,000 was raised in London in 1824, and was not finally liquidated until 1892. The formidable debt incurred at various periods since that date has been occasioned by military expenses, but the thorny subject of Greek finances cannot be entered on here.

The machinery for the administration of justice bears more resemblance to that of France than to ours. The highest court of civil and criminal appeal bears the famous name of the Areopagus. There are also local Courts of Appeal at Larissa, Nauplia, Patras, and Corfu. The Courts of First

Instance number twenty-six, and there are distributed through the country about three hundred and fifty tribunals, whose functions combine those of a Police and a County Court. Crimes of violence are more numerous than any others; Attica enjoys a bad pre-eminence in this respect, and next come Achaia and Elis. These are the most populous provinces, and they contain the two largest sea-ports. It is only fair to their inhabitants to put down the prevalence of crime to this cause. In the wild mountain districts of Agrapha and Karpenisi, statistics show that there is much less.¹ There is great laxity in dealing with crime. In one year, 1890, there were 2301 homicides and 23 condemnations to death, and the death sentence is nearly always commuted. Convictions are few in proportion to the crimes, and it is stated that upon the fall of the Deliyannis Ministry some years ago there were in Laconia alone no fewer than 1247 fugitives from justice among a population of 126,000.² On the other hand, crimes against property are comparatively rare. Burglary is almost unknown, and in this respect as well as in that of street robberies the inhabitants of Athens enjoy far greater security than those of London, notwithstanding the incontestable superiority of our police organisation. Prison discipline, as it is understood in the West, does not exist. Whilst

¹ And in the Cyclades there is the least.

² Premeditated murder is so rare that it may be considered non-existent. Suicide is unknown.

the sanitary well-being of the convict is not cared for as it is in our prisons, he is not deprived of tobacco, and conversation with his fellow-prisoners is unrestricted. Even pocket-money is his, by the sale of trifling articles of his manufacture to visitors. The stranger to Athens is not a little astonished in passing by a prison to find himself apostrophised by the inmates, who with palms thrust through the grated windows freely beg of the public in the streets. Nor do they beg in vain, for they are regarded rather as suffering misfortune than expiating a misdeed. Sympathy goes out to the man who is undergoing punishment, whilst its cause is apt to be overlooked. The assassin is commiserated, but his victim is forgotten. It may be said that imprisonment has no terrors in Greece; neither is any stigma attaching to it. Certainly the inmates of the prisons show no signs of either shame or compunction. They are more interested in party politics than anything else, for there is always a hope that with a change of Ministry will come a remission of the sentence. Here again politics interfere with the course of justice, and those who know best aver that the vote is indirectly a means of bringing the law into contempt.

The Army and Navy, which have drawn so much attention upon themselves of late, are in the crucible. It is impossible to foretell what developments will take place or what form they will eventually assume. They have taken matters in their own hands to a large extent of late,

and the public attitude towards them is one of expectancy, not to say anxiety. Nothing more than a brief outline of their organisation will be attempted here. Military service is compulsory and universal. It begins when a man is twenty-one and lasts until he is fifty-one. He serves two years with the colours, ten in the reserve, eight in the territorial army, and ten in the territorial reserve. The territorial army is a potential, not an actual force. Neither is it usual for a man to serve the whole of his two years in the first line. The army in the field consists nominally of about 50,000 men. Its peace strength attains 29,000 of all ranks as a maximum. The infantry are armed with the Mannlicher-Schönauer rifle, and the field artillery with the Schneider-Canet quick-firing gun. There are certain infantry battalions called *evzonoi*. These are riflemen and picked troops. They are the only soldiers who wear the *fustanella*, the national Greek—or rather Albanian dress. They are drawn almost entirely from the mountain districts of Ætolia, in Western Greece, especially from the neighbourhoods of Lidoriki and Agrapha, and from the highlands of Arcadia in the Peloponnesus. It is from the *evzonoi* that the King's bodyguard is recruited, and there are always some of them on duty at the palace. The aspect of the streets of Athens, which are always sprinkled with the uniforms of officers, leads to the belief that the army is over-officered. This is said, however, not to be the case. The number of officers seen in

Athens is owing partly to the concentration of troops at the capital, and partly to the fact that retired officers continue to wear their uniform, so that some of the older men one sees are not on the active list. It is true, nevertheless, that the officers seem to have very little to do. At all hours of the day and night they are at the cafés talking politics, reading newspapers, or playing dominoes. There is a military club, founded by the Crown Prince with the object of bringing officers together and creating an *esprit de corps*. It is frequented, but the majority appear to prefer the society of the citizens. Life is expensive in Athens, and country quarters would be more economical for subalterns, whose pay ranges from £53 to £64 a year, but as town-loving Greeks they probably prefer the capital. The reserve men come up for training in the cool weather, and the barracks and camp on the Kephisia Road and at Goudi are then full of soldiers. They are clad in a neat serge uniform of khaki colour, and are a fairly well set up body of men—some of the cavalry-men from the Volo district especially so. There is not the same line of demarcation between officers and private soldiers as with us. The latter salute their officers when they meet them, but both frequent the same establishments, and an officer may often be seen in friendly chat with a soldier. It is true that where service is universal the private may be of a superior social status to that of his officer. Nevertheless, the indiscriminate mixing of ranks would

not consort with our notions of discipline. But discipline of any kind is repugnant to the Greek, and that is one reason, perhaps, why so few men remain in the service when their time is up, although there is a college for non-commissioned officers by passing through which they may obtain commissions. The artillery and engineers are officered from the Evelpidon College at Piræus. The students entering it must possess a certificate from a Gymnasium, and the course lasts five years. There is also a Subalterns' School for infantry and cavalry with a three years' course. There is nothing corresponding to our Staff College. The officers of the Staff at the Ministry of War change with a change of Ministry, for the new Minister has his own following, and there are as many pillars of the ante-chamber, to use the French expression, in the army as in other branches of the public service. The ordering of the national defence is thus made to depend on the swing of the political pendulum. Comment would be superfluous, and if the party of Army Reform make the riddance of this abuse one of the planks in their platform they will deserve well of their country.

The Navy is recruited by conscription or enlistment for a period of two years. It consists of about 4000 officers and men. There are about 5000 men of the naval reserve under thirty-four years of age. Naval officers are educated on the training-ship *Hellas* at the Piræus. They enter at sixteen and remain four years. They make

periodical cruises during this period in the *Admiral Miaoulis*. The men are drawn principally from the islands, especially from Hydra and Spetzai, and from the maritime population of Galaxidi in the Gulf of Corinth. They are trained for three months at the Naval School at Poros and then sent to the Arsenal at Salamis, whence they are drafted to their ships. They are short, wiry, alert, smart in appearance, and thoroughly typical seamen. The navy occupies a large place in the national affections. It played a great part in the War of Independence, and the names of Kanares and Miaoulis are still green and potent to awaken patriotic sentiment, and the Society for the Formation of a National Fleet, which was founded in 1866, has gathered subscriptions from Greeks, rich and poor, the world over. A lottery has also been organised, the drawings taking place every three months, and it brings in a steady increment to the coffers of the Society. But a modern navy is a very expensive thing if it is kept abreast of modern developments. The handy brigs of Hydra were a match for the lumbering Turkish three-deckers in the twenties; and when Abney Hastings, who gave his life for Greece, won the battle of Salona with the steam corvette *Karteria* in 1827, the Greek navy was more than abreast of its contemporaries. With the advent of torpedoes it toed the line in starting a torpedo school in 1880. But of late improvements have been so multiple and rapid, both in speed, armament, and devices for

attack and defence, that a ship is barely launched before she becomes obsolete, and the game can only be played with the aid of vast resources.

The history of modern Greek legislation might be roughly divided into three periods. The first generation belongs to the men who took part in the fight for freedom, Klephts and sailors. They gave proof of patriotism with their lives. But it was narrow, often restricted to clan or province. Their methods were those of the Pashas, from whose rule they had but just freed themselves. The next generation gave evidence of national growth. It created a constitution, established schools, rebuilt the towns, made roads, and its legislative acts displayed care for and devotion to the common weal. But personal ambitions and party feuds compromised the public interests. The period, nevertheless, was fruitful in improvements. The next generation saw the direction of affairs pass almost exclusively into the hands of two classes represented by the University and Capital. The University men were chiefly lawyers, but they included graduates of other faculties, and from this element arose the class of professional politicians. The capitalists were frequently speculators and promoters, Greeks in blood but not born in Greece. Through their influence financial interests and financial schemes were allowed too great a sway in the deliberations of Parliament. Greed of place and greed of pelf were the characteristic evils of this period. Popular opinion and party

government acted as a corrective, and neither evil is so accentuated at present, though both exist.

Under the Constitution of 1864, the King of the Hellenes appoints the Prime Minister and chooses the members of the Cabinet, and he has power to dismiss them. He can also prorogue or suspend Parliament. On the other hand, no act of the King is valid unless countersigned by a Minister, who thereby renders himself responsible.

When the reign of King George comes to be viewed in the cold light of history, the verdict of posterity will be that he accomplished a very difficult task wisely and with consummate patience. He was seventeen when called, mainly through the influence of the British Cabinet to occupy a throne for which he had then probably no particular inclination. The Greeks had set their hearts upon another ruler. Prince Alfred, then a midshipman in the Royal Navy, had been chosen by an enormous majority, 230,016 votes out of a total of 241,202. This was ratified by the National Assembly less than a month before the election of the young Prince of Denmark, who had received six votes in the same plebiscite. Prince Alfred was ineligible by the terms of a treaty previously entered into by England, France, and Russia, which contained a provision that no member of the reigning houses of those Powers should sit on the Hellenic throne. There were, of course, other reasons which rendered it inadvisable, but this was a conclusive one.

In the seventies of last century a young couple might be met nearly every day in the streets of Athens, walking briskly, accompanied by a huge Danish hound. King George and Queen Olga have from the first led the simplest and most unostentatious of lives. When in Athens the King may be seen daily riding or driving to Phaleron, but he passes much of his time at Tatoi, a modest estate in a delightful situation on Mount Parnes, about fifteen miles away. He has carefully abstained from personal interference in the conduct of public affairs, save when it has been necessary to safeguard the principles of the Constitution, which he insists shall be religiously preserved. Retiring and unobtrusive by character and temperament, he has persistently and indefatigably worked for the welfare of the country, and his relations with the most powerful Courts of Europe have enabled him to accomplish his object. Greece owes him an incalculable debt, the measure of which will only be known in the future. Queen Olga has failed to win the sympathy of the Greeks apparently for no better reason than that she is a Russian, and in spite of her noble devotion to the poor and suffering, of which the great Evangelismos Hospital is a lasting monument. The Crown Prince has directed his energies to raising the tone of the army and promoting *esprit de corps* among the officers. Prince Nicholas is the artist of the family. Princess Sophia, who has the eyes and the disposition of her revered mother, the Empress

Frederick, has in the conduct of her household and the upbringing of her family set a great example, and she has worked strenuously to bring about an amelioration of the conditions of home life among the humbler class. The Children's Hospital is her creation. The most popular member of the Royal Family is Princess Andrew—Princess Alice, the daughter of Prince Louis of Battenburg. She won the hearts of the Greeks by learning their language ere she came among them, and she takes a part in their social movements. The mention of the name of Princess Alikè invariably brings a smile and words of affectionate eulogy. The members of the Royal Family of Greece are not hedged about with formal pomp. The indifference of the Greeks to rank brings to them one advantage: they are never mobbed, but allowed to come and go with the freedom of ordinary citizens. One afternoon in the Museum on the Acropolis, the only other visitors were a lady and gentleman and their children. It was quite by accident that I learned from a custodian that the lady who examined the objects with a discernment that came of knowledge was the sister of the German Emperor and the granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

CHAPTER IX

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM

GREEK literature, like the Greek tongue, never wholly perished. Through the Byzantine period, when futile polemical treatises were relieved by chronicles only less dreary, the plant still lived to flower in the folk-songs of Greece, the dithyrambs of the Klepht, and the lyric love ditties. Modern Greek letters, however, began with Rigas, who sang of liberty and died for it in 1798. The poetic tradition was carried on by the two Ionians, Solomos and Valaorites, and their mantle has fallen upon Palamas, whose *Hymn to Athena*, *Iambs and Anapaests*, and *Songs of my Country* would win him a high place among contemporary European poets were a knowledge of the idiom in which they are written more widely diffused. Among the novelists Bikelas would probably be accorded the palm by his countrymen. His *Loukas Larias* has had, perhaps, more readers than any other work of fiction in modern Greek. It deals with a subject of which the Greek is never tired, the rebirth of Greece, although his hero is not a hero in the conventional sense, but a very human person

whose character is limned with painstaking skill. But Bikelas has a firmer and more assured touch in his *Tales from the Ægean*. In them he draws from his own experience, and working in familiar material, gives vivid transcripts of island life, minutely studied. He has passed many years of his life in England, and Greece owes to him faithful translations of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Roïdes has a large circle of readers; his most widely known novel is *Pope Joan*. Karkavitzas has a devoted public, and Papdiamantes is one of the most popular of short-story writers. Episkopoulos, a brilliant journalist, has done work of a more lasting nature, like his *Tales of Eventide*, which appeared originally in an Athenian journal. Drosines is best known by his novel *Herb of Love*, the scene of which is laid in Eubœa; and his *Fairy Tales for Children* display a dainty imagination. He is the interpreter of country life, which he loves, a rare characteristic in a Greek. His *Rural Letters* are fresh and truthful presentments of a phase of existence too little known among Athenians, and he has written a book devoted to *Bees* and another to *Birds*. Karavitzas and Kasdoneas are among the widely read writers of stories. M. Psychares, who has long been a protagonist on the popular side in the language controversy, is best known by his *My Journey*, a brilliant sketch of Greece as he sees it, but his output in the realm of fiction is considerable. Madame Parren, in her *Books of*

the Dawn, has written about woman ancient and modern, and her novel *The Witch* is perhaps the best known of her works. This list by no means exhausts the names of writers in verse and prose who would claim notice in a treatise dealing with contemporary literature in Greece. The author does not pretend to do more than call attention to its existence, otherwise it would be necessary to give some account of the work of Provelenghios, Polemis, Porphyrias, Gryparis, and others. The Greek public is naturally restricted, and a section of it finds its literary pabulum in foreign authors, so that not a few men who could do original work are forced to occupy themselves with translation and journalism. The drama suffers most heavily on this account, owing to the mania for French plays and musical comedy. The most popular contemporary dramatist is Melas, and Tangopoulos comes next perhaps. In the immediate past the two most prominent names are those of Ranghaves and Bernadakis. Both have gone to history for inspiration. The latter in *Maria Doxaparte* has taken an incident of the Frankish Conquest of the Morea; and in *Nikephoros Phokas* the action is laid in Crete of the tenth century. He has also presented a modern version of Euripides and a translation of *Faust*. Æschylus has found an interpreter in Soteriades, and Sophocles in Manos and A. Vlachos. But the Greeks do not take kindly to the metamorphosis of their ancient

masterpieces. The University students especially look upon it as sacrilege, and some time ago they made such an uproarious demonstration against one of these representations that it had to be withdrawn. So the people, who would understand very little of Euripides in his pristine Attic, were sacrificed to pedantry.

History is the department of literature in which modern Greek is perhaps strongest. Tricoupis' *History of the War of Independence* is more or less familiar to Westerns. *The History of the Greek People*, by Papparagopoulos, has become a classic. *The History of the Athenians from the Turkish Conquest to the Campaign of Morosini*, by Kampo-roglou, is a careful study for which the materials are not easily accessible. Sathas has made valuable contributions, embodying much original research, to a knowledge of the Venetian epoch. Lampros in his *Mediæval Greece* has thrown light on a hitherto little-known period. Romanòs has done much to elucidate an obscure phase of history in *The Greek Despotat of Epirus*. Meliarakes has accomplished a similar task in his *History of the Empire of Nicæa after the Latin Conquest f Constantinople*. All this is work of solid value to the student. Recent history has found an exponent in Kyriakides, whose *Contemporary Greece* comes down to 1892. Idromenos in his *Life of Capodistrias* deals with the birth of the new kingdom, and Evangelides in *Events after the Fall of Otho* with that of the actual Constitution.

There is a healthy tone about popular literature in Greece which might be emulated by countries nearer home. The series issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Books consists of volumes costing fourpence each, some of them admirably written, and all of them educative in the best sense of the term. There is an excellent Children's Library, which includes translations of children's classics, such as Hans Andersen. The Maraslé Library, which derives its name from a wealthy Greek who originated and endowed it, has for its object the publication of works of original merit and the translation of standard authors. Macaulay is included in the series. Among books in foreign languages those in French predominate. One sees in the bookshops frequented by University men a sprinkling of scientific works in German. English books are not so plentiful. Illustrated art books and special numbers of illustrated journals constitute the bulk of them. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are known to the Athenians in translations, and standard novels like *David Copperfield* appear as feuilletons in the newspapers. Dumas, Victor Hugo, and Jules Verne seem to be the most popular French writers in translations. New French novels have clients who read them in the original. There are far more booksellers in Athens than in any English town of the same size and their shops are well frequented. Indeed, the book is an important item in the Athenian scheme of life, and this differ-

entiate the Greek from other nations in the Near East. The comparative paucity of bookshops in wealthy Egypt is in marked contrast. But Egypt, with its immense Greek colony, is the best customer of the Athenian publishers. It is there that Greek writers of fiction find their largest public.

It was on the 24th March, 1824, less than three years after the standard of revolt had been raised, that the *Greek Telegraph* was started at Mesolonghi under the auspices of Colonel Stanhope, Byron's "typographic Colonel," an enthusiastic believer in civilisation by newspaper. But it is doubtful if this was the first newspaper in Greece. A print was issued in the island of Hydra, then the chief political centre, and Psyllas, an Athenian journalist of ability and judgment, edited the *Ephemeris*. In the following year the *Genikè Ephemeris*, a sort of official gazette, was established at Nauplia, the then seat of government. There are now, I believe, some 150 journals of various descriptions, and Athens with its population of about 170,000 contrives to support thirteen dailies. The Greek temperament is congenial to the development of journalism. In one respect the people have not changed since, in a memorable address from the Areopagus nigh two thousand years ago, they were described as loving to hear or tell of some new thing. If a Greek has but a halfpenny in his pocket, and it is a question of expending it upon bread or a newspaper, the chances are overwhelmingly in favour of the latter. Most

of the papers have come down to a halfpenny. The newsboys gain about a third of a farthing on every copy. Everybody reads their wares, including the boys themselves. At least, they manage to learn their contents and proclaim what they judge to be the most attractive items. If any news of assumed importance arrives, the papers issue supplements, and the boys are let loose again, careering through the streets with shrill cries of "*Parátima*." "All the winners," the stereotyped rubric of the London newsboy, has no place in their vocabulary. The interest is purely political. Sporting events, which occupy so large a space in our halfpenny evening papers, have no place in their Athenian contemporaries. The debates in the Chamber and party moves, with comments thereupon, come first. Everything which transpires abroad that has any bearing on Greece is carefully chronicled. The utterances of European statesmen concerning Greek questions are reported in full, and are often made the subject of a leading article. There is little court news and no "society" gossip. A column is devoted to current events in Athens, and another to the world outside. The typography and get-up of the papers is generally good, and nearly all of them are copiously illustrated. Advertisements are few and rates low, and the largest circulation probably does not exceed 15,000, so that special cables are rare. The most important items in foreign newspapers are telegraphed from

Corfu, where the mail arrives some thirty hours before it reaches Athens. The European Press is ransacked on its arrival, and the "padding" derived therefrom keeps the Athenian reader abreast of political events. Some papers make a feature of discoveries, inventions, and scientific news. *Athenai* and *Neon Asty* have a literary flavour as distinguished from mere news; the latter is distinguished by its articles on social topics. *Akropolis*, written in a popular style, makes a speciality of non-political articles of general interest, and some of the best short stories have first seen the light in its columns. *Hestia—The Hearth*—is an evening paper, not addicted to sensational headlines, and maintaining in its articles a high literary level. It is well served by its London correspondent, whose letters are a special feature. It also gives considerable space to book reviews and Hellenic archæology, and on the lighter side it has a well-edited column under the alliterative heading *Me Liga Logia*, which may be freely translated "News in a Nut-shell," a rubric once familiar in the London *Echo*. Another ably conducted paper is the bi-weekly *Kratos*. It has no party ties, and circulates chiefly among Greeks outside Greece. The large and increasing Hellenic population in the United States has opened up a new field for Greek journalism. There are, I am told, no less than seven Greek newspapers published in America. Personally, I only know one, the *Atlantis*, now

in its seventeenth year, a well-printed eight-page daily. Judging from its advertisement columns, its coffers are fuller than those of its contemporaries in the mother country. There are many Athenian weeklies, fortnightlies, and monthlies—children's papers, women's papers written by women, and family journals—most of them illustrated. The learned professions have also their organs, and there are others devoted to particular interests. *Roméos*, the Athenian *Punch*, is a household word in Greece. The letterpress is the work of one man, Mr. Souris, who for more than a quarter of a century has laughed good-naturedly in verse week by week. *Roméos* is a *tour de force*, but the modern Aristophanes has found time for other work, of which *Phasoulis Philosopher*, is the most notable.

One fears to touch on the great language controversy which divides Greek men of letters into two camps, the advocates of the *Katharevoussa*, or "purified" tongue, and the vulgarists, known as *Malliaroi*, the long-haired. The latter maintain that the so-called "restored" language is a purely artificial concoction, an incongruous mixture, not partaking of the antique spirit, but of Oriental pedantry. Those who use it think they are reverting to Xenophon, but in doing so they show that they have not escaped yet from the influence of the Turk. A true imitation of the ancients would be to produce modern things as they did. Popular Greek is a development along the lines followed by the Romance tongues from Latin.

To arrest it is to replace a living thing by a dead one. M. Pallis, a great classical scholar, and M. Psychares, also a distinguished scholar and *littérateur*, are champions of the vulgarists. The former asserts that an Italian writing an article in Mediæval Latin or saying "*Date mihi panem*," would not be more absurd than a Greek employing the "purified" language. The latter cites the vulgarists Solomos and Valaorites, declares that the literary treasures of modern Greece are found alone in the popular tongue, and points to the sterility of the purists. The latter have, on the other hand, a strong advocate in Professor Hadzidakis. The battle must be left to the Greeks alone. Whatever the issue may be, it is certain that at present the spoken and written languages differ widely as to words, if not as to construction.

It must not be thought that the popular tongue is not Greek. The peasant when he bids you sit down will say "*Kathizè*," as Socrates to Strepsiades in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes. And like Socrates, he will call the clouds *nephelai*. In the olive groves on the banks of the Kephissus, "where the Attic bird trills her thick warbled notes the summer long," the nightingale is still *æëdon* to the man with the hoe.

The traveller Douglas said of Athens in 1810, the Greeks of the classic age would have less difficulty in understanding the moderns than the contemporaries of William of Malmesbury and Froissart in comprehending the English and French of their descendants.

CHAPTER X

ATHENS

ATHENS became the capital of Greece in 1834. It was not the first capital. Nauplia preceded it, and for a time Ægina, whilst Corinth was the seat of government during a period of the war. Some thought the choice was not a wise one. Patras was a place of far greater wealth and importance. It had long maintained commercial relations with Europe, it was in touch with the civilisation of the Ionian Islands, it was a seaport, and behind it and on either side lay the most fertile region of Greece. Corinth had its advocates, and its geographical position certainly seemed to mark it out as the centre of the kingdom. It commands the traffic between the north and south through its narrow isthmus, and the two seas make it the natural place of export for both east and west. But the fortune of its youth seems to have fled for ever, and Corinth remains now, as it has been for centuries, little else than a large Albanian village. Men's minds had been occupied with a waterway through the isthmus since the days of Periander, two thousand five hundred years ago. Demetrius Poliorcetes

was dissuaded from it by his engineers, who had a notion that the level of the two seas was not the same. Cæsar studied the project and might have carried it out had not affairs of State diverted his energies in other directions. Caligula thought of it and abandoned it. Nero actually began it, with characteristic theatrical accessories. He gave the first stroke with a golden pick, and had placed fifteen thousand men on the works when he was called away by a revolt in Gaul. The Corinth Canal as an accomplished fact was reserved for the end of the nineteenth century. But it is, commercially, a failure. Steamers coming from the Adriatic save 202 miles in the passage to the Piræus. The saving is less for vessels from the Mediterranean, and in any case not enough to cover the expense incurred in dues. Moreover, it is too small—75 feet wide, 26 feet deep—for vessels of large tonnage to pass through in safety. As we steam between the sheer rock walls with a vista of open sea at either end and a railway bridge 200 feet above, in the middle, it is melancholy to reflect that perhaps the chief benefits of the canal have fallen to geologists, to whom it has afforded facilities for observing the strata, and to the swallows who nest in the crannies. In any case it has done nothing for Corinth, forlorn on its flat shore, looking all the flatter from its contiguity to the Akro-Korinthos, that magnificent isolated rock soaring nearly 2000 feet above it. Corinth labours under two great disadvantages: it is

never free from malaria and it is frequently shaken by earthquakes. In 1858 it was destroyed almost entirely. Athens, on the contrary, is one of the healthiest spots in Greece, and in a land which counts, on an average, ninety-four earthquake days in the year, it enjoys a remarkable immunity from disaster. The shocks with which it is visited occasionally are rarely violent enough to cause damage. Sentiment had the largest share in choosing it as the capital, but in these respects the choice was happy. The arid character of the Attic plain was commented on by Pindar and Thucydides, and no doubt by others before them. Certainly it has come in for animadversion ever since. The "chorus of hills" which bound it on every side but that open to the sea are not high enough to hold the clouds, but, on the other hand, they are low enough to admit the northern breezes, which temper the summer heat. The thin, transparent atmosphere renders a high temperature much more tolerable than in a damp climate. Between the hours of nine and five on a summer day, the pavements of Athens scorch and the reflection from the white walls blinds, but the heat is never what is termed stifling, and it is always pleasant in the shade. In the morning, when the sky is rosy behind Hymettus, before the sun has pumped up the dewy coolness of the night, and in the evening, when he sinks in vaporous gold behind the ranges of the Peloponnesus, one is tempted to say there is no climate in the world

comparable to that of Athens. Certainly there is nothing precisely like it anywhere else in the Near East. The peculiar sweetness of the air strikes one every time one returns to it. The cold is harder to combat than the heat, in houses where there are no appliances for artificial warmth. February, March, and even April can be very chilly, and the thin air makes the cold more penetrating. The lovely weather of December is often prolonged into January. Hence the local proverb, "January tries to be spring when it can."

Athens stretches north from the Acropolis far over the plain, runs up the western, southern, and eastern slopes of Lycabettus and across the Ilissus to the sharp rise beyond, whilst a straggling suburb extends towards Phaleron on the south, and another, more compact, to Patissia on the north. An isolated ridge of no great elevation rises from the plain and ends in the peaked Lycabettus. A mile away on the southern outskirts of the city is a group of lower hills, the abrupt table of the Acropolis, with its acolyte, the rugged Areopagus, and beyond the more rounded summits of the Hill of the Muses and the Hill of the Nymphs, the former crowned by the conspicuous remains of the Philopappus monument, the latter by the dome of the modern Observatory. The steep flanks of Hymettus bring the mountain barrier nearest, eastward of the city. On the west and north it is formed by Ægaleos and the loftier Parnes and Pentelicus.

The thoughts of one arriving in Athens for the first time are probably bent on the Acropolis, but his eyes will almost surely at first be drawn to the bold and graceful outline of Lycabettus, the noble rock some nine hundred feet high, considerably dropped by Athena to serve as a bulwark for her Athenians. It is the antithesis of the Acropolis, for it is without a history. It has not even been determined if it was the Anchesmos of the ancients. But it is the dominant feature of the city, from which it soars, an abrupt peak capped by the white monastery of St. George, and its beauty never palls. The inhabitants of Athens ascend it on St. George's Day in crowds. On the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, as a rule, they leave it severely alone—an advantage to those who wish to enjoy the prospect it affords in tranquillity. That and also the view from the Acropolis have been described by Christopher Wordsworth and many travellers since. If this were a guide-book it would counsel as a point of view for Athens itself, as distinct from its environs, the open space near the so-called Theseum, for the reason that it includes both Lycabettus and the Acropolis, whereas if either be taken as a standpoint it is left out of the picture.

As the Cannebière is to Marseilles and the Toledo to Naples, so is Stadium Street to Athens, in the estimation of the citizens. Needless to say, it has nothing in common with either, save that it

is regarded as the principal thoroughfare. In it are situated the Boulè—Parliament, the Ministry of Finance, the High Court of Appeal, and the Royal Stables, none of which can be considered inspiring architecturally. But its shops and restaurants are of the best, and it is the main channel of communication between Constitution and Concord Squares, which may be taken as the two centres of the city, the former that of the court quarter and the latter of commerce. Parallel with Stadium Street is the less frequented but more spacious University Street, and beyond this again, on rising ground, Academy Street. University Street, with its broad pavements and handsome buildings, ranks with the finest thoroughfares in Europe, and not one among them can show anything to compare with the Academy, a really successful revival of Ionic. The University and the Public Library are Doric; the latter is a good example of the order. The southern end of University Street leads to the space in front of the Palace, where the Kephisia Avenue debouches on to Constitution Square. The site is the most imposing in Athens, though the Palace does not enhance it. The Bavarians wanted to place it on the Acropolis. It is said that King Otho put his foot down on that project. If so, the world owes him a lasting debt. The Palace Gardens, planned by Queen Amalia, are open to the public twice a week—a boon, for this delightful grove is the only shade-ful spot in the city. The gardens

are flanked on three sides by the Kephisia Avenue, the Amalia Avenue, and that of Herodes Atticus, and they abut on the grounds of the Zappeion. The three avenues are planted with pepper trees whose branches droop over the broad pavement, and flanked by mansions—the Mayfair and Belgravia of Athens. The Zappeion grounds are the chosen promenade of an evening. The terrace commands a prospect it would be hard to match. From a broad flight of marble steps, flanked by statues of the brothers Zappa in frock-coats, we look across a foreground of shrubs and winding walks to the stately columns of the Temple of Olympian Jove, rising high above the palms, the most grandiose of Athenian fanes, one of the first to be begun and the last to be completed. Did not Plutarch moralise over its unfinished state? To the right towers the abrupt eastern face of the Acropolis, pitted with caverns, crowned with frowning walls, and above, against the sky, the gleaming marble of the Parthenon. To the left, the Ilissus, oleander-fringed, and beyond it the low hills of Agræ with their vesture of dwarf pines, against which the restored Stadium, fronted by the statue of M. Averof, also in a frock-coat, stands out sharply in raw whiteness. Between the tall Olympian columns in front, the shimmer of the Ægean, framed by the shoulders of Hymettus, the distant peaks of Argolis, and dotted with isles of opal and mother-of-pearl. It would be idle to try to describe this at sunset

when the sea is incarnadined, the mountains robed in deepest violet, and the Parthenon a rosy flame. The Athenians, meanwhile, seem to reckon little of these things. They are too busy over politics at the little round tables of the open-air café.

The Agora of modern Athens is Constitution Square. Everybody puts in an appearance there once at least in the twenty-four hours. Politicians frequent the cafés, and the *haute volée* of Athens society the patisseries. The two best hotels are in the Square. It is the foreigners' centre. Tourist agencies divide it with photograph shops and dealers in antiquities. In the warm summer evenings the festoons of twinkling lamps amid the orange trees throw a soft light on the groups scattered at the tables which fill up the whole central space. The scene is bright, but it can scarcely be called gay. Unlike the French and Italians, the Greeks of the middle-classes have a tendency "to take their pleasures sadly."

Out of Constitution Square runs Hermes Street, due west, older and narrower than Stadium Street, but containing the best jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops. It is the best-paved thoroughfare in Athens. Branching from Hermes Street northwards is Æolus Street. This runs through the heart of the business quarter, which may be said roughly to lie within the triangular area bounded by Hermes Street, Stadium Street, and Æolus Street. The latter ends in a square flanked by three great buildings—the Post and Telegraph

Office, the National Bank, and the Municipal Theatre. West of Æolus Street, and like it running north and south, is the Street of Athena, a broad boulevard of a popular character. Beyond this is a vast and populous quarter inhabited by the humbler classes. It is penetrated by arteries, Euripides Street and others. Its denizens take a pride, seemingly, in displaying their bedsteads, perhaps as a sign of Athenian citizenship. Bedsteads are unknown among the rural poor. The streets are full of children, as in similar neighbourhoods with us, but Athens does not contain anything like the noisome London slums. Poverty is not so dire; house-room, though dear enough, is not so exorbitant; and the bright, clear air bathes everything. There is no grimy blackness, no hopeless squalor. Wine-shops are abundant. Most of them are gardens roofed with vines. The workman pays his penny for his half-oke (about two-thirds of a pint) of wine, and the vintner supplies him with olives. He will make merry for the better part of the evening on this, trolling with his mates those Greek choruses in a minor key which sound so lugubrious to Western ears. He has air and elbow-room, a comfortable seat and a handy table. If he were told that the English working-man recuperates in a sort of dirty horse-box nor dreams of the luxury of a seat, he would not believe it.

Some travellers have said that there is no intoxication in Greece. It would be truer to say that

there is no drunkenness of the baser sort. The fiery *mastika* leads to brawls, which occur chiefly in the seaports; but the beverages of the Greek are not stupefying, and rarely sophisticated. He grows merry at times over his wine, but it is light and harmless. The Greeks of the humbler sort spend more time in taverns than Englishmen of the same class, but with no lamentable results. One reason is the more wholesome nature of the beverages aforesaid, but a greater is the wholly different character of the places in which they are consumed. These are not part of a vast system ingeniously devised to promote the sale of alcoholic liquors. They are owned by the individual who keeps them, and who, in many cases, is the proprietor of the vineyard which is the source of their supplies. Moreover, a Greek never drinks without eating something, however little. A liquid is never served unaccompanied by a solid. An essential in every establishment is an array of diminutive plates containing these *addenda*—morsels of water-melon, sections of oranges, nuts and fruit according to season, pickled celery and pepper-pods, shell-fish, sliced tomatoes, cubes of bread coated with caviar or soft cheese, roasted chick-peas, *tziro*, a small fish, dried, pounded, and divided into strips. The variety is greater or less according to the place. Some are noted for special delicacies of their own, but olives, white cheese, and haricots are never absent. Then the Greek supplements wine with copious draughts of water,

or simply dilutes it. A goblet, clear and cold, is served as a matter of course with the stronger liquid. So that mere drinking is not the only resource of the tavern, nor are its clients made to feel that they must drink so long as they remain in it. Neither do they hide their potations behind blinds and screens in a reeking atmosphere. For three parts of the year they frequent the garden, amidst growing plants, trellised creepers, and wandering vines, and the tavern itself is open to the broad light of day, its tables overflowing on to the pavement. The division of an establishment into compartments graduated by the price of the refreshment is unheard of, nor would it be tolerated. A measure of wine of the smallest entitles the purchaser to the full range of the premises. Thus the Greek tavern is a much simpler and a much saner thing than the English public-house. There is no plush, no gilding, none of the garish adornments of the gin-palace. Fresh air and shade are its chief attractions, and its only adornment flowering plants. The Greek, like the Englishman of old, takes his ease in his inn. No stigma attaches to it, and no sense of degradation is felt by the man who frequents it. The man—for no Greek woman enters a tavern, nor is she ever employed there to serve ; she goes to a café with her family, and ladies on shopping expeditions may be found in the patisseries. But the spectacle of a tavern crowded with women of the poorer class, so frequent in London, is unknown

in Athens. Another point of divergence is the practice of paying on delivery. The London tavern-keeper demands payment before the liquor is consumed, assuming that his customer is dishonest. The Athenian host never troubles about the score until the guest takes his departure. The former may be the wiser of the two, but his method has a shrewd moral significance.

Apart from the first-class hotels—one of which at least is equal to any in Western Europe—and the second-class hotels in the vicinity of Concord Square, some of which are all that can be desired in cleanliness and service, the wanderer in Athens often comes across an inscription, *Xenodocheion tou Hypnou*—literally, Hotel of Sleep. These establishments provide bed, but not board. They are used by country-folk who have business in the capital, for their tariff is modest, and the frugal Greek cares to spend very little on his sustenance. They are found chiefly in Athena Street and in the vicinity of the railway-stations. In the provinces the inns are of the same kind, sometimes with a restaurant attached. They are fairly comfortable, and the traveller can always count on being provided from outside with tolerable fare. He will not find bathrooms, but the towels will be spotless, and a hair-brush and comb and pair of slippers are part of the furniture of his room. A tooth-brush is not included in these little amenities, so he is reduced to using his own. There will be no extras in his modest bill, not even that two

shillings for imaginary attendance which figures in the account of the English innkeeper who has condescended to entertain him. To return to Athens, here is a wine-shop, one of many. The proprietor is a medical man who owns a vineyard in Santorin. The doctor comes over occasionally to look after it. But he leaves everything to his manager, a young fellow from a village a few miles out of Athens, whose assistant is a sturdy little boy from the distant isle of Anaphé. He carries wine to houses all over Athens. His working hours average fourteen on week-days and five on Sundays. He is not carrying incessantly, of course. Such a feat would tax the powers of a Hercules. In the intervals he attends on casual customers and is employed in divers ways, so that he is on his feet most of the time. For this he gets about eighteenpence a week, food and lodging. His father is a sailor, trading between the Black Sea and British ports. Panayoti wants to go to sea too, and is anxious to see England. He is diminutive for his age—thirteen—but thick-set, and he walks as though he were on a moving deck. This is not because he was born on a small island. Anaphé is firmly anchored, but much of his childhood has been passed in boats. He is strong and handy, and will do well enough at sea, but, like most islanders, he is very quick and intelligent, and his ultimate destination will probably be America, the gulf which swallows so much of the youth and energy of Greece. Our wine-shop is

not much frequented by casual customers—the palate of the Athenian people is more attuned to their native *resinata* than to the vintage of Santorin. The latter has its amateurs nevertheless. The doctor is not ashamed of his wine-butts, and when he is at Athens his professional friends come to see him at the shop. Three or four workmen come at their dinner-hour, then the barber from next door and the photographer from over the way. A couple of cavalry officers in their green and gold uniform add a note of colour to the assembly. Three civilians, who speak Greek as a mother tongue and suddenly drop into German equally colloquial, but with an accent and an intonation evidently not acquired in the Fatherland, would be a puzzle did we not remember that about five miles north of Athens the traveller's gaze is arrested by a church spire, an unwonted spectacle in Greece. Hard by is a graveyard, the stones lettered in the Greek character indeed, but the names German. A bevy of schoolgirls approach chattering voluble Greek, but their blue eyes and blonde pigtails are those of the Teuton *mädchen*. This is a survival of the days of King Otho and the Bavarians. The little colony was founded in 1837. Its members have remained Catholics, and they have preserved their tongue, though Greek is more familiar to them. Save in this and their descent they are Greeks. Hence the explanation of our bilingual friends in the wine-shop, into which there enters a youth con-

ning a book. He proceeds to assist in attending to the guests. The book is on a table at our elbow. We take it up. It is Latin—Cornelius Nepos. Its owner can parse it and turn it neatly into Greek. Of course he is far more at home with Xenophon or the *Odyssey*. Halley's comet happens to be a topic of conversation. He knows the period of its occurrence, and displays a fairly extensive acquaintance with the ways of comets generally. Questioned as to eclipses, he demonstrates those of the moon by diagram. That this comes from a boy engaged in serving halfpenny glasses of wine excites no remark. Education bears no relation to social status in Greece. Christo is the younger brother of Spiro, who has charge of the shop. When he has finished his course at the Gymnasium he will go to the University. Spiro, asked as to what faculty his brother will take up, replies, "*Opos aresei*"—what he pleases. Christo himself has as yet an open mind on the matter. Greeks like to have one lettered member of the family, who, to his credit, never assumes superiority over his unlettered brothers. It is true, his lot is often less enviable than theirs from a worldly point of view. In this case it has fallen to Christo, and he accepts it as a matter of course. He instances in the concrete the social conditions of his nation, and so does the propinquity of the workman's blouse to the officer's gold lace and the doctor's broadcloth at the tables he serves. The workman may have a brother in their posi-

tion, as they may have brothers in his. Whether what has been termed an educated proletariat is a wise thing or the reverse, it is the way of Greece. Distinctions exist necessarily, but there is no caste. The rich do not despise the poor, nor do the poor envy the rich.

Nestling beneath the northern face of the Acropolis and running far up its steep slope, a region bounded on the north by Hermes Street, west by the Street of the Philhellenes, and extending eastward to the Theseum, is the Athens of history. Not of ancient history necessarily, though it contains nearly all the antique remains within the city, but of the Middle Ages onward to the Independence and the time immediately following it. It is the Athens of the Frankish Dukes and the Turks; the Athens to which Cockerell came in December, 1810, when he found three young Cambridge men, Graham, Haygarth, and Byron, lodging in the house of the widow Macri; the Athens known to Dodwell and Leake, Tweddell and Chandler, Sibthorpe and Hawkins, Stuart and Revett; the Athens discovered by the pioneers of the study of Hellenic antiquity among Englishmen, Wheler and Francis Vernon, in the seventeenth century.

Archæology is not all dryasdust. It has its romance, and volumes might be written on the re-discovery of Greece from its dawn in 1430 with Cyriacus of Ancona onwards. But the thoughts of an Englishman turn naturally to those of his own race who took part in the lifting of the veil.

They came when the night of Athens was at its deepest. Greek scholarship had grown in Western Europe since the fifteenth century. During the same period Greece grew more obscure, until at last those who revered the name of Athens did not realise that it had a material existence. Yet Athens was never quite dead. Francis Vernon, who spent two months there in 1675, wrote that it was second only to Rome in its remains. Chandler, who came a century later, was "delighted and awed." One likes to recall the fresh enthusiasm and the emotion of these discoverers of a new old world. One would like to see the house where Byron lodged.¹ Finlay's residence still exists, and ought to have an absorbing interest for all students of the history of mediæval and modern Greece. They are very charming, these old houses. They ramble in spacious courtyards where lemon and orange glint against the dense green in winter or starry blossoms breathe perfume in spring. Broad

¹ A Smyrna merchant told the author that he was once in Athens, when he fell in with an Englishman to whom he expressed a great desire to see the Maid of Athens. His acquaintance made an indifferent response and the conversation turned to other matters. Eventually the Englishman asked him to his house to take pot-luck. On arriving they were received by his wife. "Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. —, the Maid of Athens." There was nothing remarkable in her, said Mr. W. —fine eyes; but all Greek girls have fine eyes. The name of the Englishman was Black. He was in the Consular service when he married Theresa Macri, the Maid of Athens. She survived him, dying in 1875 at the age of eighty. She was described as a tall old lady with features inspiring reverence. There are still people of the quarter who remember her.



THE MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

[Photograph Co.]

wooden balconies draped with jasmine jut forth from them, and terraces cunningly arranged under a spreading fig tree in a cool corner afford air and shade in the baking afternoons. An Athenian described this quarter to the author as "our Faubourg St. Germain." It is no longer fashionable, but a few old families linger there. They are far better off in their vast, cool rooms and shady balconies than the up-to-date Athenians, who look so unhappy behind the iron railings of their trim double-fronted villas built on models of a German watering-place of twenty-five years ago. Hadrian Street—the Bond Street of Athens in the forties and fifties—winds through the heart of this from east to west. At its eastern end is the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, in the middle of an open space. The author used to be puzzled as to how Byron could have written *The Curse of Minerva* and a portion of *Childe Harold* in that slender shaft, which looks as though it were solid, and at present has no means of ingress. But Dodwell revealed the mystery through an engraving in his *Tour*, showing the interior of the monument as an alcove in an apartment of the Franciscan Convent, in the south-east angle of which, as he explains, it was "partly immured." Byron wrote to a friend in 1811: "I am living alone at the Franciscan Convent with one friar (a Capuchin, of course) and one frier, a bandy-legged Turkish cook." The circular alcove would afford a welcome retreat, and there beneath the piece of

marble carved into a leaf pattern which forms its roof he handled Lord Elgin so fiercely, his indignation sharpened perhaps by the proximity of the scene of the depredations, for the east cliff of the Acropolis almost overhangs the monument. The convent has been cleared away with its garden "laid out in the Italian manner," and "the three-thorned acacia," as described by Dodwell, who was there five years before Byron. He says the convent preserved the monument, and it may be true, for an offer was made for it in 1801 by an amateur whose name is not recorded. However, it has survived the convent, as it preceded it. It was erected in 337 B.C., one of many monuments in that Street of the Tripods whose name is preserved in the modern *Odos Tripodon* which probably follows part of the ancient way. We regret the convent for the sake of its associations. Chandler came here and tells of the beauty of the prospect from it. He speaks, too, of the shouting of the Turkish patrols at night from the Acropolis above. Wheler, just a century before, remarks on "the great hallowing and noise" from the same source. He, too, sought the hospitality of the little "hospitium or cell of the Capuchins, adjoining the Lantern of Demosthenes"—the popular name for the Choragic Monument, which clings to it still. People will say they live near the Phanari, though they know it is a *Mnemeion*. Wheler describes the city as about four miles in circumference, with 8000 or

10,000 inhabitants. There were eight Epitropoi or magistrates to decide causes among the Christians. He counted 200 churches, fifty-two of which were in use. Most of these would be tiny Byzantine fanes, a few of which remain. But a place which contains 200 churches, besides mosques and baths, to say nothing of tribunals and a garrison, can hardly be called an obscure village, as it was assumed to be by many in the last century. Chandler said in 1765, those who called it a small village must have beheld the Acropolis through the wrong end of a telescope. He was pleased with the behaviour of the people, and remarked that Greeks and Turks lived on more equal terms than elsewhere. Wheler, who was at Athens a century before him, made similar observations. He had seen few towns in Turkey as well preserved or that enjoyed greater privileges, and he gave the reason. The Athenians in every difficulty appealed to their patron, the Kizlar-Agha. A little romance attaches to this. Vasilikè, a beautiful Athenian, was carried off as a slave to the Seraglio at Constantinople, and Sultan Achmet I became so enamoured of her that he could refuse her nothing. She did not forget her birthplace in the hour of her prosperity, and like the Empress Irenè eight centuries earlier, she used her influence in the interests of the Athenians. Athens then occupied the rank of a provincial town in the pashalik of Egripos, which included the island of Negroponte, and the main-

land provinces of Bœotia, Locris, and Attica. It suffered the usual exactions and injustice, and Vasilikè pleaded its cause with the Sultan, with the result that it was detached from the tyranny of the Pasha of Egripos and his myrmidons, and granted as a fief to the Kizlar-Agha, a functionary whose title means, literally, the Master of the Girls, though he is known more familiarly to Europeans as the Chief Eunuch. This personage, more powerful than any Pasha, himself appointed the Voivoda or Governor of Athens, who would speedily have been presented with a bowstring had he been guilty of maladministration. Achmet I died in 1617, but the privilege he granted was continued by his successors, and Athens remained a fiscal appanage of the Palace down into the nineteenth century. Thus Byron's line, "Slaves, nay the bondsmen of a slave," was literally true, for the Kizlar-Agha, though wealthy and potent—he bore the title of Highness and ranked with the Grand Vizier, whom he could often make and unmake—was in reality an Ethiopian slave. That Athens of all places should have fallen into the possession of this sable thrall is a supreme instance of the irony of fate. Accorded as a boon, it might rather have been accounted the depth of degradation; yet a boon it was, inasmuch as it saved the city from the rapacity of the ordinary form of Turkish rule. The shadow of her ancient glory seems at all times to have inspired respect. Under the Byzantine Empire—and the Byzantines

were perhaps more rapacious than the Turks—Athens enjoyed certain privileges. For instance, the Prætor of Thebes, notwithstanding his superior jurisdiction, might not enter the city with an armed force. In later days Athens still remained a centre of erudition. John of Basingstoke, Archdeacon of Leicester, went there for the purpose of study in the reign of our Henry III.¹ He was accomplished in all the learning of his time.² Yet he said that he had seen and heard from learned Greeks things unknown to the Latins. He brought back a system of numerals, a grammar which he called the Donatus of the Greeks, and among many newly discovered books the Testament of the Patriarchs, which he showed to his friend Robert Grosseteste, the great Bishop of Lincoln, who had it translated into Latin. Before this certain Athenian clerics—philosophers Matthew Paris calls them—came to the Court of King John, where they engaged in theological disputations with English divines. The chronicler describes them as grave of countenance and haughty in bearing.³

Ramon Muntaner, soldier and historian, who held a command in the expedition of the Infant Ferdinand of Majorca, gives a glowing account of the brilliant Court of Athens, the wealth of the

¹ John of Basingstoke died in 1252.

² “Vir in trivio et quadrivio ad plenum eruditus.”—Matt. Paris, *Chronica Majora*, v. 285-7.

³ “Vultu et gestu severi.”—Matt. Paris, *Historia Anglorum*, iii. 64.

city, and the prosperity of the surrounding country. Yet when he was there in the reign of Duke Guy II, who died in 1308, Thebes, with its great castle of Santomeri, was more important than Athens. The doughty Catalan saw what he had never encountered in the West, a prosperous middle-class. Down to the fifteenth century the cities of Greece were far in advance of those of France and England, in commerce, industry, and the amenities of life. Europe still looked to the East for arts and learning. When Mohammed II visited Greece in 1458, two years after the Conquest, he was astonished not only at the antique remains on the Acropolis, but at the splendid buildings and spacious quays which the Florentine Dukes had constructed at the Piræus. In the early nineteenth century the Piræus consisted of a monastery, a shed, and a few hovels. In 1836 its population was 1500. It now numbers some 70,000. But Athens never ceased to be a city. The portion in which we now are was walled until 1835. One of the gates—Bobonistra—stood somewhere in the area now occupied by Constitution Square, which gives an idea of the growth of the modern town. The city of Hadrian, which lay to the east of his Arch, as the inscription tells us, is now an open space, most of which is taken up by the Zappeion and the Royal Gardens. Here and there fragments of pavement or a marble plinth remain. These and columns of the Great Temple are the only re-

mains of the new Athens reared by the Emperor. The region south of the Acropolis, an important quarter of the city in the time of Thucydides, is now deserted. The venerable rock is no longer the centre of Athens, which in these days has spread northwards.

Following Hadrian Street westward we come to a busier quarter, the nucleus of old Athens, where traces of the Turk are mingled with the relics of antiquity. The shops and cafés are meaner than those of new Athens, but the district has more character and interest. Here history was made. Stadium Street and Concord Square have no story to tell. Old-fashioned people cling to the quarter. The bubbling *nargileh* reminds us that we are in the East. A narrow street devoted to shoemakers, and another given up to the din of coppersmiths with their "rude mechanicals that work for bread, upon Athenian stalls," are vestiges of the old bazaar. Here is the dismantled mosque, to the building of which went one of the great columns of the Olympeion—in pieces. Beside it stands a Corinthian façade, a fragment of the Stoa of Hadrian, and successively the Palace of the Frankish and Turkish Governors, demolished under King Otho. Westward is the Doric gateway of Athena Archegetes and the Clepsydra of Andronicos Cyrrhestes—the Tower of the Winds, which gives its name to Æolus Street, stretching northward in a long perspective. It is hard to realise that this monument was once a *tekkeh* of

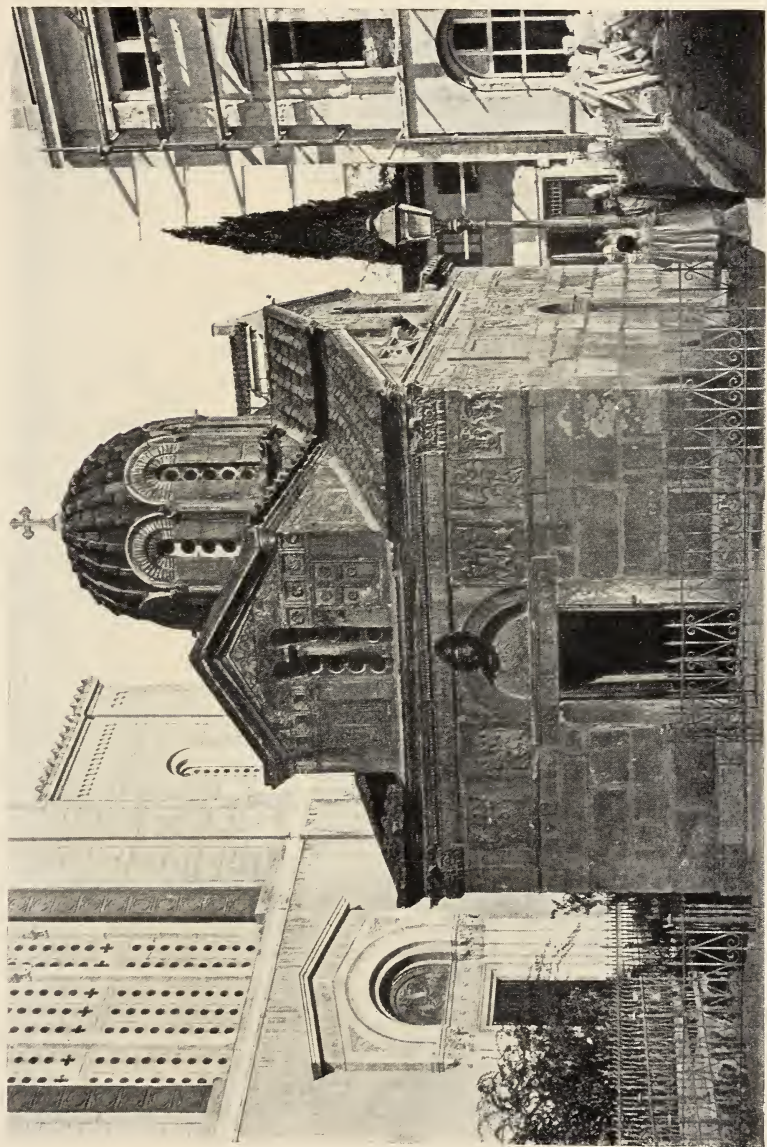
the Dancing Dervishes. Yet Dodwell has a drawing of its interior with the *mevlevi* engaged in their corybantic devotions. In some of its outward aspects the neighbourhood still corresponds to Dr. Wordsworth's description, though there is no muezzin calling the Faithful to prayer. But how strange it is to read that this insignificant backwater, outside the stream of Athenian life, was then "the only street of any importance—with no foot-pavement and a gutter in the centre." That was in 1832, on the very eve of emancipation; yet there were "no books, no lamps, no windows, no carriages, no newspapers, no post-office." Imagine the Athenian of to-day without his newspaper.

Through a district poor and populous, but redeemed from sordidness by the flowers and foliage that embellish the humble dwellings, we come to the western limits of the region and the Theseum, best preserved of the remains of ancient Athens. From Theseus and Herakles the thoughts of the Hellenist will turn to an Englishman. Here in 1799 was laid to rest the brilliant young Cambridge scholar John Tweddell. During four years of travel he had laid up a great store of knowledge which he had embodied in journals kept with minute care. He had engaged a French artist, Preaux, to accompany him and copy, to use his own words, "not only every temple and every archway, but every stone and every inscription with the most scrupulous fidelity." The bulk of

this, together with 150 drawings of costumes and usages and 40 views, were deposited with Thornton at Constantinople. Lord Elgin, then ambassador, ordered everything to be given into his charge. This was done, and it was the last that has ever been seen of either journals or drawings. Lord Elgin stated that he had sent them to a relative of Tweddell in England, but they never arrived. There was a controversy at the time, but the mystery has not been cleared up to this day. The loss is irreparable, for the things that were recorded by a most sedulous student and accurate observer have themselves perished.

Take any turning to the south and the streets soon become stairways leading up to Anaphiotikè—a quarter inhabited by islanders from Anaphè and Santorin, who live in flat-roofed houses like those they have left. Narrow lanes wind up and down, following the contour of the rock. The goats and chickens—everybody seems to keep poultry here—lend a rural touch, and the baggy breeches and red bonnets smack of the Ægean. The colony is not old—drawings of the early nineteenth century show a bare slope—and I could never learn from the inhabitants how it came here. It is fed by a perennial stream of immigrants. The children—they are almost as numerous as the chickens—want to show you the way to the *Kastro*. It is the fortress up here, the Acropolis down below. And a fortress it is. You do not see the temples, only the ochreous brown shoulder

of the rock. And the grim walls—those walls of many builders—frown overhead. It is the Acropolis under its military aspect. Athens is spread out at your feet, flat and white. It seems to be a thing apart, for Anaphiotikè is quite different to the rest of the city. It has a charm of its own though, and is a splendid point of vantage for a sunset. But we must not linger more, and to the cheery *Kalee nykta* of these rural citizens we hurry down the steep ways and through old Athens to the Cathedral Square, a few paces beyond which is Hermes Street and modernity. The Metropolitan Church was built in 1855. Four architects used the materials of seventy demolished churches to achieve a triumph of ugliness, devoid alike of taste and inspiration. Happily, they did not lay under contribution the tiny church—some 40 feet by 25—which stands a few paces away, a pigmy compared to it in size, but immeasurably greater in everything else. It is an exceedingly beautiful example of Byzantine at its best, but it is not on that account that it claims attention here. Its builders, like those of the new cathedral, drew their material from older edifices. Its walls contain fragments Hellenic and Roman, nude figures of pagans, an archaic frieze behind the apse, the signs of the zodiac in low relief on the lintel, the Byzantine eagle, heraldic animals of the Middle Ages, and the arms of the Villehardouins, the Frankish rulers of the Morea. It is an architectural epitome of the history of Athens—the



ST. ELEUTHERIOS.

[Photochrom Co.]

Athens we have been visiting—just within whose bounds it stands.

The modern city does not lend itself easily to definition as to character. The writer has known it compared to Leamington, which recalls another famous comparison based on the presence of a river. There are houses at Leamington and there are houses at Athens. The alleged resemblance to Edinburgh consists only in similarity of geographical position. But the Acropolis can hardly be likened to Calton Hill, nor Lycabettus to Arthur's Seat. And nobody would be bold enough to assert that the skies of "Auld Reekie" are those of Attica, or the tints of the Saronic Gulf those of the Firth of Forth. The designers of new Athens probably had in their minds a South German capital, but there are bits of it which remind one of a watering-place on the Riviera. In short, Athens is Athens. Its characteristics are brightness and whiteness—too much of both in summer. Yet one would not willingly forego those broad, stately roadways and spacious pavements. Dust is the greatest scourge—fine, impalpable dust which invades and covers every object within doors as well as without. This has already been much abated by the asphaltting of the streets, and when that work is completed—and it is being pushed forward rapidly—it will be reduced to a minimum. Taking all things into consideration, life in Athens is pleasanter than in Western cities. There is less smoke,

less noise, and more space, and, above all, there is the "most pellucid air" of Euripides. Even the white hot silence of a summer noon is not oppressive. The nerve-shattering din which is rapidly making London uninhabitable has not invaded Athens. The tramways are not noisy. The only other public conveyance is a very light and handy two-horse bus—a really admirable vehicle. Happily, Athens is still Oriental enough not to be in a hurry, even when it is at work. No wonder centenarians are numerous in Greece.

Here is the beginning of an Athenian day. The profile of Lycabettus is still dark against the kindling east when there comes the tinkle of bells. We know they are borne by goats by the dull, muted sound. The timbre of the goat-bell is the same everywhere. It is unmistakable, differing alike from the fuller tone of the sheep-bell and the sharp jingle of the mule-bells. The tinkle is followed by the cry of *Gala, galatà* (milk), and a tall figure in *fustanella* seizes one of his charges by the leg and draws from her the morning supply for the household of the civil servant opposite. The stentorian tones of the goat-herd are quickly followed by the shrill treble of *Loostro-verneeki* from the throat of a diminutive shoe-black going his round. He has his regular customers, but he does not mean to lose a chance one for want of advertising, and he has his reward. A couple of pair of boots are thrown out, and he unslings his box and sets to work on the doorstep.

Ephemerides! The cry is short, sharp, almost imperative, like a word of command, and a youth with an air of importance comes round the corner in a hurry with a sheaf of newspapers wet from the press. His command is obeyed. Heads and hands are thrust forth and rustling sheets are rapidly exchanged for halfpence. The civil servant opens his window with a rattle. His eagerness is not unreasonable. The turn of a division may throw out the Ministry and him out of his place. The whirlwind passage of the newsboy is succeeded by a calm. The neighbourhood is deep in politics. Presently the silence is broken by a long-drawn tremulous note—*Agria radeekia*—from the lips of an old woman bowed beneath a hamper of salad herbs—dandelion and other. She emphasises the adjective *agria*—wild, for wildings are supposed to possess more virtue than garden-grown saladings. She culled them on the Hill of the Muses, or perhaps farther afield, at dawn. For a penny she will sell enough for a family, and it would not be amiss to purchase from her, for tramping the hills and stooping is hard work at her years, and her earnings are scanty. *Avga fresca kai limonia*—fresh eggs and lemons. An unwritten law decrees that the two should be sold together; it does not appear why, unless it is because they are conjoined in that wholesome and excellent sauce known as *avgolimone*. The vendor is a woman of another type than the poor old herb-gatherer. She makes light

of her two baskets as she strides along, a buxom Albanian, clad in her white national garb. But now the fish is up from Piræus, and the loud-voiced vendors—why should so mute a creature as the fish be attended in every land by so much noise in the selling?—are shouting *Oraia psaria fresca*—fine fresh fish. They do not pretend it is alive like their English congeners. It is carried in shallow round wicker trays poised on the head. In Lent the cry of *psaria* is replaced by *meethia*, (mussels), *astokó* (lobster), and above all *soupiès* (a corruption of *sepia*, the repulsive cuttle-fish so prized by the Greeks). The vegetables are carried in panniers by donkeys and in carts. In winter and early spring, *korno-peethia* is the most frequent cry. The huge cauliflowers come all the way from Eleusis, journeying through the night over the low pass of Daphne, and along the Sacred Way to Athens. In late spring the dominant cry is *kolokeethakia* (young marrows), and *anginares* (globe artichokes), with *fresca bisellia* (green peas). *Skortha* (garlic) is perennial, and the demand for it is so great that it frequently constitutes the only item of a donkey-load. *Kreetikà Cretan* is a winter cry, which is puzzling at first. It refers to Cretan oranges. The vendor avails himself of an ellipsis. A little later in the season the dominant cry is *mespila* when the loquat, most refreshing of fruit, is abundant. Meanwhile, little girls in neat pinafores are tripping to school, and the streets are dotted with the figures of

young bluejackets. But the frock does not make the monk. The Greek Government has ordained that all pupils of the Hellenic Schools and Gymnasias shall don the garb. The bluejacket's uniform is easy, inexpensive, and a good dress for a school-boy. It looks well on the little fellows, especially in summer when they are in whites, but on youths of seventeen, who are palpably not sailors, it is rather absurd. However, it adds to the brightness of the crowd.

At noon the church-bells clang inharmoniously. The street cries have ceased for some time, but now comes a new one, *yaoorti*, and here is Dimitri at the door with that grateful edible. He carries his basins of *yaoort* in a tin case with a glass front. He will be round again in the evening, and he brought us the milk at six, carrying the pail, for he belongs to a cow-dairy, and cows are rarely driven through the streets like the goats. So he trudges his round three times a day. He was up at four and he will finish his work about nine. He has no Sundays off. He is twelve. His bare black poll sometimes streams with rain, but more often it braves a sun which would give a Western sunstroke through a straw hat. But Dimitri, with his laughing dark eyes and cheeks of the precise hue of a fully ripe nectarine, looks well, and he is contented with his lot. He has no holidays, properly speaking, but in Lent and at fasting seasons, when milk is not wanted, he has an easy time. On the other hand, Kosta, the bakal's boy

opposite, works all through Lent. He had the afternoons of Easter Monday and Christmas Day, and that is all he gets throughout the year. His hours are from 5 a.m. until 10.30 p.m.—often 11. Every morning at 6 Kosta may be seen sweeping the pavement in front of the shop. He sweeps the roadway as well, and takes a particular pride in it. Then he fetches water from the conduit and at half-past six takes down the shutters. He is fetching and carrying more or less all day. Every few minutes a shrill female voice calls *bakali* from one of the neighbouring houses. The resounding name *Pantopoleion* (General Store) writ large over the shop-fronts is ignored by the Athenians, and probably by the bakal himself. The Turkish word is consecrated by long use. Kosta responds to the call, receives the order, and executes it. He is square-built and sturdy, fair and grey-eyed, taciturn as a Turk. He nods rather than speaks, but he never forgets what he is told, and he is scrupulously honest. There is never a mistake in his change, and if the stranger pays too much he calls his attention to the error. He comes from Trikala, far north, on the Turkish frontier, and there is probably Turkish or Vlach blood in his veins, though he would be offended if he were told so. He is a Hellene like the rest of them. Moreover, he has learnt to write Greek and is in great request among his Thessalian countrymen who do not know *grammata*—itinerant vendors most of them—as a letter-writer. He is fifteen and is saving

his scanty earnings in order to go to America, that Mecca of the modern Greek. His master is a Thessalian too, and so are most of his customers. The bakal at the next corner is from Eleusis, and the people who frequent his shop are peasants from the countryside, less rude and better off in the world than the Thessalians. When one has sojourned for a time in Athens it is interesting to note all these little worlds which make the capital a microcosm of Greece. Here in Solon Street is a bakal from Eubœa, a smart man of business like most of the Eubeans, and driving a good trade. Among his boys is a thirteen-year-old whose fair skin and blue eyes do not belong to Eubœa, but tell of the south. "Where do you come from, Jorgo?" "Kranithi." Sure enough, he is from Kranidion, on the extreme point of the Argolic peninsula. But Sophocles, dark-haired and alert, is of another stock, and tells you his birthplace is Chalcis.

A restaurant is sometimes attached to the bakal's shop. The bakal does not keep it himself, but lets off a portion of his premises, a room or a garden, to a cook, who is frequently an islander. In the same way, wine-shops are often eating-houses at the same time under this system of dual proprietorship. The vintner supplies the cook's customers with wine, and thus sells more than he would otherwise. The bakal always combines the calling of a tavern-keeper with that of a provision-dealer, and his establishment is furnished with chairs and

tables, at which professional men and merchants do not disdain to sit, though even in democratic Athens society sorts itself automatically in these establishments. There is one in Stadium Street largely frequented by officers, and it is rarely entered by workmen or peasants. It is the same with the cafés. The Café Zacharatos is frequented by members of the Chamber, officials and politicians, and by people of importance generally, together with some who wish to be thought important. In the Café Byron the visitor finds himself in a literary atmosphere with a contingent of University students. In the "Helvetia" the University element is dominant. The cafés do not sell wine, but they supply spirits. The creamery—*galaktopoleion*—confines itself to milk products and confectionery, and is a very popular institution with all classes. It serves as a restaurant for many, and the number of creameries is on the increase. The *pâtisseries* are a combination of café and confectionery. They are the chosen resort of the elegant section of Athenian society, especially certain establishments in the neighbourhood of Constitution Square. Tea-rooms are, however, the *dernier cri* of the select. Athens eats at noon punctually. The clangour of the church bells has scarcely died away when the streets are full of people hurrying to their midday repast. The tramcars are crowded with business men going home, and the restaurants grow suddenly busy. One cannot go far in any part of Athens

without coming across an eating-house. The best are in Stadium Street. In the popular quarters they abound. Often they occupy cellars and are approached by a steep flight of steps from the pavement. The Greek easily turns *restaurateur*. There are many establishments of what may be called an amateur character. A group of University students will prevail upon a shop-keeper to cater for them, and meet at noon and eve behind a screen in a corner, and the fare is often better in these extemporised dining-rooms than in the regular establishments. Their clients always belong to the same province, and the city is full of these little coteries. It has been computed that only about a third of the population is Athenian born. In the early years of the nineteenth century, according to Finlay, the proportions were the same, and of the native third, he says that more than half was Albanian. But these conditions are by no means new. Tacitus in his day remarked that the old Athenians were extinct, and had been replaced by divers races. The modern Athenians are therefore a conglomerate, fused into a more or less homogeneous whole. It was not so in the early years of the new kingdom. In the thirties, forties, and fifties the Athenians born held aloof from the Phanariots from Constantinople, whom they called *heteroethones*, they themselves being *autoethones*. The Phanariots were looked upon with a jealous eye and kept out of public offices. Then came the wealthy bankers

and merchants from the countries in which they had enriched themselves. This was the class which cultivated relations with the Franks, in whose countries they had dwelt and with whose manners they were acquainted. They were scouted at first by the Athenians, but they are now influential.

They inoculated the sleepy landowners and petty traders of the Athens of that day with a taste for luxury and display, and also with a mania for speculation and risky finance which led to speedy disaster, the ill effects of which are still felt. But the narrow local patriotism of the native Athenians and the Constantinopolitan traditions of the more cultured Phanariots needed the awakening touch of a new element, and, for better or worse, it had to come, inevitably, from these Greek representatives of the plutocracy which holds so large a place in modern Europe. Its forerunners, it is worth noting in this connection, were the Florentine Acciajuoli who ruled Athens in the fourteenth century. The power of the financial aristocracy which was destined to replace that of the Baron and the Churchman was cradled in the palace of the Propylæa.

Athenian society is not given to gaiety. It has been stated in a former chapter that people do not "receive" largely. The Court is the quietest in Europe. The New Year's Ball is the one function in the year. There are two good theatres, which are pretty well frequented in winter. Carnival

brings with it the usual dances and one great masked ball. Concerts at the Odeon and elsewhere always draw a goodly audience. The Parnassos Club is the most active of the social centres, and its severer literary side is tempered by *fêtes intimes* and musical evenings. But Athenians do not care much for indoor gatherings. The stranger soon notices that ladies pay more attention to their outdoor *toilettes* than to those of the house. The evening drive to Phaleron and the evening promenade to the Zappeion are time-honoured institutions, and constitute the principal social event of every day. In summer there is an exodus from town. Kephisia is still a favourite resort, as it was in ancient times. Some eight miles from Athens on the road to Pentelicus, it is still as Aulus Gallius described it in the *Noctes Attici*, a place of shady groves, smooth lawns, and limpid springs whose murmur is mingled with the song of birds. It was there, whilst the guest of Herodes Atticus, that he invented the term "classic" as applied to literature. It has had a long life. The late M. Syngros, that modern Herodes Atticus, had a country-house in the neighbourhood, and Kephisia is the summer abode of the wealthy, whose villas and gardens appear to be the object of greater care than their town-houses. That it should always have been chosen as a retreat is natural enough. It has ample shade and abundance of water, both rare in Attica. These advantages, no doubt,

determined the choice of Plato, whose villa was not far off, between Heraclea, the Bavarian village of to-day, and the shrine of Artemis Amarysia, the modern Marousa.

Phaleron has its devotees. Founts and trees it cannot boast, but it has the sea, and the bathing at Phaleron is unrivalled. It is worth the journey to Athens to have that experience. There is no shivering in those azure waters or on those sun-smitten sands. The Athenians have it at their doors. It is a twenty minutes' tram-ride from Constitution Square. But they do not take full advantage of it. There prevails a singular superstition that it is not good to bathe until melons are ripe. That is not until July, so that during the latter half of May and the whole of June they endure a sun inconceivable in England, but avoid the Phaleron beach. This excessive prudence would astound an English watering-place, where a temperature equal to that of a fine Athenian January day is considered inviting for a dip.

Swimming and gymnastics are the two forms of athletics which appeal to the Greeks. Games have little attraction for them. The tennis courts on the banks of the Ilissus are a fashionable rendezvous, but the game is not pursued with ardour. The young girls play, but there is a lack of lady players. There are golf links, but they are used mainly by Western residents. Football, which has gained such a hold all over the Continent and elsewhere—I have seen a very good

game played in the island of Minorca—has no adherents in Greece. Cricket was started in the Ionian Islands under the British régime, but it has died out. The only memento of our occupation, except the roads, is—ginger-beer. The Ionians have stuck to that, but they have abandoned the wicket. The prominence given to physical culture in the education of the ancient Greeks has caused the moderns to make gymnastics compulsory in the schools, and they wisely insist on its being treated as one of the most important lessons. Athletic clubs have been formed in various centres, but there is lacking the spirit of sport as we understand it, and athletes do not receive much encouragement.

If the Athenians do not play football or croquet, they have learnt how to play bridge. Cards occupy an undue portion of time, and although gambling does not prevail to anything like the extent it does in England, as on the Turf, for example, play is an evil in Athenian society. It would be very unjust to assume that the whole of society is given up to card-playing and trivial pursuits. The bulk lead a pure, sane, and affectionate family life, and a large section find relaxation in intellectual work. The Parnassos Society, which includes both sexes, expends its energies in various directions, and its weekly lectures and readings bring together a throng of the best social elements in Athens. The Byron Society, a younger body—it was founded in 1868—circu-

lates books throughout the country. English people ought to feel a sympathy for it, since it subscribed for and set up a statue of Byron at Mesolonghi in 1881, and instituted a festival in his honour. The Society for the Propagation of Hellenic Literature was founded in 1869. It must be remembered that these are not Academic bodies, but purely social and popular.

Athenian ladies have been accused of indifference to the lot of their poorer sisters, of possessing no initiative, of putting forth no effort towards social amelioration, and generally as wanting in ideals. But how does this stand in the face of the following facts?

The Union of Greek Women, which is well housed in Academy Street, is varied in its activities. It provides a shelter for aged domestic servants, and undertakes the care of the sick poor in their own homes—a work of charity that is made educative, for people are invited to attend lectures on the proper treatment of the sick. The Union lays special stress on the prevention of consumption, which is all too rife in Athens, and carelessness is the chief contributory cause. A Seminary for Women Teachers and an Industrial School for Girls are established at the headquarters of the Union, which owes its existence to Madame Parren, the well-known writer. Another institution, known colloquially to Athenians as the “Poor Girls,” is a technical school and workshop for destitute women and children, who are taught

to comb, card, and spin wool, to embroider, and to make lace and carpets. The Home of St. Catharine provides board and lodging at the rate of 30 drachmas (about 24s.) a month for girls employed in shops, girl students, and others in Athens who are separated from their families. Not only does this excellent institution provide for the material wants of its protégés, but opportunities are afforded them of improving their education by means of evening classes, lectures are given on the hygiene of the home and person, and the girls are encouraged to develop habits of self-reliance and independence, and the dignity of womanhood is instilled into them as a principle of life and conduct.

The Orphanage for Boys is one of the oldest charities in Athens. Its inmates wear a neat uniform, and have an excellent military band which plays them through the streets when they set off on their periodical country walks. They are all taught a trade. The Orphanage for Girls with its hospital was founded by Queen Amalia, and the present Queen is its patron. The girls receive an education in which housekeeping is made an important element. They are eagerly sought for as servants, but in some cases they marry on leaving the Orphanage, and as no Greek, however humble his position, will take a wife without receiving money with her, marriage portions are provided from a special fund. Chief among the hospitals is the great Evangelismos,

situated in a healthy, open spot on the farther slope of Lycabettus. It is well equipped and well staffed, and visited periodically by the most eminent practitioners in Athens. It is managed by a committee of ladies presided over by Queen Olga, who takes an intimate personal interest in its welfare. The nursing staff is managed by a Danish lady. It is not an easy matter to obtain nurses. The Greeks consider nursing as a profession beneath their dignity, although when trained they are quick and capable. Nevertheless, nothing will induce them to appear in public in uniform. The Children's Hospital outside Athens, at Goudi, is a model establishment. It is due to the initiative of the Crown Princess Sophia, who has made it an object of constant personal care and supervision. The Home for Incurables is managed by a committee of twenty ladies. The Institution for the Blind, a handsome building in the Byzantine style, is in University Street. A most useful charity is the Soup Kitchen, built by the Princess Sophia. It supplies wholesome, well-cooked repasts for ten and twenty leptas—a penny and twopence—and is a real boon to the necessitous in a city where food is exceedingly dear, and in the lower class of eating-houses often of dubious quality, and prepared under dirty and insanitary conditions. The Royal Hellenic School of Needlework, founded by Lady Egerton, the wife of a former British Minister, has become in a great measure self-supporting. The making of

exquisite lace and embroidery, for which Greece was formerly famous, was becoming a lost art, and it was the aim of the foundress to revive it, at the same time creating an industry which would benefit the women of Greece. It has several branches, and the women and girls have proved enthusiastic pupils and produce most beautiful work. The designing is done mainly at Athens, and some of the branches have specialities. The island of Ægina reproduces old Greek point, and Crete makes lace of distinctive Cretan type. Corinth is engaged on white embroidery on linen, a very beautiful class of work. Koropè, a village behind Hymettus, is busied with coloured embroidery of Albanian pattern. The island of Kephallenia turns out needlework of a special Ionian character. Athens has devoted itself to the reproduction of old designs, Greek, Frankish-Greek, and Byzantine, and has even gone to the remote Mycenæan Age. Some of the work is of a very intricate nature and demands great skill. It is all beautiful and distinctive.

In a land where politics claim so much attention one might expect to find ladies' political associations, but there are none, and the feminine vote is as yet below the horizon. But that Greek ladies are capable of united philanthropic effort, are not unmindful of the welfare of their sex, and are striving to improve its condition, is amply proved by what precedes. A Greek mother, asked as to the number of her children, used to reply, "Two

boys and—I beg your pardon—three girls.” The deprecatory parenthesis is no longer considered necessary. Girls need no apology for having come into the world. It is thought worth while to educate them, and if they will they may take their place beside their brothers in the lecture-rooms of the University. There are girl graduates in philosophy, and lady doctors who have taken their degrees at Athens or in Paris. To appreciate the significance of this, we must remember that when Greece recovered her freedom the woman who could read and write was a phenomenon. Travellers of sixty or seventy years ago tell of their surprise at finding well-dressed, well-mannered ladies of the richer class destitute of these elementary accomplishments.

In those days their only recreation seems to have been the bath. It is not so now; but a spice of Orientalism lingers in the baths, rendered aromatic and stimulating by a cunning decoction of which some of the ingredients are rosemary and leaves of the walnut and lemon tree.

The Athenian ladies have been reproached for their short, ungraceful figures, their lack of charm, and the plainness of their features, redeemed only by their eyes. A short sojourn in Athens would suffice to disprove this. The Athenians are rarely tall, but their figures are often elegant, and without any pretensions to extraordinary beauty they possess distinction. They certainly need more exercise; but that is provided for the younger

generation. It is noticeable that there is a growing tendency towards greater stature and a better-developed physique in the Athenian schoolgirl of to-day. Whether this is the effect of tennis and gymnastics or not, it is patent to all who care to observe. The Athenian falls short, not in her face and figure, but in her voice. She inherits a beautiful and expressive language, but she fails to do justice to it. The shrill, strident intonation and sharp, hurried utterance detract from the dignity of a personality otherwise charming, and speech brings with it a sense of disappointment.

Undeniably intelligent, quick in her sympathies, and displaying in her conversation a wide range of knowledge, there is something that we invariably miss in the Greek, and sooner or later we discover it to be an insensibility to beauty of the higher kind. She will sit and gossip with her back turned to a fine sunset, and can rarely discriminate between the vulgar and trivial and the good and true in art. Notwithstanding, the Athenian lady is the foremost among the women of the Near East. She stands on another level. Of her, and no less of the whole nation, it may be said there is a wide gulf between the present and the epoch of Independence. If we consider what Greece was in a past not yet distant, and compare her with what she is now, we must admit that her progress has been little short of miraculous. Take one detail alone. When King Otho came to Athens in 1832 there was not a single

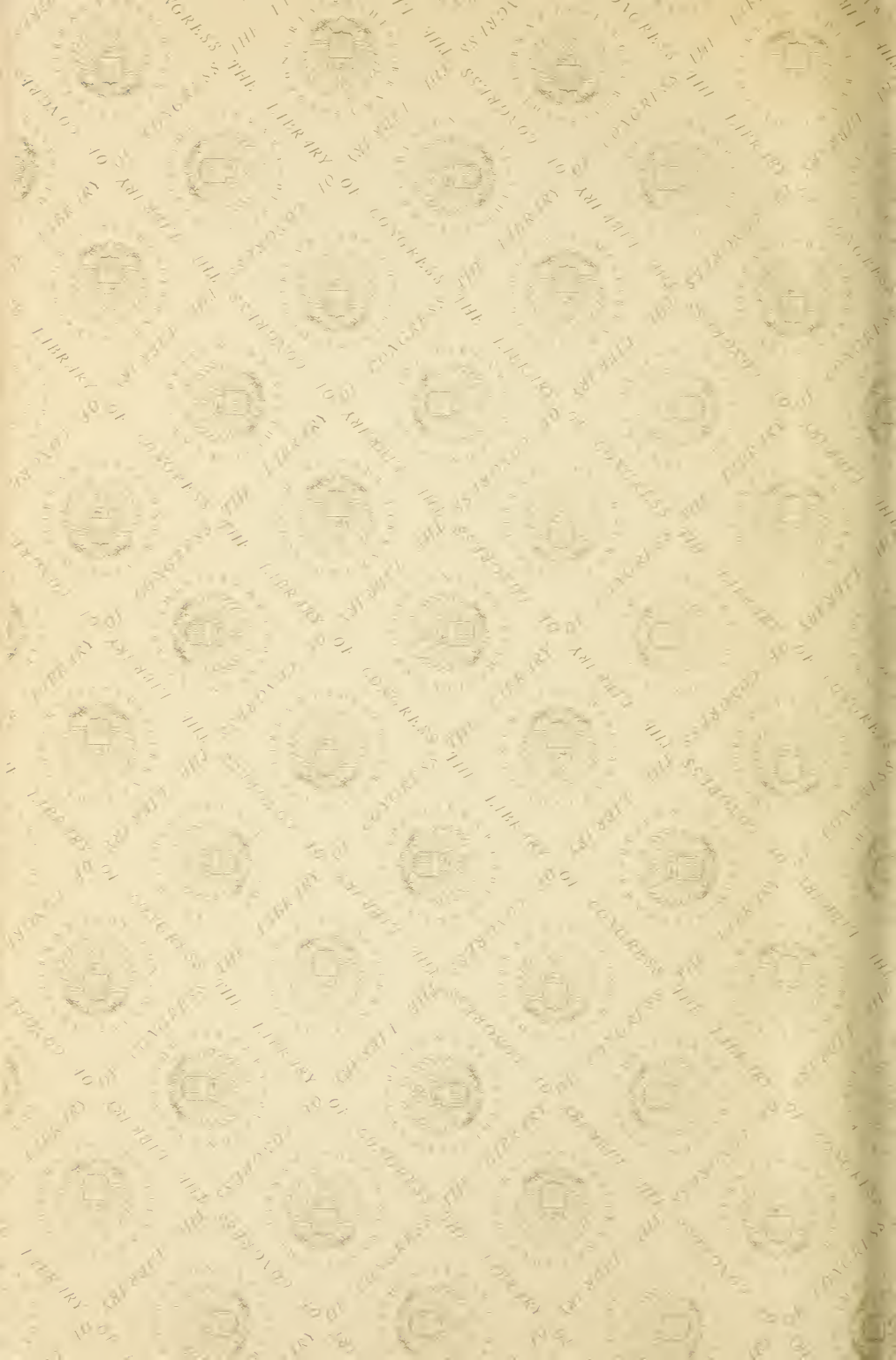
road practicable for wheeled traffic in the country. In 1906 there were 845 miles of railway, 4883 miles of telegraphs, and 436 miles of telephone. Post offices did not exist when Athens became once more Greek. Now there are between 700 and 800. And the moral progress has been not a whit behind the material. Athens has the aspect, the administrative and social machinery, and the embellishments of any other European capital, and we take it for granted. But when we see the troops of children thronging the streets on their way to or from school, we forget the centuries when Greece was subjected to the infamous tribute of children, which tore boys from their parents and their faith to swell the ranks of the Sultan's janisaries. When, on the Acropolis, we admire the grace and strength of the Caryatides, we are apt to overlook the time, not so very long ago, when the Erectheion was the harem of the Disdar-Agha. It is hard to withhold admiration from a people who won their way through this, stubbornly preserving their nationality. For the Greeks were never blotted out as were the Bulgarians for a period.

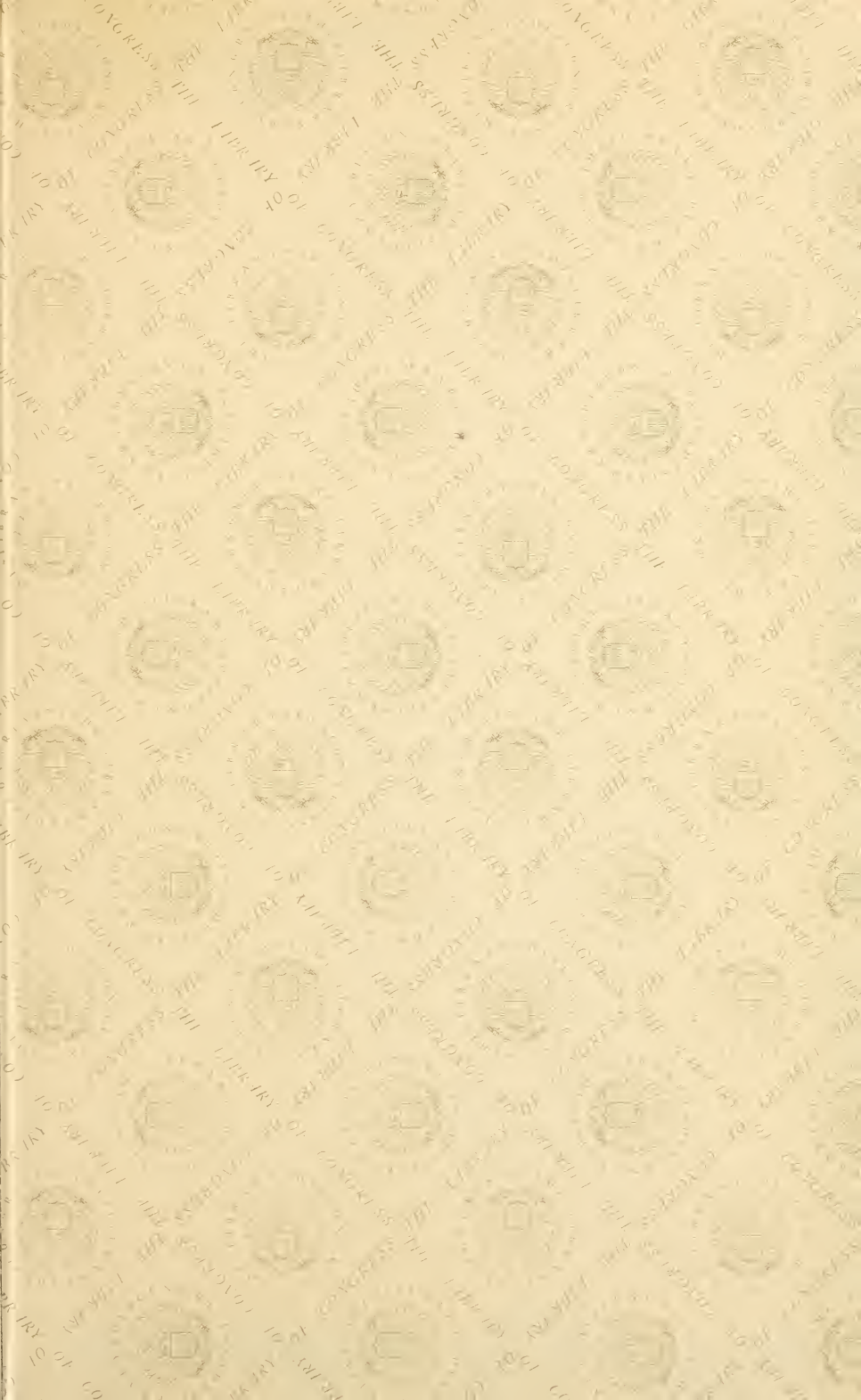
Want of balance has always marked opinions upon Greece. They have erred either on the side of unqualified praise or of wholesale condemnation. This was the case during the struggle for independence. That Greece still lived came as a revelation to the West. People were dazzled by the wonder of it, and carried away by enthu-

siasm, dreamed of a revival of the greatness of the past. Others based their judgment on their experience of a handful of Levantine traders, assigning to the whole nation the qualities of the latter. It needed the common-sense of a poet to take a saner view. Byron wrote in 1824: "The former state of the Greeks can have no more effect on their present lot than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru. Instead of considering what they have been or speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are. . . . Allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people." The poet rightly insisted that time was needed for them to show what stuff they were made of, "when the limbs of the Greeks are a little less stiff from the shackles of four centuries."

A comparison between the Greeks of then and now, if it does not justify the wild visions that were entertained by the Philhellenes of those days, must lead any unprejudiced mind to the conclusion that they have made enormous strides. Yet judgment is apt to be less indulgent than it was. One reason is, perhaps, that people do not know their classics so well nowadays. Those who specialise in them know them better; but classical learning is not so generally diffused. When Lord Cochrane took command of the Greek fleet he advised the Provisional Government at Nauplia to read the First Philippic of Demosthenes. How many naval officers of the present generation are

familiar with the Attic orator? The exigencies of their profession leave them little time for aught else. And education generally has followed other and broader lines than when the classics were its bed-rock. But Greece can never have quite the same meaning to those who are unacquainted with her literature. Yet she is more deserving now of sympathy than in the days when it was so largely given to her. Finlay tells how through the stern-windows of Cochrane's cabin he saw the Hydriote brigs sail out of harbour because the demand for two months' pay in advance had not been acceded to. Such a thing would be impossible now. The nation has left its childhood behind.





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